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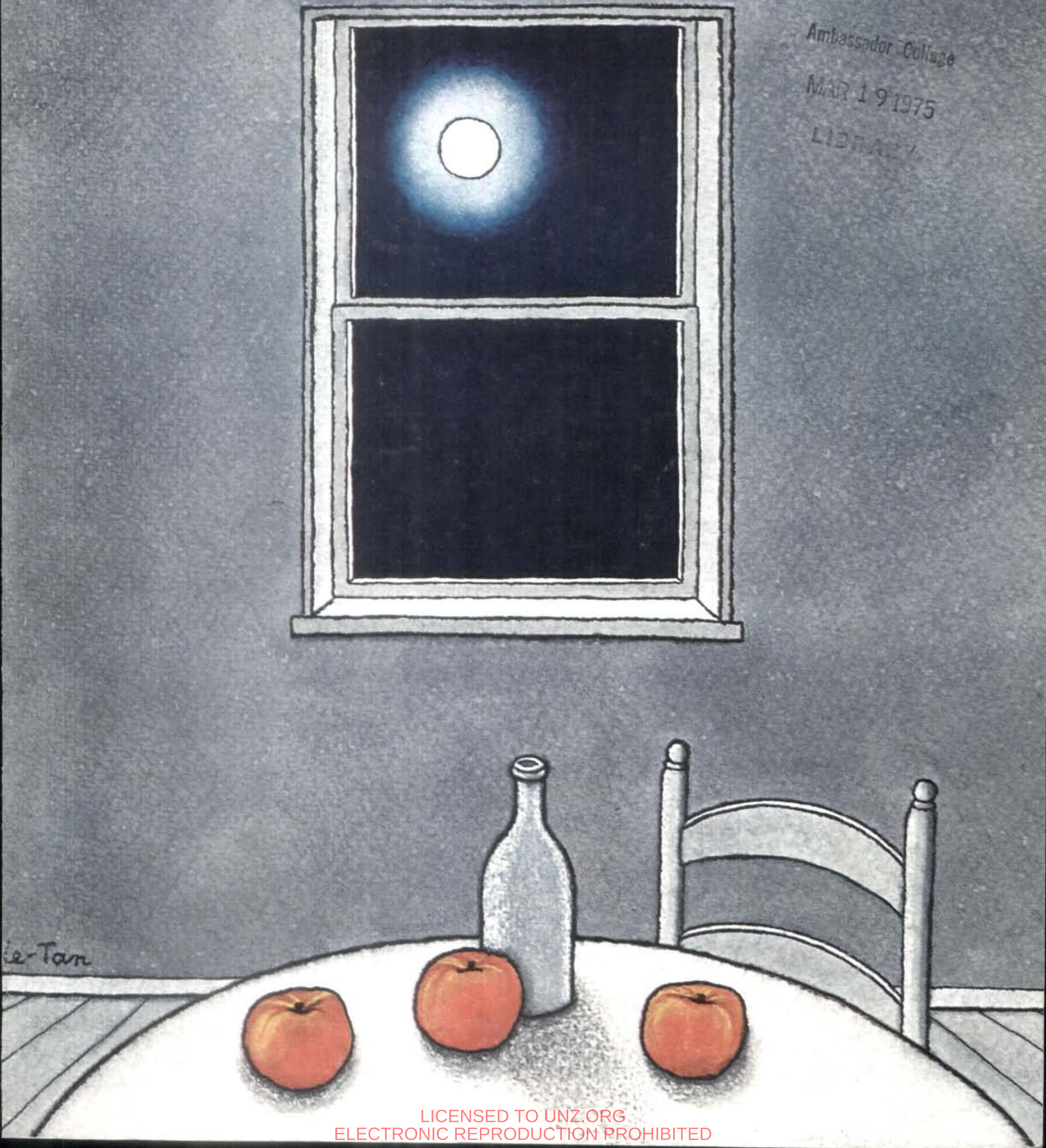

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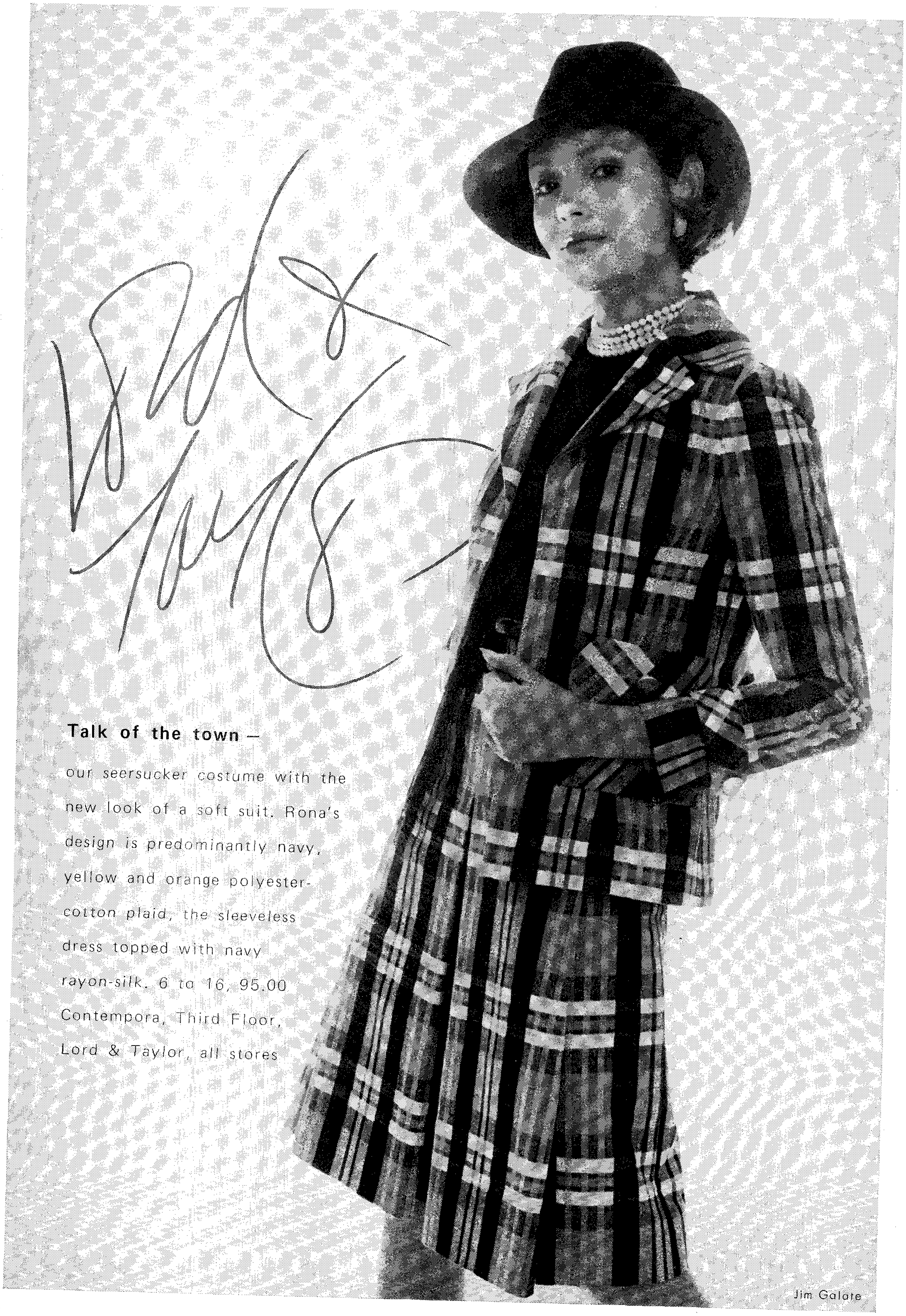

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Jim Galate

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aint Supposed to Die a Natural Death—An all-black musical show, full of blistering recitatives and a couple of touching laments. The handiwork of Melvin Van Peebles, made flesh and blood by a superlative cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Alice in Wonderland—A limited return engagement of André Gregory's startling and outrageous production, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The Caterpillar scene is very funny, and the Mad Tea Party is very mad. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 925-8712. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8.)

The Black Terror—The hero of this very interesting play by Richard Wesley about a group of black revolutionaries is their chosen assassin, who argues in favor of strategy over zeal, and of life over death and martyrdom. A wonderful young actor named Kain makes his début in the role. Nathan George directed the lively production. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Children! Children!—Gwen Verdon in a thriller by Jack Horrigan. Directed by Joseph Hardy. (Ritz, 48th St., W. 489-6046. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, March 15, at 2; special matinée Thursday, March 9.)

The Country Girl—Jason Robards, Maureen Stapleton, and George Grizzard in a revival of Clifford Odets' 1950 play. Directed by John Houseman. Previews Friday through Wednesday matinée, March 10-15. Opens officially on Wednesday evening, March 15. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dylan—A revival, after eight years, of Sidney Michaels' inferior play about the late Dylan Thomas's self-destructive visits to America, back in the nineteen-fifties. Except for that of Rue McClanahan as Caitlin Thomas, the acting doesn't amount to much. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Richard Rodgers' musical **NO STRINGS**. Opens Thursday, March 9, and will run through Sunday, March 26. (Master, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

ETC Company/La Mama New York—Final performances—**CARMILLA**, a play adapted by Wilford Leach from a novel by J. V. LeFanu: Thursday, March 9, and Thursday and Friday, March 16-17, at 7:30. . . . **THE ONLY JEALOUSY OF EMER** and **RENARD**, adapted by Mr. Leach and John Braswell, the first from a William Butler Yeats play, the latter from a "grotesque" by Igor Stravinsky: Friday through Sunday, March 10-12, at 7:30. . . . **GERTRUDE** and **DEMON**, two plays by Mr. Leach, the first devoted to Gertrude Stein and the second derived from a Japanese *no* play: Saturday and Sunday, March 18-19, at 7:30. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

Grease—A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. Your attitude toward the show may well depend upon your attitude toward that tiresome decade, or upon the fragility of your eardrums; microphones abound. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

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Inner City—Tom O'Horgan has directed this so-called street cantata in a comparatively mild mood. A talented and energetic cast pretends not to notice how thin the material is. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan production is crummy-colossal. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theatre—This import from Los Angeles is more calisthenic than dramatic, and considerable participation of one kind or another is expected from the audience. The show has nothing whatever to do with James Joyce. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 348-9254. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 11. Closes Wednesday, March 15.)

Kaddish—A gloomy, non-dramatic adaptation of Allen Ginsberg's poem. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Love Me, Love My Children—This musical from Canada has a lively and stylish score by Robert Swerdlow, and it is performed with snap and sparkle by an especially engaging young company. The words, also by Mr. Swerdlow, are unobtrusive. (The theme is tribal youth again.) Setting by Jo Mielziner. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, March 15, at 2:30.)

Night Watch—A thriller with a splendid trick ending but with many a carelessly scattered

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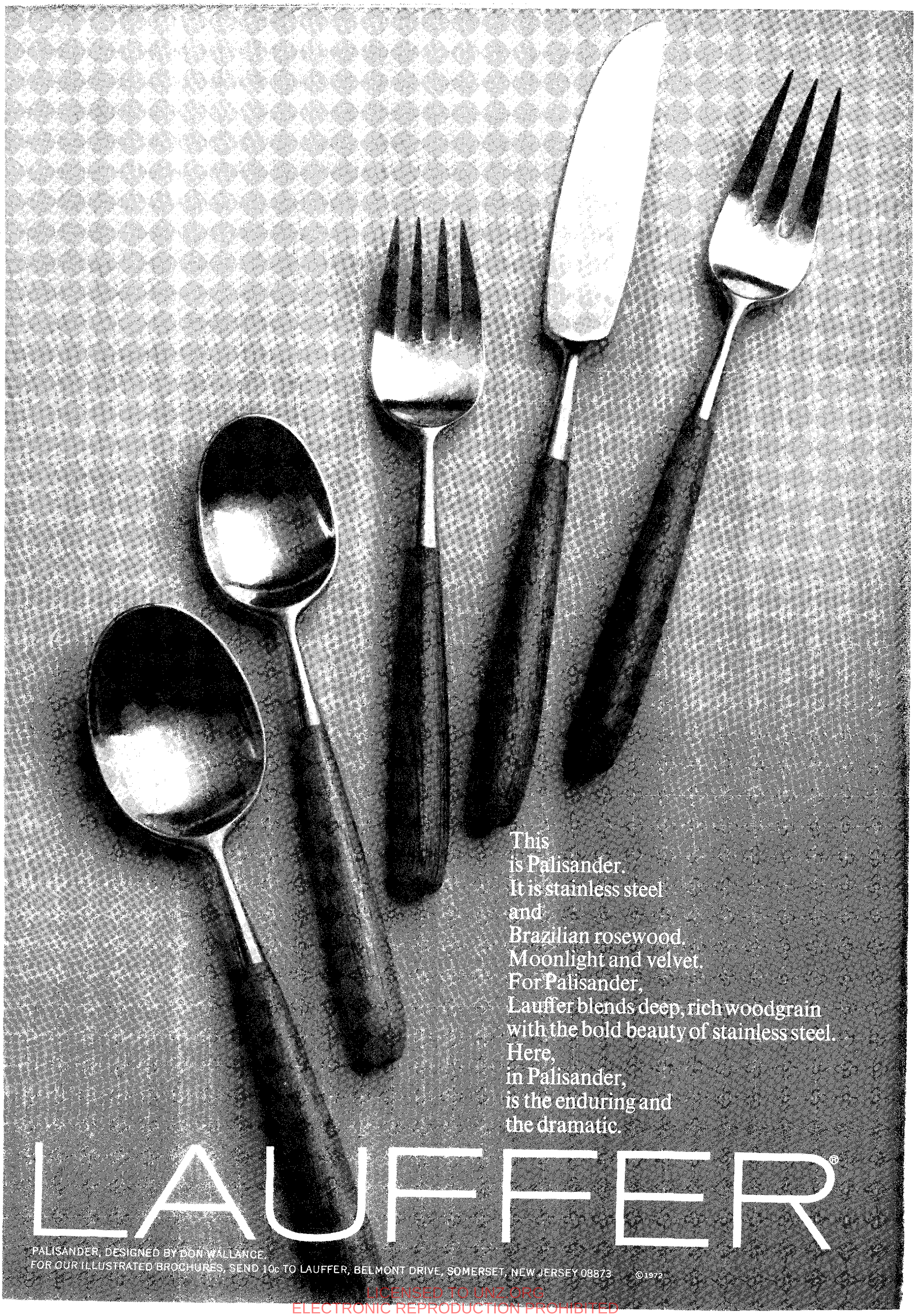

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

red herring along the way. Joan Hackett is the seemingly nerve-wracked heroine. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Only Fools Are Sad—An English-language version of an Israeli musical by Dan Almagor. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 26.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Neil Simon's latest laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols, to the great advantage of every verbal and visual gag, and marvellously acted by Peter Falk and Lee Grant. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Shakespeare's comedy **TWELFTH NIGHT**. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)... ¶ At the Forum, in the same building: Ed Bullins' play **THE DUPLEX**. Preview Wednesday, March 8. Opens officially on Thursday, March 9, at 6:45, and will run through Saturday, March 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Shadow of a Gunman—A revival of Sean O'Casey's fine first play about the Irish troubles in 1920 as they affect a young poet in a Dublin tenement. Under Philip Minor's admirable direction, the performance is always clear and sometimes eloquent. With Paddy Croft and Bernard Frawley. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sleep—A play by Jack Gelber. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday and Thursday, March 8-9, at 7:30; Friday, March 10, at 5:45 and 8:45; and final performances Saturday, March 11, at 2 and 7:30.)

Sticks and Bones—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. The acting, under Jeff Bleckner's direction, is all that any playwright could wish for. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

To Live Another Summer—Musical propaganda from Israel. At once peppy and dull, though the girls are pretty and the men can sing. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 19.)

Twigs—A very funny and touching account of the lives of three sisters and their ramshackle Irish mother. Sada Thompson plays all four roles. The gifted playwright is George Furth. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Lots of good-looking young people dancing and singing and paying mercifully little attention to the original Shakespearean plot. With Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. John Guare wrote the book with Mel Shapiro, who directed, and the songs are by Mr. Guare (lyrics) and Galt MacDermot (music). (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Vivat! Vivat Regina!—A great period of history encapsulated and diminished in Robert Bolt's once-over-lightly account of the contest between Elizabeth of England and Mary Queen of Scots. With Claire Bloom and Eileen Atkins, directed by Peter Dews. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Wanted—Al Carmines has written a tuneful, spirited score for this try at a satire, and the cast is good, too, but the facetious, unfunny, preachy book, by David Epstein, spoils the show. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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The Wedding of Iphigenia plus Iphigenia in Concert—This musical adaptation doesn't do much for the Euripides originals ("Iph. in Aulis" and "Iph. in Tauris"), but there is charm here as well as foolishness, and Peter Link's rock score is a pleasure. The performances are fine, too. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Final performance Wednesday, March 8, at 8.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** A retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." Now with Anne Baxter. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE BASIC TRAINING OF PAVLO HUMMEL:** This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed, and it is matched by Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Gloria Swanson, David Huffman, and Pamella Bellwood. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) ... **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **FOLLIES:** A show with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and book by James Goldman. Alexis Smith is very good as an old Follies girl, and several of Mr. Sondheim's songs are delightful. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, except March 14, through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, March 15, at 2:30.)... **LENNY:** An American "Orlando Furioso" about the life and death of the bedevilled comic Lenny Bruce. The brilliant star of the show is Cliff Gorman. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** 1,717 performances so far. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 4,935 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** 3,113 performances so far. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** 1,620 performances so far. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash musical. The cast includes Ruby Keeler, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** Paul Rogers and Keith Baxter in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday evening, March 8: "Reflections," "Weewis," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Thursday evening, March 9: "Petrouchka," "Chabriesque" (première), and "The Clowns."... ¶ Friday evening, March 10: "Chabriesque," "The Lesson," and "Trinity."... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 11: "Meadowlark," "The Still Point," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Saturday evening, March 11: "Petrouchka," "Double Exposure," and "Astarte."... ¶ Sunday matinée, March 12: "Petrouchka," "Reflections," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Sunday evening, March 12: "Chabriesque," "The Lesson," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Tuesday evening, March 14: "Moves," "Meadowlark," and "Astarte."... ¶ Wednesday evening, March 15: "Petrouchka," "Konservatoriet," and "Chabriesque." ... ¶ Thursday evening, March 16: "Moves," an unnamed ballet (première), and "The Clowns."... ¶ Friday evening, March 17: "Square Dance," "The Lesson," and "Chabriesque."... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 18: "Petrouchka," "Konservatoriet," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday evening, March 18: The new unnamed ballet, "Weewis," and "Astarte." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, April 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Through Monday, March 13, Jake Holmes will be doing his folkish, food-for-thought songs. John Kay, who used to be with Steppenwolf, arrives Wednesday, March 15. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue notes and black-eyed peas. On Wednesday, March 8, Ray Bryant, on piano, will be playing with a bassist. Thursday through Sunday, March 9-12, pianist Bobby Timmons will lead a trio. Beginning Thursday, March 16, Mr. Bryant will be back again. The food has sufficient soul. Music from nine-thirty to three, except Mondays, when there are jam sessions from eight until midnight.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A dining and drinking establishment with aged-in-the-wood vibrations. Through Saturday,

Dear America,

I wish you would see Cayman. The people who come here always love it. Some days I take them bone fishing. Some days out trolling after wahoo, marlin, bonita. Most of the time, I take people out in the North Sound. Go a little bit diving. Go out along the reefs. Some snorkeling. Looking around. We get five or six lobster. We do some fishing outside the reef. Then, about one thirty, we go out to Rum Point. The folks go up to the bar. Relax themselves. And I cook the lobster and fish and conch down on the beach for lunch. Sometimes I get people that's never been diving. They snorkel, swim around very comfortably. They just get so enthused. I got to call them in. "Okay honey. Come on let's go. Come on lets go." I went to sea. All over the world. All over Europe, Japan, America, South America. I always come back to Cayman.

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March 11, pianist-guitarist Ralph Towner will collaborate with bassist Glen Moore. Pianist Michael Abene will come in with a bassist on Tuesday, March 14. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass violist substitute for the regulars. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—Leading the way in its part of town, this restaurant has soft lights, a respectable menu, and a self-confident appearance. But keep the acoustics in mind: For listening, it's best to sit at the bar; in the dining area, you may not hear much. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from ten to four, bassist Earl May leads a jazz quartet that sticks pretty much to the present. On Sundays, from eight to two, Gene Bertoncini, a persuasive jazz guitarist, leads a duo. On Mondays, from eight to two, pianist Larry Willis plays in happy combination with a bassist.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Teddy Wilson, a fine and dandy pianist who has been influencing people for years, does some lively oldies with the help of bassist Al Bruno. Eight until one. On Sundays, from seven until midnight, Ralph Towner pursues his will-o'-the-wisp on piano and guitar while Glen Moore crosses the moors with a bass. Dinner.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—This major coffeehouse ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between. For a total contrast in personalities, you might catch Stevie Wonder—Motown's pride and joy, who sings lyrically through Monday, March 13—followed soon by Loudon Wainwright III, who writes and sings urban songs with considerable perspicacity. He starts Wednesday, March 15. On Tuesdays, visiting performers drop in.

Gaslight II, 116 Macdougal St. (674-2580)—David Amram, whose piano is as fresh as the breeze in the groves of Academe, will be here with a quartet through Monday, March 13. Coffee is the principal beverage.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Small and shadowy and all that, but No. 1 for all that, at least in the jazz-guitar field. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Soul food.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Cornettist Ruby Braff will be in charge of a foursome every night but Sunday, March 12—when another leader will substitute for him—and Monday, March 13, when Clark Terry's seventeen-piece band takes over. Fridays and Saturdays, blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in. Some Italian dishes.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—On Mondays—as well as on Wednesday, March 8—Lance Hayward will be at the keyboard. Thursday through Sunday, March 9-12, Albert Dailey will be at it. The popcorn pops before your eyes.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. The musicians are Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Roy Eldridge, and Eddie Locke. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—Power to the cats who run it, for they know what jazz is. The street is lonesome, and the interior design is rudimentary, but the music is often at a high level. Thursdays, Nina Sheldon plays forcefully and sings winningly. Friday through Sunday, March 10-12, singer-pianist Edwin Birdsong will perform. The Sonny Red quartet opens Friday, March 17. Music from nine until closing. Sundays get folkish, with performers dropping in from four to eight. Soul food is available. N.B.: Jazz prerequisites should be completed before enrolling in this course.

Philharmonic Café, Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. (TR 4-7000)—Suitable for after-concert dining and drinking but also convenient for passersby. Classical guitarist Bill Matthews does a solo from ten until midnight. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Just the spot for looking over old four-leaf clovers. The banjo band twangs, ancient movies flicker, and patrons drink beer while staring at taxidermic polar bears. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Pianist McCoy Tyner leads a quartet through Sunday, March 12, after which (beginning Tuesday, March 14) a quintet led by Clifford Jordan will be on the stand. Let it be said that the atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, as are the environs. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Through Sunday, March 12, pianist Steve Kuhn will lead a quartet. Between sets, the pleasantly impressionistic Toshiko will be at the pianoforte. On Tuesday, March 14, a Brazilian guitarist and accordionist named Sivuca will bring in a quartet. That night, a trio led by Daphne Hellman—whose harp can attune itself to Bach or to Bacharach—will trade sets with the Sivuca group. On Mondays, all the above people are off, and new talent is auditioned. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—It's giant time again. The Modern Jazz Quartet plays through Sunday, March 12. Then, on Tuesday, March 14, tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins, who has been absent from the music scene for some time (he resurfaced last summer at a jazz festival in Norway), will turn up with three associates. Mondays are reserved for the big, blockbusting Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Herbie Lewis Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

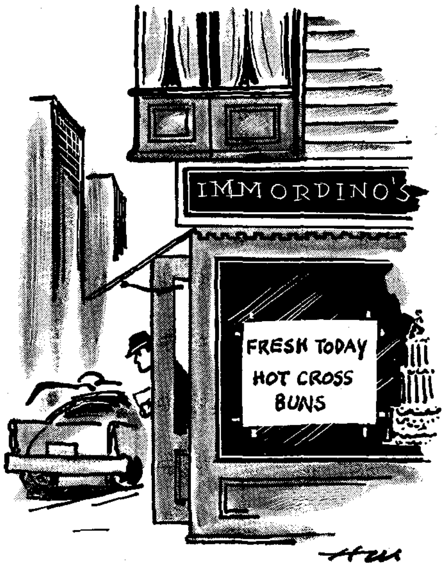
Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being produced here every Sunday from six-thirty to eleven by Balaban & Cats. On Sunday, March 12, cornettist Ruby Braff will sit in. People may dance to the jazz. The rest of the week, a banjo band entertains in this squarish establishment, whose days (and nights) are unremittingly of yore.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A quiet, polished restaurant that opens a part of its floor for dancing to records, on Saturdays only, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is ample, except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Dancing to records. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Quasi-Cairo, with a Continental chef lurking somewhere behind the sphinxes. Dancing to records, but three times a night a pop singer named Cody Marshall and his Circle of Friends come on with all the restraint of a team of vacuum-cleaner salesmen. The dinner menu is substantial. Closed Sundays.


IMMORDINO'S
FRESH TODAY HOT CROSS BUNS

Thursday's, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Some old-timey mementos—principally fading photographs—along with Tiffany-type lamps and fancy woodwork are enough to let patrons know that somebody once had an epoch in mind. Upstairs is for light snacks. Downstairs is for dancing to discs.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dinner, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—ascends the stand. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Joan Rivers, a threat to the peace of mind of everyone, including herself, will be talking her head off here through Thursday, March 9. Singer John Gabriel will remain, to be joined on Friday, March 10, by comics Stiller & Meara. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays through Fridays, and at nine, eleven, and one on Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then (amid the wits copycatting their betters in night life, and the sopranos ditto ditto) one comes upon a fledgling humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but then what isn't nowadays? Dinner. No Sundays.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the second-floor Blue Room Cabaret, a couple of young wise men named Arthur Morey and Bobby Paul are doing their own acerb songs—the kind of thing that deflates the overweening while maintaining a rollicking beat. They perform nightly, except Mondays, at nine. Cocktails and snacks.

Plaza 9, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3933)—The revue called "Look Me Up," which sets to at eight and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays, and at five and eight on Sundays, hinges on the they-don't-write-songs-like-that-anymore premise. Don Liberto is the one familiar figure in this God-bless-the-twenties reprise. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus*. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **royal box**, comedian Pat Cooper shares the stage with singer George Maharis at dinner and supper. A Ray Bloch orchestra and Arturo Arturos' band play for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Spanish hoedown by the flamencan troupe called Los Solera, together with Alberto Rochi, who wears a Joseph's coat and a wreath of honeyed Latin lyrics. Dancing begins at five-thirty Tuesdays through Fridays, at seven-thirty Saturdays, and at four Sundays. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round, assigned—beginning late and ending late—to other flamencans, who work things out in a real spur-of-the-moment madrileño fashion. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Bobby Darin is demonstrating what a little

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

thought can accomplish toward the upgrading of pop singing; Freddie Roman supplies the humor. On Thursday, March 9, the fun-loving and Rover Boysy Temptations and ventriloquist Willie Tyler will take over the joint. No nights off.... ¶ From the main-floor bar, the planes to Vegas move out at frequent intervals, bringing back one lounge act after another.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **LA FORÊT,** a magic *forêt* if there ever was one, a Peter Duchin band plays for dancing from eight-thirty to two-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. (The band is an absentee-landlord proposition.) The manner is *haute cuisine* and *haute couture*.... ¶ In the **CAFÉ,** Herb Winner's threesome will play through Saturday, March 11, from seven-thirty until curfew. Phil Wayne's trio, whose dance tunes are gentle on the mind and the ear, will prevail Sunday through Saturday, March 12-18.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The grand old **PERSIAN ROOM** is host to funnyman David Steinberg at ten during the week, and at dinner and supper every Friday and Saturday. Burt Farber and Mark Monte, who go with the lease, are in charge of most ebullient orchestras. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Not a trace of the Edwardian Room appears in its transformation into the blooming **GREEN TULIP,** a restaurant patrolled on foot by Sig and Gary, two characters both folksy and rocksy. Additionally, every night but Monday, there is discothèque dancing after ten.... ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** which remains palmy and courtly, Sandu Marcu is on the business end of a violin from four-thirty to seven-thirty; Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, those old Viennese cronies, do fiddle-and-piano duets from eight to one. No Sunday evenings.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Johnnie Ray, who sings with all those tears in his eyes, is the dinner-and-supper tenant in this well-run mountain resort. The enterprise is in session every night but Sunday, and dance music commences at eight.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE,** a celebrated groaning board, is a sounding board, at dinner and supper, for Ramsey Lewis's jazz threesome. On Monday, March 13, the trio will be succeeded by bluff and hearty Gordon MacRae. George Cort's orchestra is in charge of the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In **LA BOITE,** whose décor makes it yet another haven-on-earth, that master violinist Gunnar Hansen is conducting his this season's Grand Tour of the Continent, which goes on until long after the theatre. Closed Sundays.... ¶ And in the **ST. REGIS ROOM,** a brace of guitarists are on as soon as the clock strikes nine-thirty. No Sundays or Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—From a world of her own comes Peggy Lee, her songs a cargo of ivory, sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine, so let us rejoice. She is a dinner-and-supper item in the **EMPIRE ROOM.** The dance music issues from Charles Turecamo's orchestra and the Felipe Yanez trio. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): In this seat of the mighty, the songs of Bobby Short lead rewardingly down one well-appointed primrose path after another. Following in his merry footsteps are his two great *sidemen*—Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary, but it has been added. Until all hours, but no Sundays.... **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they start at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is all very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours, though not on Sunday.... **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate, but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous threesome goes zing! on the podium, even though there is no choreography. Nobody thinks of going home early. Sundays are a minus quantity.... **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The forum for Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, is the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddledeedee by the hour, from a collection of avid violinists, and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions; i.e., a lot of good-natured decibels for your money. Closed Sundays.... **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): A modern decorator has passed an ancient miracle, and here we are in the court of a Moroccan nobleman. Over there, after nine-thirty, sits Jacques Kayal, a vocal pianist to whom French, as it is to all Moroccans, is a second language; over here is the maître d., ready to provide couscous; Rudolph Valentino will be in at any moment. Closed Sundays.... **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** *belowdecks in the Executive Hotel,* 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening.... **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): An opera house quite as mad as the one the Marx Brothers once inhabited. The entire staff joins in, even during the process of serving dinner. Closed Mondays.

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SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, who knows all there is to know about such a menu. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Down under is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty, except on Sundays, and Signor Palermo drops by from time to time.... **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Greta Keller, whose arias often remind us of May evenings in the open-air *heuriger* taverns of Grinzing, ends her brief visit on Monday, March 13. The following night, George Feyer comes back to the piano of this exemplary restaurant.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Ronny Whyte and his piano are in evidence from nine to one-thirty. No music Sundays.... **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A mod home indeed for a mythological beast, and a pleasing home indeed for diners who wish to proceed at a petty pace—a pace that today is itself practically mythological. Piano, constructivist and contemplative, from seven-thirty to eleven by the young Juilliard graduate student Ray Onley. Closed Sundays.... **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Where do the surviving pianists of the late, late night-life shows now congregate? Well, one of them, Murray Grand, appears Wednesdays through Sundays in this aged Village bar; and so do a sprinkling of other reminders of these shows, often to sit in at the upright.... **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays.... **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE VERTE,** 308 E. 59th St. (832-3814): This bookstall, a sister to the one detailed above, is fair of face, being all of a summery green and white. Travis Hudson plays piano from nine until two through the week, ten until three Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.... **DOGWOOD ROOM,** 50 E. 58th St. (PL 9-1710): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano an air of being very well educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from five-thirty to one Mondays through Fridays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sort of a Roman den of propinquity, with a fair amount of table-hopping by both guests and Joe Candullo's set of prowling instrumentalists. Closed Sundays.... **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A movable feast in this old architectural ornament is produced by a Lester Lanin duo that plays during cocktails on the Terrace, from seven to nine in the King's Inn, and from nine to eleven in the Gold Room. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme.... **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from four-thirty to ten-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties. Mr. H. takes Saturdays and Sundays off.... **JOHNNY ANGEL'S,** 232 E. 58th St. (758-5665): Goldie's New York and its Southern comfort are gone, but Wayne Sanders, part of the sound in that now-lost colony, is again at the piano, nine until two, in an abode not altogether unlike it. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PAT ADAMS—Lyrical abstractions; through April 1. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PIERRE ALECHINSKY—Paintings with Expressionist figurations by a Belgian member of the Cobra group; through April 1. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

BERNARD APTEKAR—Pop-type figures done in plywood cutouts painted on both sides; through March 25. (Lerner-Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARY BAUERMEISTER—Shiny constructions incorporating pebbles and lenses, some filled out with words and maps; through March 25. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAROLD BAUMBACH—Romantic figurations against flat backgrounds; through March 25. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

BEN BENSON AND GEORGE ORTMAN—Geometric compositions by Mr. Benson, and emblematic

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1972 Gran Torino Squire

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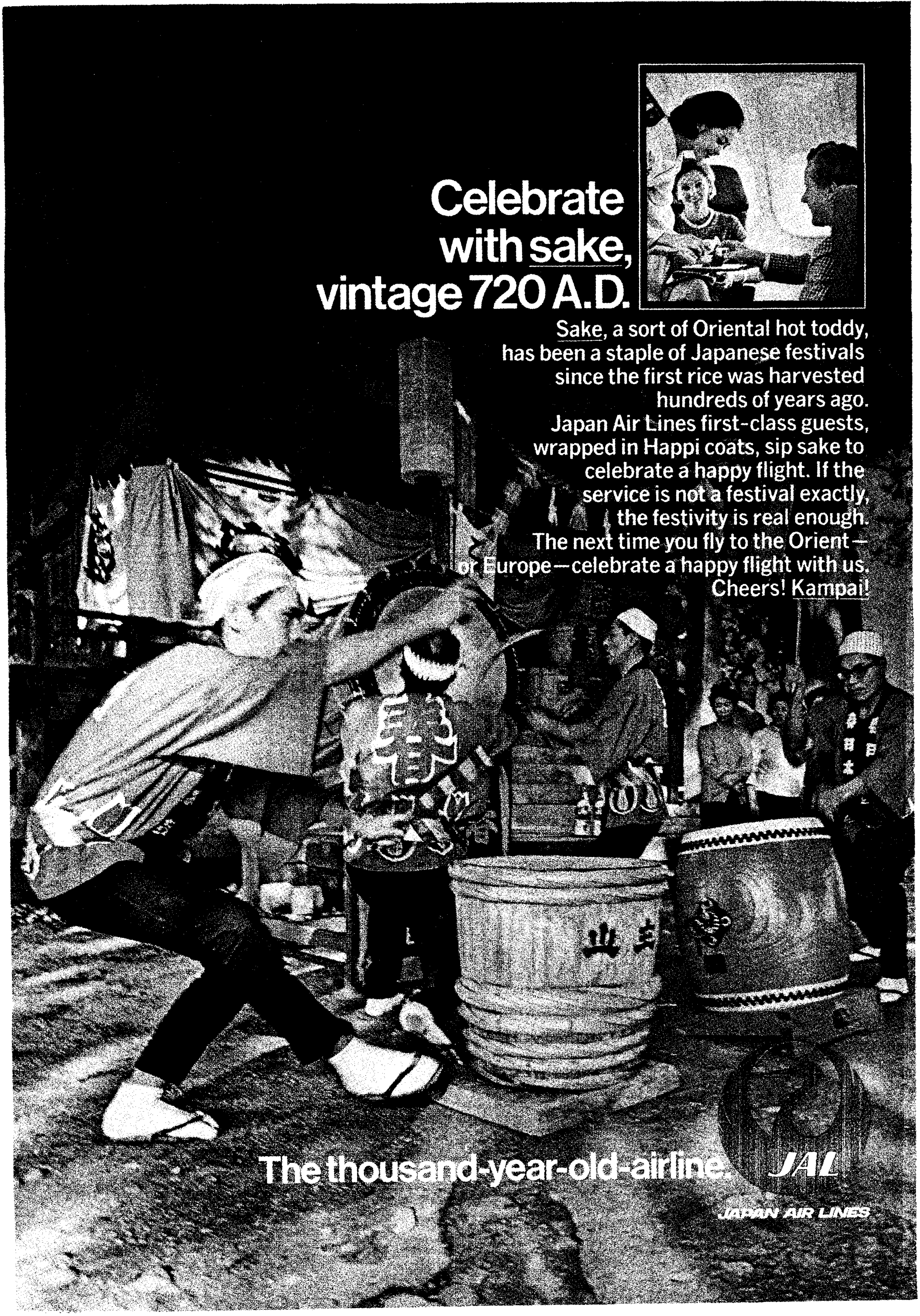

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JAPAN AIR LINES

paintings and constructions composed of set-in pieces by Mr. Ortman; starting Tuesday, March 14. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Edward Betts—Paintings of Maine and California; starting Tuesday, March 14. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ilya Bolotowsky—Paintings and free-standing columns by one of America's pioneer Neo-Plasticists; through April 6. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Bush—Shapes in color on one-color grounds, by a Canadian; starting Saturday, March 11. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gretna Campbell—Landscapes of Provence and Maine; through March 25. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jon Carsman—Tropical watercolors; through Saturday, March 11. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Gaston Chaissac (1910-64) **and Carlo**—Figurative paintings and painted-wood sculptures of caricaturelike figures by the former, a French naïf, and paintings on paper, both sides, by the latter, an Italian psychotic whose present whereabouts are unknown; through March 25. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Chumley—Realistic figurative watercolors of farm themes; through Saturday, March 18. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Clutz—Semi-abstract New York street scenes and gardens; starting Thursday, March 9. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marcel Coard—A bedroom he executed in 1929 for Jean Cocteau; through Saturday, March 18. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

William Copley—Paintings by an American Surrealist; through March 25. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Susan Crile—Paintings of patterned carpets; starting Saturday, March 11. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Davie—Emblematic compositions by a noted British painter; through Saturday, March 11. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jean Dupuy—Three works involved with magnifying, projecting, and recording by a French artist making his début in the United States; through Saturday, March 18. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Louis Finkelstein—Forty landscape drawings of Southern France; starting Friday, March 10. (New York Studio School, 8 W. 8th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6.)

Audrey Flack—Paintings of paintings and sculptures ("David") and of architectural monuments (the Cathedral of Amiens); through Thursday, March 16. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Hamilton Fraser—Semi-abstract landscapes and seascapes by a British painter; through April 15. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Frank Gallo—Fifteen new sculptures, plus screen prints and lithographs, by this artist known for his realistic female figures; through Saturday, March 11. (Danenberg Contemporaries, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Michael Goldberg and Terence La Noue—Linear abstractions on luminous metallic grounds by the former, an ex-Abstract Expressionist, and molded-latex wall pieces by the latter; through Friday, March 17. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Douglas Gorsline—Paintings with refracted images of figures, still-lifes, and landscapes; starting Saturday, March 11. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Alan Gussow—Hudson River landscapes and Maine seascapes; through April 1. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harloff—Paintings composed of symbols, often the human eye; first one-man show in New York by this Milanese. Through Saturday, March 18. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carl Heidenreich (1901-65)—Oil paintings and watercolors by a German abstractionist who came to the United States in 1941; through March 31. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Tuesdays through Thursdays, 1 to 8:30.)

Bob Henry—Figures in landscapes of Martha's Vineyard and New York; through Sunday, March 12. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Dale Henry—Light-catching acrylics on canvas; through March 29. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Hinman—Shaped canvases of large color areas in two or three dimensions; through April 1. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Steve Kaltenbach and David Diao—Collages made of clippings from magazines by the first, and paintings consisting of superimposed layers of color by the second; through March 25. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Jacques Kaplan—Cruciforms constructed out of different lamb furs by the art world's leading furrier; through Saturday, March 18. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Lyman Kipp—Painted-steel sculptures; through March 25. (Adam, 21 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Graduate School Mall/City University of New York, 33 W. 42nd St. Weekdays, 8 to 6.)

John Koch—Figures in interiors, and still-lifes; through March 25. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Henry Koehler—A painter obsessed by artichokes; through Saturday, March 18. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Walt Kuhn (1877-1949)—Paintings of acrobats, chorus girls, clowns, still-lifes, and landscapes, mostly from the thirties and forties, by this American who helped organize the Armory Show; through Saturday, March 18. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Léger—Late oils, gouaches, and drawings, also lithographs; through Wednesday, March 15. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Lobdell—Ambiguous combinations of abstractions and figuration by a California painter prominent since the fifties; through March 25. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Agnes Martin—Paintings by an artist known for her white-on-white compositions; through March 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—Watercolors by a leading German Expressionist; through Saturday, March 18. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Geoffrey Norfolk—Wall pieces of mirrorlike fabric; through March 23. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gyora Novak—Fifty-foot wall pieces of colored paper; through March 29. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Elliot Offner—Figurative allegories in bronze, marble, and wood; through Saturday, March 18. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nathan Oliveira—Paintings and lithographs by this figurative Expressionist; through March 25. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—A show of four oils, one sculpture, and twenty-six drawings, which is running concurrently with the Picasso exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art; through Friday, March 17. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carl Pickhardt—Abstract paintings on panels; through Saturday, March 18. (Meltzer, 783 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5:30.)

Paul Pollaro—Abstract collages emphasizing texture; through March 20. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Reid—Paintings and drawings on the theme of figures on a beach by this recently widely shown black artist; through Saturday, March 11. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Dorothy Ruddick—Ink paintings suggestive of natural subjects; through March 28. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gertrude Shibley—Segments of the human figure arranged in geometric areas; through

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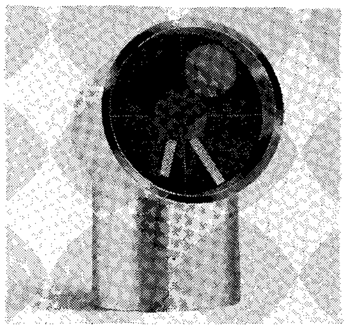
TIME & LIGHT



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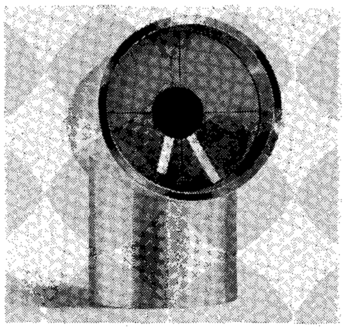
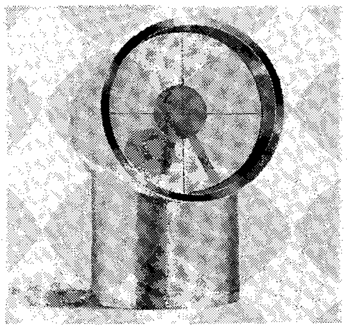


As the seconds disk floats in orbit, it passes through a never-ending succession of changing colors.



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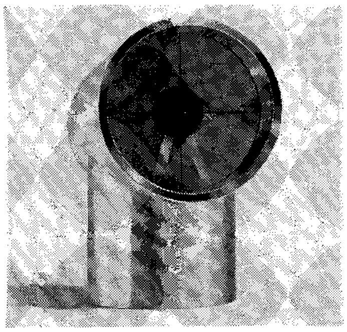

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

March 25. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Sills—Vivid Abstract Expressionist paintings by a well-known black artist; through Saturday, March 11. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Keith Sonnier—Video-tape projections on opposite walls; through Saturday, March 18. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Stroud and Mac Wells—Constructivist paintings by Mr. Stroud, a British artist, and abstract canvases by Mr. Wells; through Wednesday, March 15. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Chris Wilmarth—Abstract sculptures in clear glass and combinations of glass and bent-steel plates; starting Saturday, March 11. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

A. L. Wilson and Barbara Londin—Abstract figurations cut out of steel plates by the first, and groups of figures in interiors, done in pastel, by the second; starting Tuesday, March 14. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ann Wilson—Paintings on silk of boats and water scenes, some on the wall, some freestanding, also a sculpture of a stag in a rowboat; through Saturday, March 11. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Philip Wofford—Large lyrical abstractions emphasizing texture; through March 29. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Paul Zimmerman—Semi-abstract landscapes and still-lifes; through March 25. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Sixty-five paintings by Edward Hicks, Grandma Moses, Horace Pippin, and John Kane; through Saturday, March 18. . . . **BERRY-HILL**, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Oil paintings by leading American landscapists; through April 29. . . . **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Recent acquisitions by Albers, Balthus, Feininger, Magritte, and Man Ray (to name several); through April 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: Frank Stella, Lichtenstein, Morris, Warhol, Flavin, Judd, and Serra; through Saturday, March 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DANENBERG**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works by Americans, including Archipenko, Benton, Hassam, Lawson, and Weber; through April 8. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by *nineteenth- and twentieth-century* artists, from Munch to Ipousteguy; through April 1. . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Works on paper by Abstract Expressionists and Calder; through March 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Large-scale paintings and sculptures by twenty-eight twentieth-century artists, from Redon and Picasso to Stuart Davis and Oldenburg; starting Thursday, March 9. . . . **MENDOLA**, 341 Madison Ave., at 44th St.: Works by illustrators, past and present, among them Steven Dohanos, Bernie Fuchs, Rockwell Kent, Howard Pyle, Norman Rockwell, Andrew Wyeth, and N.C. Wyeth; through March 31. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: An anniversary exhibit of gallery artists (Thon, Peirce, Vickrey, Sepeshy, *and many others*); *through* Saturday, March 11. . . . **MYERS**, 50 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists—Neil Welliver, Jane Freilicher, and Kendall Shaw, for example; through Saturday, March 11. . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A hundred and fifty prints and photos reflecting the cultural ties of France and America from 1600 to 1900; through April 22. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.) . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Sculptures and constructions by Luis Jiminez, Robert Rohm, and Alan Bermowitz, in a variety of mediums, from structures of light to ropes and steel rods; starting Saturday, March 11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Archipenko, Chagall, Maillol, Pascin, and Rouault; through April 8. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Sixty-five paintings, sculptures, watercolors, and drawings executed abroad by American artists of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and early twentieth centuries; through March 25. *(Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)* . . . **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Figurative paintings, sculptures, and photos by eleven artists; through March 26. (Fridays through Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than a hundred examples of Chinese calligraphy, including inscribed bronze and wood objects, seals, paintings, and fans and scrolls, *from ancient times through the nineteenth* century; starting Tuesday, March 14. . . . ¶ A hundred and twenty-five photographs of China during the last thirty-five years by Robert Capa, Henri Cartier-Bresson, March Riboud, and René Burri; through April 11. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Works by Picasso in all mediums and spanning every phase of his career, assembled from the Museum's collection and promised gifts; through April 2. Tuesdays through Fridays, at 4, the exhibition is supplemented by the showing of the documentary "Picasso Is 90." A complement to the exhibit is the Picasso show at the Saidenberg Gallery, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ Sixty-nine bronze sculptures by Matisse (his entire *œuvre* in this medium), also nineteen drawings, four lithographs, and one ceramic relating to certain sculptures; through May 1. . . . ¶ Naïve art from the Museum's collection; through April 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About forty paintings, collages, and drawings by Robert Ryman, a Minimalist who stresses the physical qualities and visual effects of paint; through April 30. . . . ¶ An exhibit comparing drawings by Ro*din with forgeries of this artist's works*—a hundred originals and twenty-eight forgeries; starting Friday, March 10. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The nationwide biennial survey of cur*rent painting by Americans; through March* 19. . . . ¶ Paintings by Adja Yunkers, a well-known Abstract Expressionist painter and printmaker; through March 26. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Abstract Expressionist art of the fifties—de Kooning, Pollock, Kline, Lassaw, Guston, Krasner, and others—organized by students of the Museum's Independent Study Program; through April 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Worgelt Study, a new addition to the Museum's American period rooms, embodies the Art Deco style in every detail, from furniture to bar decanters. . . . ¶ The newly installed Schenck House Gallery focusses on the Jan Martuse Schenck House, a Brooklyn miller's dwelling and one of the most important surviving examples of seventeenth-century architecture. . . . ¶ The recently opened Nineteenth- and Twentieth-Century Galleries contain furniture and decorations of the principal artists, designers, and craftsmen of the period. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W., at 79th St.—Over four hundred and fifty specimens of birds of the New York area are shown in a completely reconstructed exhibit. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Karl Knaths, Mark Rothko, and other members of the Academy; through April 9. . . . ¶ A show of the works of thirty painters and sculptors who are candidates for Institute awards; through April 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Works constructed at the Museum by six artists, among them D'Arcangelo, Indiana, LeWitt, and Warhol, with the method used by each photographed and documented in the gallery; through Sunday, March 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—A hundred watercolors by Russian artists (Popova, Tatlin, Benois, and others) who executed stage designs for Diaghilev or who were associated with that era; through March 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St.—A hundred paintings, sketches, drawings, watercolors, lithographs, and book illustrations spanning the career of Rockwell Kent; through Wednesday, March 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Illuminated manuscripts made in France between 1350 and 1450 by both recognized and anonymous artists, many of whom worked for the Duke of Berry, the outstanding patron of illumination; through April 1. . . . ¶ A refreshing showing of eighteenth-century French paintings of flowers (some enlivened by the presence of insects), all thought to be the work of pupils of Madeleine Basseporte, professor of flower painting at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris; through April 1. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—An international exhibit of fibre sculptures, indicating new directions in weaving; through April 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-forty-seventh annual, composed of nearly three hundred oils, sculptures, drawings, prints, and watercolors by both members and non-members; through March 19. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures constituting a retrospective of the visionary works of de Chirico from 1911 to 1971; through April 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Seventy-two new additions to the print collection, ranging from an anonymous Swiss woodcut of 1502 to a Lee Bontecou lithograph; through April 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, March 8, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Judith Forst, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, Jerome Hines, and Fernando Corena; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 9, at 8: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Regina Resnik, Ljuba Welitch, Luciano Pavarotti, and Donald Gramm; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Friday, March 10, at 8: "Salome," with Leonie Rysanek, Irene Dalis, Gerhard Stolze, Thomas Stewart, Rod MacWherter, and John Macurdy; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 11, at 2: "Fidelio," with Anja Silja, Judith Blegen, Helge Brilioth, William Dooley, John Macurdy, Paul Plishka, and Leo Goeke; Hans Wallat. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 11, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Teresa Stratas, Frederica von Stade, Cesare Siepi, Hermann Prey, and Paul Plishka; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Monday, March 13, at 8: "Werther," with Régine Crespin, Colette Boky, Franco Corelli, Dominic Cossa, Fernando Corena; Alain Lombard. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 14, at 8: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Monica Sinclair, Ljuba Welitch, Luciano Pavarotti, and Donald Gramm; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 15, at 8: "Falstaff," with Renata Tebaldi, Judith Blegen, Regina Resnik, Judith Forst, Geraint Evans, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Matteo Manuguerra; Christoph von Dohnanyi. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 16, at 8: "Fidelio," with Anja Silja, Judith Blegen, Helge Brilioth, William Dooley, Giorgio Tozzi, Paul Plishka, and Leo Goeke; Hans Wallat. . . . ¶ Friday, March 17, at 8: "Faust," with Jeannette Pilou, Marcia Baldwin, Nicolai Gedda, Dominic Cossa, and Cesare Siepi; Alain Lombard. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 18, at 2:30: "Salome," with Leonie Rysanek, Irene Dalis, Gerhard Stolze, Thomas Stewart, Rod MacWherter, and John Macurdy; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 18, at 8: "Falstaff," with Renata Tebaldi, Judith Blegen, Lili Chookasian, Judith Forst, Geraint Evans, Luigi Alva, and Matteo Manuguerra; Christoph von Dohnanyi.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, March 8, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Nancy Shade, Beverly Evans, William Chapman, and Harry Theyard; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 9, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Bianca Sauler, Carol Neblett, Michael Devlin, and David Clatworthy; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, March 10, at 8: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Frances Bible, Jerry Jennings, and John Darrenkamp; Charles Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 11, at 2: "Carmen," with Eileen Schauler, Patricia Wells, Harry Theyard, and William Chapman; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 11, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Deborah Kieffer, John Stewart, and David Clatworthy; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 12, at 1: "La Traviata," with Carol Neblett, Mary Cross Lueders, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Seymour Schwartzman; Ross Reimueller. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 12, at 7: "Rigoletto," with Patricia Brooks, Beverly Evans, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 14, at 8: "Maria Stuarda," with Beverly Sills, Pauline Tinsley, John Stewart, and Richard Fredricks; Charles Wilson. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 15, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Nancy Shade, Kay Creed, José Carreras, and John Darrenkamp; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 16, at 8: "Maria Stuarda," with Beverly Sills, Pauline Tinsley, John Stewart, and Richard Fredricks; Charles Wilson. . . . ¶ Friday, March 17, at 8: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Patricia Craig, Susanne Marsee, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 18, at 2: "Tosca," with Maralin Niska, Carlos Montane, Louis Quilico, and David Rae Smith; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 18, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Mary Cross Lueders, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Seymour Schwartzman. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—István Kertész conducting on Thursday, March 9, and Saturday, March 11, at 8:30 (both with Rudolf Serkin, piano); and Friday, March 10, at 2 (with Murray Perahia, piano). . . . ¶ James Levine conducting on Thursday, March 16, at 8:30, and Friday, March 17, at 2 (both with Nerine Barrett, piano).

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra—Walter Susskind directing, with Benita Valente, soprano; Victor Braun, baritone; and the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 8, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting a program of American music. Performances by the Concord String Quartet start at six, and the David Amram Jazz Quartet and John Townley & the Apostolic Family start at seven. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, March 11, at 8.)

Paul Kuentz Chamber Orchestra of Paris—Paul Kuentz conducting, with Barbara Schlick, soprano; Jean-Francisco Dion, trumpet; and other instrumental soloists. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 11, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

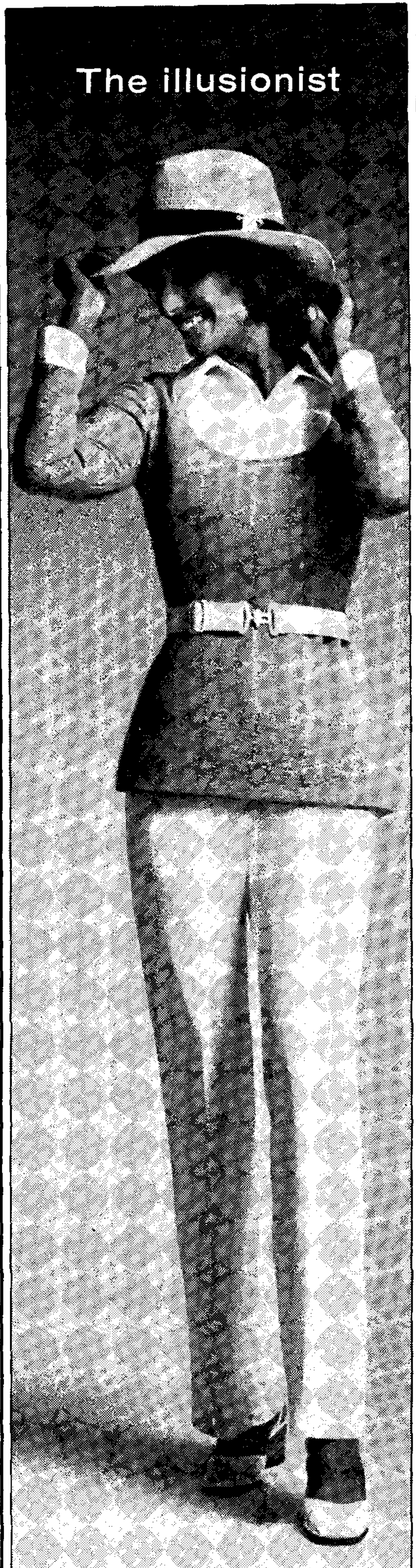
Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 11, at 8, and Sunday, March 12, at 7:30, both with Clifford Curzon, piano; and Friday, March 17, at 8, with Philippe Entremont, piano.)

Municipal Concerts Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting, with William Masselos, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 11, at 8:30.)

New and Newer Music—Dennis Russell Davies conducting the Ensemble of New York in the third in a series of four concerts that include appearances by contemporary composers conducting their own works. The man of parts this time will be Bruno Maderna. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 12, at 3.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Rossini's "William Tell" in concert form, with Klara Barlow, soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Louis Quilico, baritone; the Schola Cantorum; and the Master Chorales. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 13, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra da Camera—Ains-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lee Cox conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one with Judith Ferris, contralto. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, March 15, at 8.)

Manhattan Orchestra—George Schick conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, March 15, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

I Solisti di Zagreb—A Yugoslav chamber orchestra, with Christine Walevska, cello. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 17, at 8:30.)

Bach Aria Group—Brian Priestman directing the last in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 8, at 8.)

University of Michigan Chamber Choir—Thomas Hilbish directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 11, at 2:30.)

Canby Singers—Edward Tatnall Canby directing a program of a-cappella music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 11, at 8:30.)

Gregg Smith Singers and Chamber Orchestra—Gregg Smith directing a program of sacred music. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 11, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Pro Arte Festival Chorus and Orchestra—John Nelson directing a performance of Berlioz' opera "Les Troyens" in concert form, with Evelyn Lear and Clarice Carson, sopranos; Richard Cassilly, tenor; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 17, at 7.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 18, at 8.)

RECITALS

Speculum Musicae—Contemporary chamber music. (Finch College Theatre, 52 E. 78th St. 288-8450. Wednesday, March 8, at 8.)

Wanda Wilkomirska—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, March 8, at 8:30.)

Alexander Schneider, Leslie Parnas, Leonard Shure, and John Barrows—Violin, cello, piano, and French horn, in an all-Brahms program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 9, at 8.)

Pia Sebastiani—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, March 9, at 8:30.)

John Barrows and the Guarneri Quartet—In an all-Mozart program of works for French horn and strings. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 10, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Claude Frank, piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, March 10, at 8.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist, in the last two in a series of concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 10, and Wednesday, March 15, at 8:30.)

Gabriel Tacchino—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Sunday, March 12, at 2:15.)

Licia Albanese and Giuseppe Di Stefano—Soprano and tenor, in a benefit concert, with a symphony orchestra conducted by Alfredo Silipigni. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 12, at 8.)

Jane Carlson—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 12, at 8.)

Michael Ponti—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 13, at 8.)

American Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Monday, March 13, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Witold Malcuzynski—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, March 14, at 8.)

Zaidee Parkinson—Piano, with Donald Weilerstein, violin; Christine Walevska, cello; and Richard Dufallo, clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 14, at 8.)

Michael Oelbaum—Piano. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Tuesday, March 14, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Ernesto Bitetti—Classic guitarist. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, March 16, at 8:40.)

Manhattan Percussion Ensemble—Paul Price conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, March 16, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Earl Wild—Piano, in an all-Chopin recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 16, at 8:30.)

Joseph Kalichstein—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, March 17, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 8, at 5:45: Jim Gold, classic and flamenco guitarist.... ¶ Wednesday, March 15, at 5:45: Hadassah Badoch Kruger and her Yemenite-Israeli dancers.

Max Kaminsky's Band—Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, March 9, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.

Jimmy Giuffre's Trio—Maisonette, St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Friday, March 10, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.... ¶ Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 17, at 8.

David Cassidy—With Dawn. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, March 11, at 1.)

Donny Hathaway and Taj Mahal—Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 12, at 3.

Shirley Bassey and Woody Herman—Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 12, at 8.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The fourth in a series of five programs in which lyricists (in this case Sammy Cahn) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, March 12, at 8, and Tuesday, March 14, at 8:30.)

Norad Commanders—A free concert by the stage band and jazz ensemble of the North American Air Defense Command of Colorado Springs. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Tuesday, March 14, at 8.)

Fairport Convention—Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 15, at 8.

Scott Joplin Retrospective Concert—A program of his works, including piano rags, rag songs, and excerpts from his opera "Treemonisha," performed by Avon Long and other singers; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor; a dance troupe; a chorus; and a theatre orchestra. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, March 15, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Delaney & Bonnie & Friends and Billy Preston—With Ken Loggins and Jim Messina. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 16, at 8.)

Balaban & Cats—Maisonette, St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel. Friday, March 17, at noon.

Bread—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 18, at 8.

Cecil Taylor Unit—In a program of Mr. Taylor's new works. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 18, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Phoenix, Saturday, March 11, at 8.... ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Tuesday, March 14, at 7:30.... NASSAU COLISEUM, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.: Nets vs. Virginia, Thursday, March 9, at 8:15.... ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Saturday, March 11, at 2.... ¶ Nets vs. Memphis, Wednesday, March 15, at 8:15.... ¶ Nets vs. Carolina, Friday, March 17, at 8:15.... ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Saturday, March 18, at 7:30.

Boxing—Mike Quarry vs. Tommy Hicks, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 10. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10:30.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, March 8, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Chicago. ... ¶ Sunday, March 12, at 7:05: Rangers vs. California.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT (if the strike is over):

Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 13. The Roseben Handicap, Saturday, March 18. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Daily at 1; through Saturday, March 11.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Wednesday, May 24.

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN:** "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday and Sunday, March 11-12, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, March 18, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.) . . . **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC:** Dean Dixon conducting Bruckner's Third Symphony. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, March 18, at 12:10 and 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "Peter and the Wolf." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **BLUE PEACOCK PLAYERS:** "Genji and the White Jewels." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2.) . . . **DRAGON MARIONETTES:** "The Pedal Car Mystery." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, March 11, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted.) . . . **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, March 11. . . . ¶ "A Very Special Clown," Sunday, March 12. . . . ¶ "Bravo, the Clown," Saturday, March 18. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291. Afternoons at 2:30.) . . . **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS:** "The Fireman's Revue." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, March 12, at 2. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "The Princess and the Pea." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 260-4863. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEW YORK CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "The Ransom of Red Chief." (Town Hall. Saturday, March 18, at 1. For tickets, call 489-0120.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Hot Feet." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturdays at 3.)

MOVIES—"The Dog of Flanders," with David Ladd and Donald Crisp. (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. Saturday, March 11, at 10, 12, 2, 4, and 6, and Sunday, March 12, at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30. For information about tickets, call 875-6261.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The new show is called "Journey to Other Worlds." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.) . . . ¶ An hour before the shows, the Guggenheim Space Theatre presents a projection of the story of astronomy—from man's earliest concepts of the universe to the achievements of the Space Age.

JUNIOR MUSEUM STUDIO, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—Fifty-three pictures in watercolor and chalk by children in Taipei; through April 9. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays and Fridays, 10 to 2; Thursdays, 10 to 5; and Sundays, 11 to 5.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4 daily.

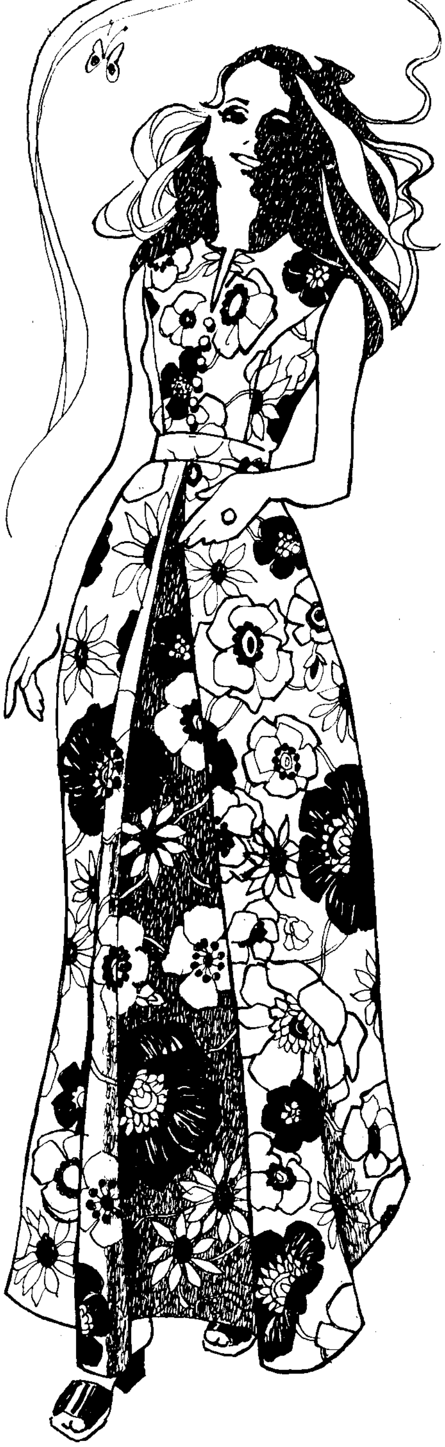
POETRY READINGS—Michael Harper and William Meredith reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, March 14, at 7:30. Admission is free.)

ANTIQUES FAIR WITH GARDENS—American and European antiques, assembled by one hundred and twenty-five dealers, plus ten gardens and a number of flower exhibits. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Saturday, March 8-11, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, March 12, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, March 11, at 2: English, French, and other Continental furniture and decorations; from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 18, at 10:15: Modern drawings and sculptures, from the estate of Arthur B. Spingairn and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 11. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 18, at 2: English furniture and decorations, from various sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 11.

FILM SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—The final programs in a ten-day festival of new films by new directors. March 8 at 7:30: "La Salamandre" (Switzerland; Alain Tanner). . . . ¶ March 8 at 10: "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (West Germany; Wim Wenders). . . . ¶ March 10 at 7:30: "Private Road" (Great Britain; Barney Platts-Mills). . . . ¶ March 10 at 10 and March 11 at 7:30: "Bushman" (United States; David Schickele) and "Beauty Knows No Pain" (United States; Elliott Erwitt). . . . ¶ March 11 at 10: "Lucia" (Cuba; Humberto Solas). . . . ¶ March 12 at 7:30: "Private Road." . . . ¶ March 12 at 10 and March 13 at 7:30: "Horizon" (Hungary; Pal Gabor). . . . ¶ March 13 at 10: "Lucia." (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 765-5100, ext. 311.)

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 8 at 2 and 5:30: "The Duck Hunter" (1922), with Billy Bevan, and "Grandma's Boy" (1922), with Harold Lloyd. . . . ¶ March 9 at 2: "Foolish Wives" (1922), directed by, and with, Erich von Stroheim. . . . ¶ March 9 at 5:30: "Orphans of the Storm" (1922), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Dorothy and Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ March 10 at 2 and 5:30: Three short films made in 1922. . . . ¶ March 11 at noon: "Francesco Giullare di Dio" (1949), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini. . . . ¶ March 11 at 3: "Blood and Sand" (1922), directed by Fred Niblo, with Rudolph Valentino. . . . ¶ March 12 at 12:30: "The Mystery of the Wax Museum" (1933), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Lionel Atwill and Fay Wray. . . . ¶ March 12 at 3: "Robin Hood" (1922), directed by Allan Dwan, with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ March 13 at noon: "Doktor Mabuse" (1922), directed by Fritz Lang. . . . ¶ March 13 at 5:30 and March 14 at 2: "Shooting Stars" (1928), directed by Anthony Asquith and A. V. Bramble. . . . ¶ March 14 at 5:30: A program of films directed by Hubert Smith. . . . ¶ March 15 at 2: "Doktor Mabuse" (1922). . . . ¶ March 15 at 5:30: "Nosferatu" (1922), directed by F. W. Murnau. . . . ¶ March 16 at 2: "Mathias Kneissl" (1971), in German directed by Reinhard Hauff. . . . ¶ March 16 at 5:30: "Jonathan" (1970), in German, directed by Hans W. Geissendörfer. . . . ¶ March 16 at 8: "Mathias Kneissl" (1971). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through March 9: "Il Successo" (1963), in Italian, directed by Mauro Morassi, with Vittorio Gassman and Anouk Aimée. . . . ¶ March 10-12: "Variety Lights" (1949), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini and Alberto Lattuada. . . . ¶ March 15-16: "Love and Larceny" (1959), in Italian, directed by Dino Risi, with Vittorio Gassman and Anna Maria Ferrero. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Brakhage, Broughton, Bresson, Chaplin, Buñuel, Dreyer, Dovzhenko, and others. Showings at 6, 8 (except March 8), and 10 (except March 8 and 16). No Mondays. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100)—March 8: "Out There, a Lone Island," directed by Humphrey Leynse. . . . ¶ Starting March 9: "Luminous Procuress," directed by Steven Arnold, with the Cockettes. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 14: "Murder She Said" and "Murder at the Gallop."
From March 15: "Macbeth."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through March 11: "Honolulu" and "Lady Be Good."
March 12-14: "A Lady's Morals" and "Broadway Serenade."
From March 15: "Show Boat."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through March 12: "The Clowns," "A Thousand Clowns," and "Barbarella."
March 13-16: "Blow-Up," "Zabriskie Point," and "Celebration at Big Sur."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 14: "Klute" and "Summer of '42."
From March 15: "X Y & Zee."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through March 14: "Sometimes a Great Notion" and "Play Misty for Me."
From March 15: "Song of the South."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"I Want What I Want."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Last Picture Show."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Dealing: or the Berkeley-to-Boston Forty Brick Lost-Bag Blues."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Hot Rock."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Sunday Bloody Sunday" and "Midnight Cowboy."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Nightcomers."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The French Connection."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Theatre closed.

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Boy Friend."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Women in Revolt."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"A Clockwork Orange."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Minnie and Moskowitz."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Last Picture Show."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"To Find a Man."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through March 13: "Horsefeathers" and "Duck Soup."
March 14: Theatre closed.
From March 15: "The Sorrow and the Pity."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Le Boucher."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through March 14: "Straw Dogs."
From March 15: "The Godfather."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 14 (tentative): "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."
From March 15: "Macbeth."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Sometimes a Great Notion."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Klute" and "Summer of '42."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Hot Rock."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 14: "Made for Each Other."
From March 15: "Song of the South."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 14: "X Y & Zee."
From March 15: "The Godfather."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through March 14: "Doctor Zhivago."
From March 15: "The Godfather."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Hospital."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (688-1717)
"I Want What I Want."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (688-1717)
"Tales from the Crypt."

WEST SIDE

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (533-8270)
Through March 9: "The Fox" and "Petulia."
March 10-13: "Festival" and "The Magic Christian."
March 14-16: "The Conformist" and "The Milky Way."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 14: "$" and "The Night They Raided Minsky's."
From March 15: "Scarecrow in a Garden of Cucumbers."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Hospital."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through March 14: "Klute" and "Summer of '42."
From March 15: "Sunday Bloody Sunday."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through March 14: "Made for Each Other."
From March 15 (tentative): "Dirty Harry."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through March 16: "Cisco Pike" and "Revolution."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through March 14: "My Old Man's Place" and "Derby."
From March 15: "Who Slew Auntie Roo?" and "Chrome and Hot Leather."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Nicholas and Alexandra."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
Through March 14: "Zatoichi's Revenge" and "Zatoichi Meets Yojimbo."
From March 15: "Live Today, Die Tomorrow" and "Kill!"

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through March 14: "Bedknobs and Broomsticks."
From March 15: "Song of the South."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
March 8: "Mary, Queen of Scots."
From March 9: "What's Up, Doc?"

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cabaret."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"To Die of Love."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Macbeth."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Outback."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Modern Times."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Without Apparent Motive."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Fantasia."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through March 14: "Sometimes a Great Notion" and "Play Misty for Me."
From March 15: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" and "Women in Love."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Dirty Harry."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through March 14: To be announced.
From March 15: "Macbeth" and "Support Your Local Gunfighter!"

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
March 8: "Simon of the Desert" and "The Idiot."
March 9-12: "The Hour of the Furnaces."
From March 13: "Tokyo Story."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 14: "King Lear" and "The Loves of Isadora."
From March 15: "Cold Turkey" and "Valdez Is Coming."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through March 9: "Mouchette" and "Marry Me! Marry Me!"
March 10-13: "Little Murders" and "Move."
March 14-16: "In the Year of the Pig."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
March 8: "Maidstone" and "Three Lives."
March 9: "Maidstone" and "Burn!"
March 10: "Maidstone" and "Three Lives."
March 11: "Maidstone" and "Burn!"
March 12-15: "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" and "The Boys in the Band."
From March 16: "Psycho" and "The Birds."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Barbarella (1968)—Jane Fonda is so bouncy and charming in this messed-up erotic comic-strip view of the future that she seems to be a new *Dorothy in* a very strange Oz. Directed by Roger Vadim. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 12.)

Bedknobs and Broomsticks—Angela Lansbury as an apprentice witch, in a mixture of wizardry and ineptitude from the Disney studios; the picture is as uncertain of itself as the title indicates. Moderately enjoyable, though there are moments of patriotic sentimentality circa "Mrs. Miniver." (Guild; through March 14.)

The Birds (1963)—Some of the special effects are amusing, and a few are perverse and frightening, but the effects took over in this Hitchcock scare-picture, and he failed to make the plot situations convincing. The script (by Evan Hunter) is weak, and the acting is so awkward that often one doesn't know how to take the characters. With Rod Taylor, Tippi Hedren, Suzanne Pleshette, and Jessica Tandy. (Olympia; starting March 16.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An account of the Mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (St. Marks Cinema; March 13-16.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice (1969)—A very commercial but also very funny American comedy on modern sexual mores. Dyan Cannon and Elliott Gould give a classic portrait of a dreadful modern marriage; Robert Culp and Natalie Wood are the other couple. Written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Mazursky directed. (Olympia; March 12-15.)

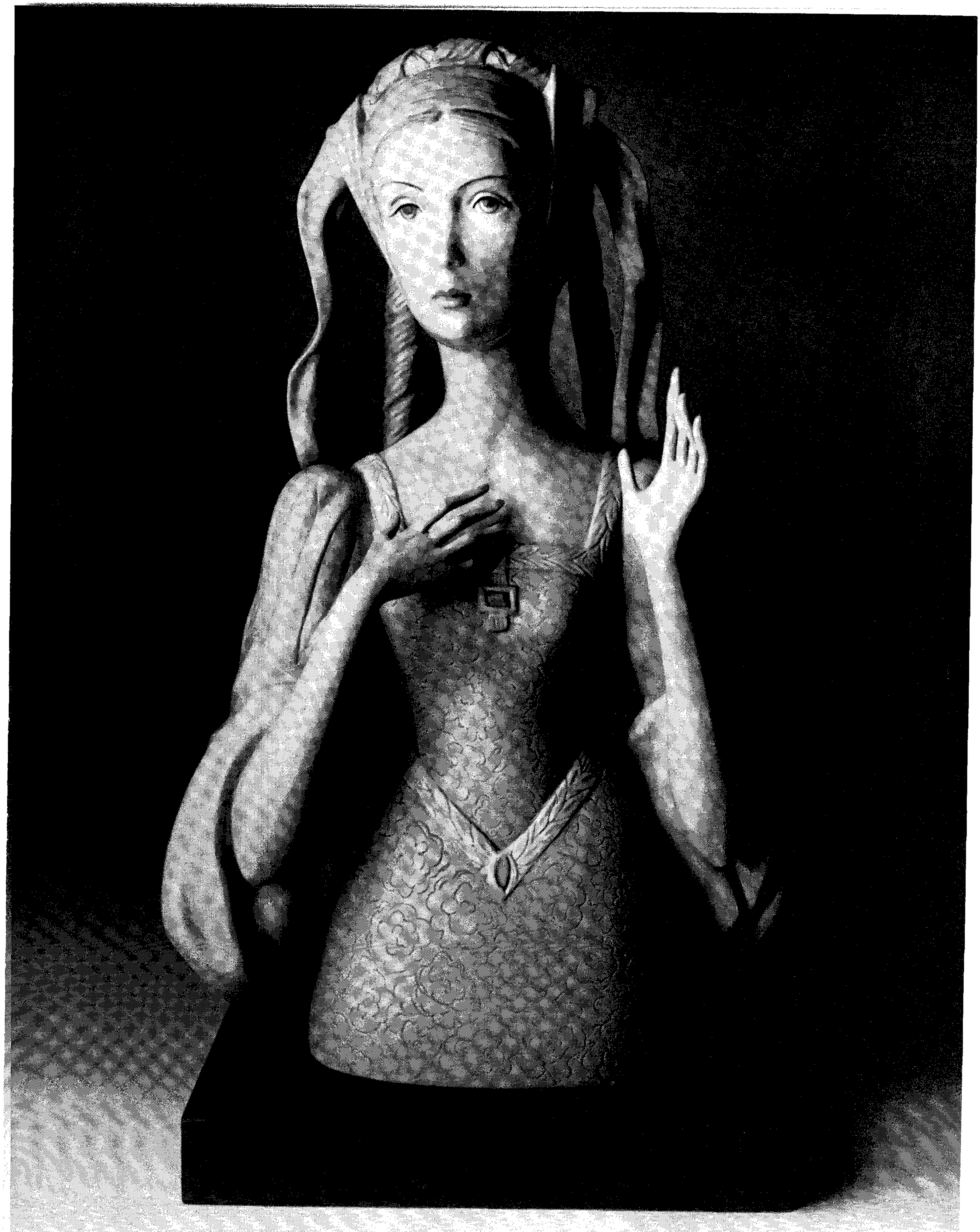
Le Boucher—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Boy Friend—Ken Russell has turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a butch faggot, a nellie faggot, a hustler, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (Olympia; March 12-15.)

Broadway Serenade (1939)—A low point, even for Jeanette MacDonald. Lew Ayres, Ian Hunter, and Frank Morgan are among those flailing about desperately, trying to think of something to do while she sings and sings. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 12-14.)

Burn! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's passionate, controversial epic about a slave uprising on a



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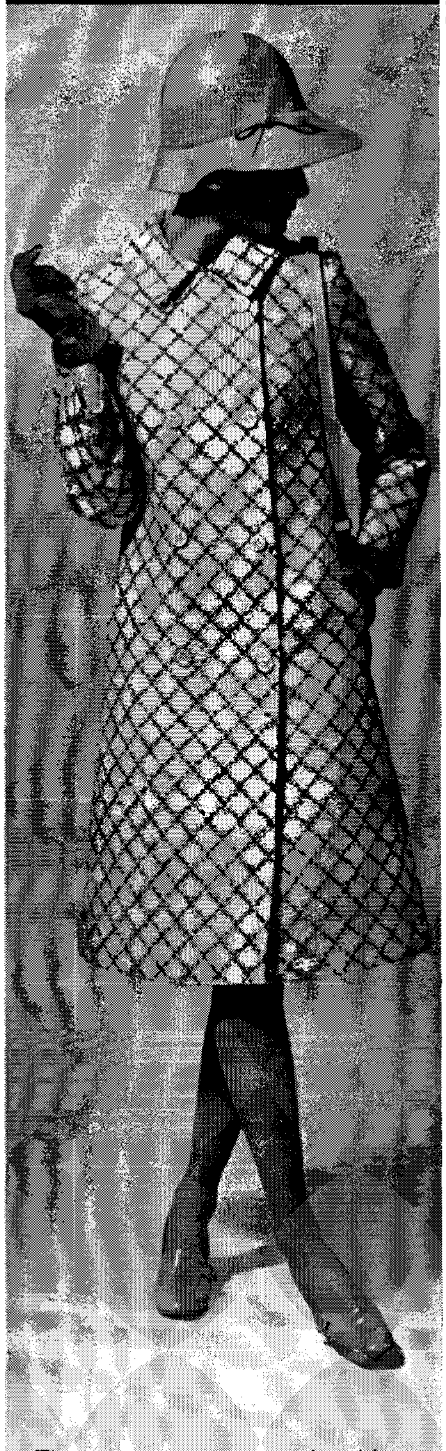

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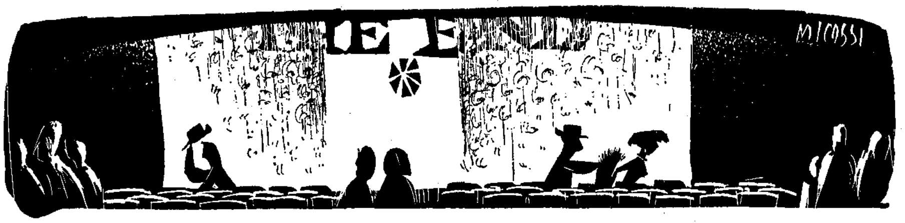


Caribbean island, told from a neo-Marxist, Frantz Fanonian point of view. Marlon Brando plays a British *agent provocateur* who personifies colonial manipulative policies as well as, by implication, the American involvement in Vietnam. (Olympia; March 9 and 11.)

Cabaret—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Ziegfeld.)

Celebration at Big Sur—Joan Baez, Joni Mitchell, and a load of others at the 1969 Big Sur Folk Festival at the Esalen Institute. One feels like a fly caught in the works of a hi-fi set, and has about as much mind, but the scene and the mood are pacifying. (St. Marks Cinema; March 13-16.)

Chrome and Hot Leather—With William Smith and Tony Young, directed by Lee Frost. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting March 15.)

Cisco Pike—With Gene Hackman, Karen Black, and Kris Kristofferson, directed by Bill L. Norton. (Elgin; through March 16.)

A Clockwork Orange—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's new film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Cinema I.)

The Clowns—Fellini's new picture, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (St Marks Cinema; through March 12.)

Cold Turkey (1971)—There is some satire on the media in this farce about a town that tries to give up smoking for a month. With Dick Van Dyke, Pippa Scott, Tom Poston, Bob and Ray, and Bob Newhart. Directed by Norman Lear. (Symphony; starting March 15.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Garrick; March 14-16.)

Dealing: or the Berkeley-to-Boston Forty Brick Lost-Bag Blues—A good idea for a comedy-thriller, gone slack. Michael and Douglas Crichton's glib, clever novel about educated young hustlers in the collegiate marijuana-dealing business, treated with droopy solemnity by the director, Paul Williams. More than half an hour passes before the plot mechanism is set in motion, and the movie never recovers from this initial lassitude. Robert F. Lyons (Elliott Gould's crazy buddy in "Getting Straight") is engaging as a sallow, runty Harvard law student (he's best when he follows a girl—Barbara Hershey—and almost walks into a door), and John Lithgow is a cherubic rich boy who has become a new-style mobster. The Harvard-Boston scene is mostly dubbed by Toronto. (Sutton.)

Derby—Slow-pulsed documentary about a young Midwesterner who dreams of making the Roller Derby a way of life. O.K., but pretty sentimental about a puny form of athleticism. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through March 14.)

Dirty Harry—Clint Eastwood is the saintly cop who demonstrates the necessity for para-legal police power; Don Siegel directed this skillful, brutal, Fascist thriller. (Regency. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting March 15, tentative.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The poet-doctor (Omar Sharif) isn't a strong enough protagonist to bind together the events of the Russian Revolution, and so one seems to be on the sidelines watching an enormous, romantic, historical pageant. David Lean put it all together (or tried to) from Robert Bolt's adaptation of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (Loew's Ciné; through March 14.)

$—Bank heist in Hamburg, masterminded by Warren Beatty, assisted by Goldie Hawn as a kook hooker. For the first twenty minutes, it's impossible to know what's going on; after that, there are so many camera setups and such noisy, overextended chases that the whole thing becomes hectic and exhausting. Brutality and tension are a poor substitute for pleasurable suspense. Overwritten and overdirected by Richard Brooks. (Waverly; through March 14.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Beekman; through March 13.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Paramount.)

Festival (1967)—Footage of the Newport Folk Festivals from 1963 to 1966; many famous performers, but too much chatter and scramble and disorganization. Visual quality adequate but undistinguished. Directed by Murray Lerner. (Garrick; March 10-13.)

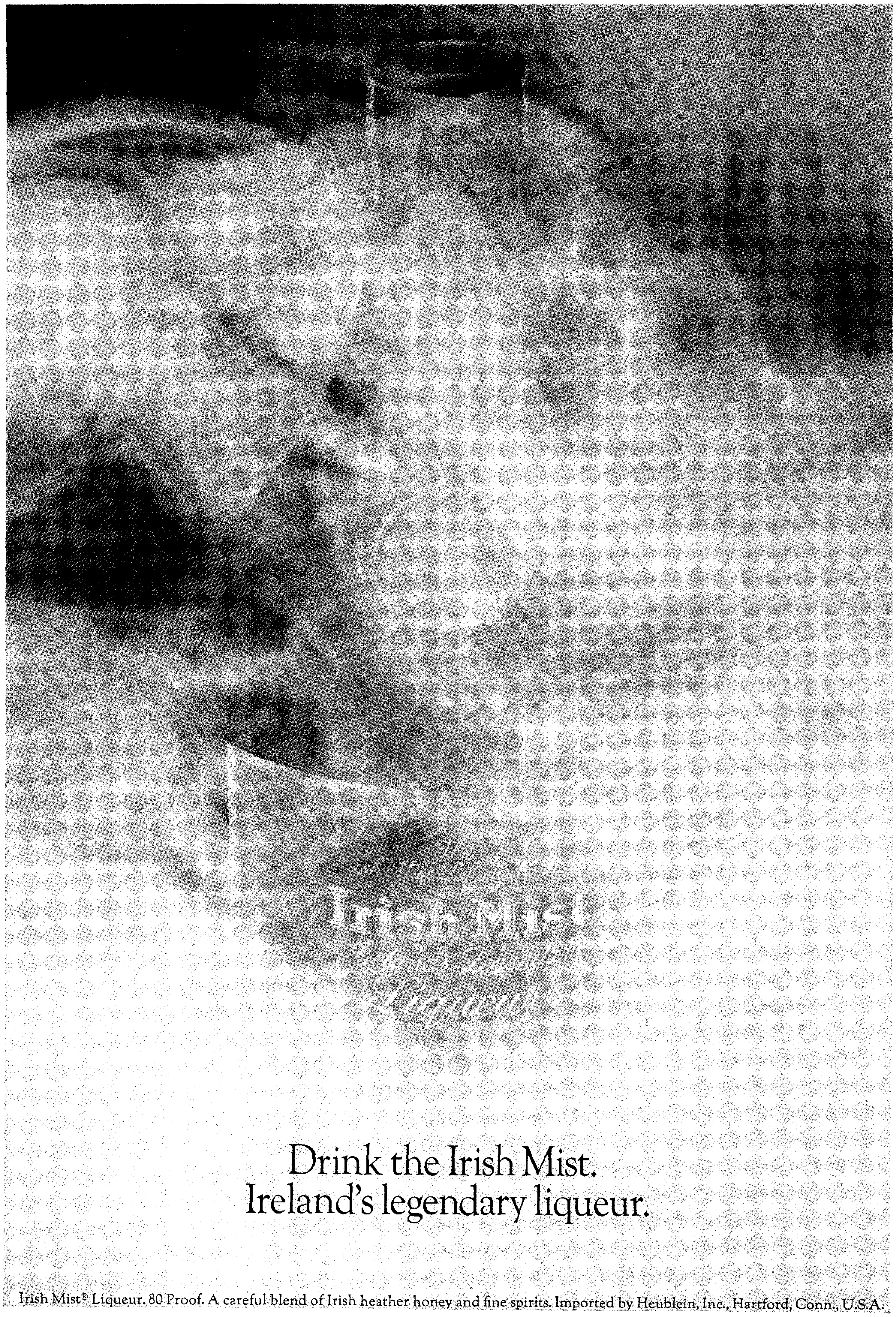
Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Fox (1968)—Two lesbians (Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood) on a chicken farm, and along comes a marauding fox (Keir Dullea, with his voice lowered). If you haven't read the D. H. Lawrence novella, you might think that this was what it was about. Mark Rydell directed. (Garrick; through March 9.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Coronet.)

The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight—When farce isn't expertly played and directed, it becomes just stupid, and that's what happens to this Mafia farce, from the Jimmy Breslin book. Lionel Stander, Jo Van Fleet, and Jerry Orbach are among the clownish crooks; molestable Leigh Taylor-Young and the talented young Robert De Niro are the romantic leads. Directed by James Goldstone. (72nd St. Playhouse; through March 14, tentative.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical nov-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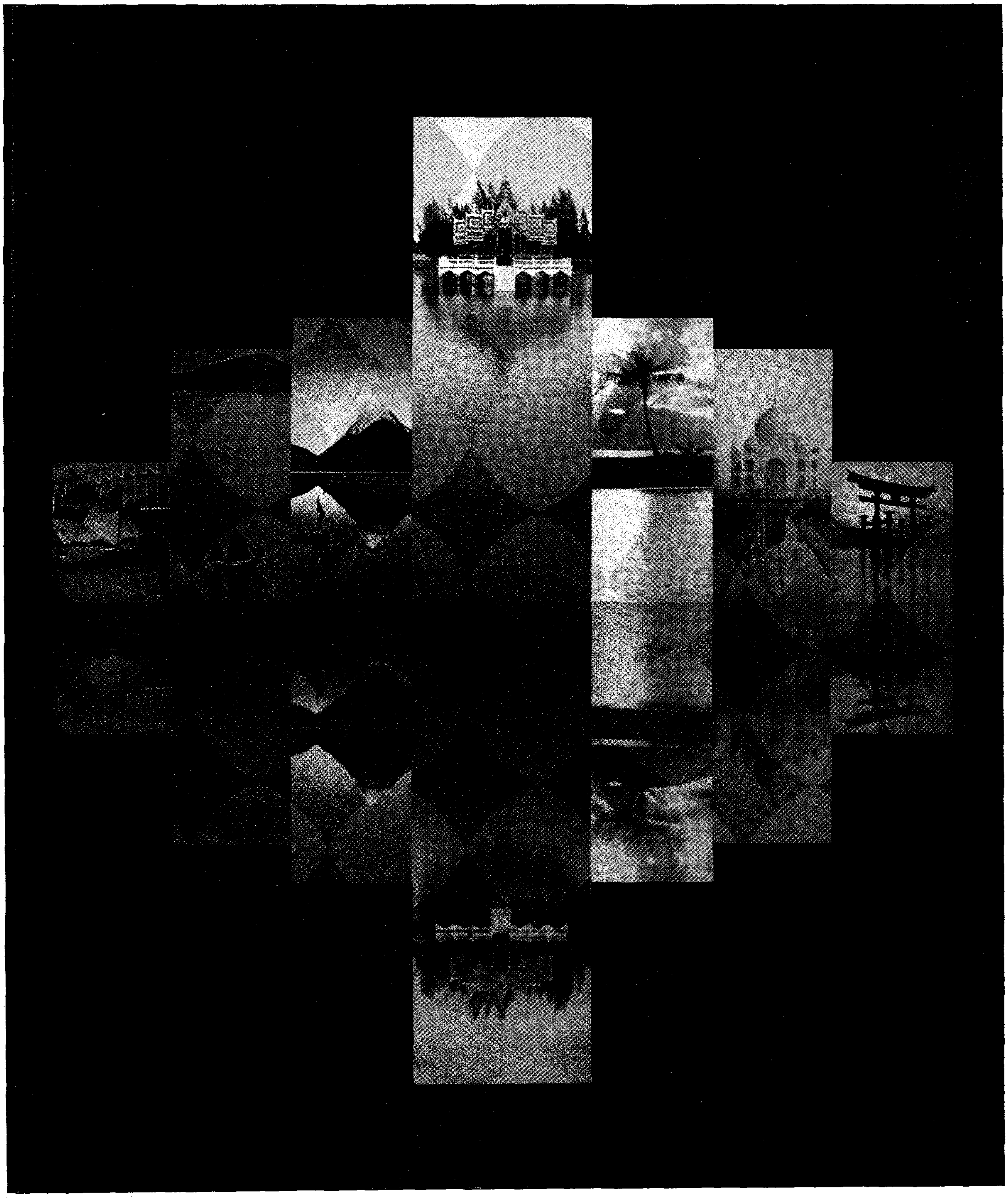

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

el, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Plaza.)

The Godfather—Based on the Mario Puzo novel, with Marlon Brando, directed by Francis Ford Coppola. (Tower East, Orpheum, and Loew's Ciné; starting March 15.)

Honolulu (1939)—An M-G-M musical folly, about a movie star who switches lives with a plantation owner. The whole thing seems to have been thrown together so that Eleanor Powell could do a frenetic hula. With Burns and Allen and Robert Young. Eddie Buzzell directed; the songs by Gus Kahn and Harry Warren are mediocre. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 11.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.'" (Beckman; through March 13.)

The Hospital—George C. Scott is at his most hammily brilliant in Paddy Chayevsky's farce about the killing incompetence in a modern big-city hospital. The picture strains for seriousness now and then, but even when it makes a fool of itself, it's still funny. Arthur Hiller directed. (86th St. East and 8th St. Playhouse.)

The Hot Rock—A cheerful caper movie, set around New York City. The dialogue is often painfully hip-cute, but the actors manage to be funny anyway. Ron Leibman plays a demonic getaway driver, George Segal is a panicky lock picker, Paul Sand is a spaced-out bomb wizard, and Robert Redford is the straight-man leader of the gang. Peter Yates directed, from William Goldman's screenplay. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

The Hour of the Furnaces (1968)—An attempt to use film as a revolutionary weapon. A didactic, explosive, semi-documentary on Peronism and the necessity to create national consciousness in Argentina and other Latin-American countries. By the Argentine director Fernando Solanas. The full four-hour-and-twenty-minute version. In Spanish. (New Yorker; March 9-12.)

The Idiot (1951)—Kurosawa made this version of the Dostoevski novel right after "Rashomon," using the same two men—Masayuki Mori (the husband in "Rashomon") as Prince Myshkin, and Toshiro Mifune (the bandit in "Rashomon") as Rogozhin. It's a long, uneven, fascinating film, with such curiosities as a Nastasya Filipovna (Setsuko Hara) modelled on Maria Caserès in Cocteau's "Orpheus." In Japanese. (New Yorker; March 8.)

In the Year of the Pig (1969)—Emile de Antonio has gathered news footage from many sources for this overview of the background and issues of the Vietnam war. There are some almost forgotten faces, like Emperor Bao Dai's and Madame Nhu's, and some American words we might like to forget. (Thalia; March 14-16.)

I Want What I Want—With Anne Heywood and Harry Andrews, directed by John Dexter. (Murray Hill and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Kill! (1968)—A rousing samurai film, directed by Kihachi Okamoto in a modern style influenced by Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting March 15.)

King Lear—Blindness and nothingness are the controlling metaphors in this gray, cold Peter Brook production. Paul Scofield gives a frigid performance, and the cast, including the Cordelia, have dead eyes. You may feel dead while you watch. (Symphony; through March 14.)

Klute—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as effective as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Juliet 2. . . . ¶ Gramercy and 5th Ave. Cinema; through March 14.)

Lady Be Good (1941)—A dispensable plot about the tribulations of a married song-writing team, but some classic numbers by the Gershwins ("Fascinating Rhythm," "Hang on to Me," and the great title song) and by Arthur Freed and Roger Edens ("You'll Never Know"), as well as the slightly sickening Oscar Hammerstein II and Jerome Kern effort, "The Last Time I Saw Paris." The cast includes Red Skelton, Ann Sothern, Eleanor Powell, Virginia O'Brien, Robert Young, and Lionel Barrymore. Norman Z. McLeod directed, for M-G-M. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 11.)

A Lady's Morals (1930)—Originally called "The Soul Kiss;" neither title indicates what a big, heavy-spirited M-G-M musical tear-jerker this is. Grace Moore plays Jenny Lind, who loses her voice while singing in "Norma," and Reginald Denny is a young composer who loves her but goes blind. Wallace Beery turns up as P. T. Barnum. Sidney Franklin directed, and Adrian draped Miss Moore, who moved a little less than gracefully. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 12-14.)

The Last Picture Show—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (34th St. East and Columbia I.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Thalia; March 10-13.)

Live Today, Die Tomorrow—A Japanese film, with Tatsuya Nakadai. (Bijou Cinema; starting March 15.)

The Loves of Isadora (1969)—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character-sense instead of clodhopping chronology. It was wonderfully designed by Jocelyn Herbert and horribly cut around by Universal Pictures, which unwisely overrode Reisz's judgment. (Symphony; through March 14.)

Macbeth—Roman Polanski shows such literal horror that there is no horror left to imagine. The play is treated not as a great cautionary nightmare but as an illustration of how power normally changes hands. The handsome, intelligent, and well-acted production succeeds as vivid melodrama but reduces Shakespeare's meanings to something almost complacently lucid. (Playboy. . . . ¶ Art, 72nd St. Playhouse, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting March 15.)

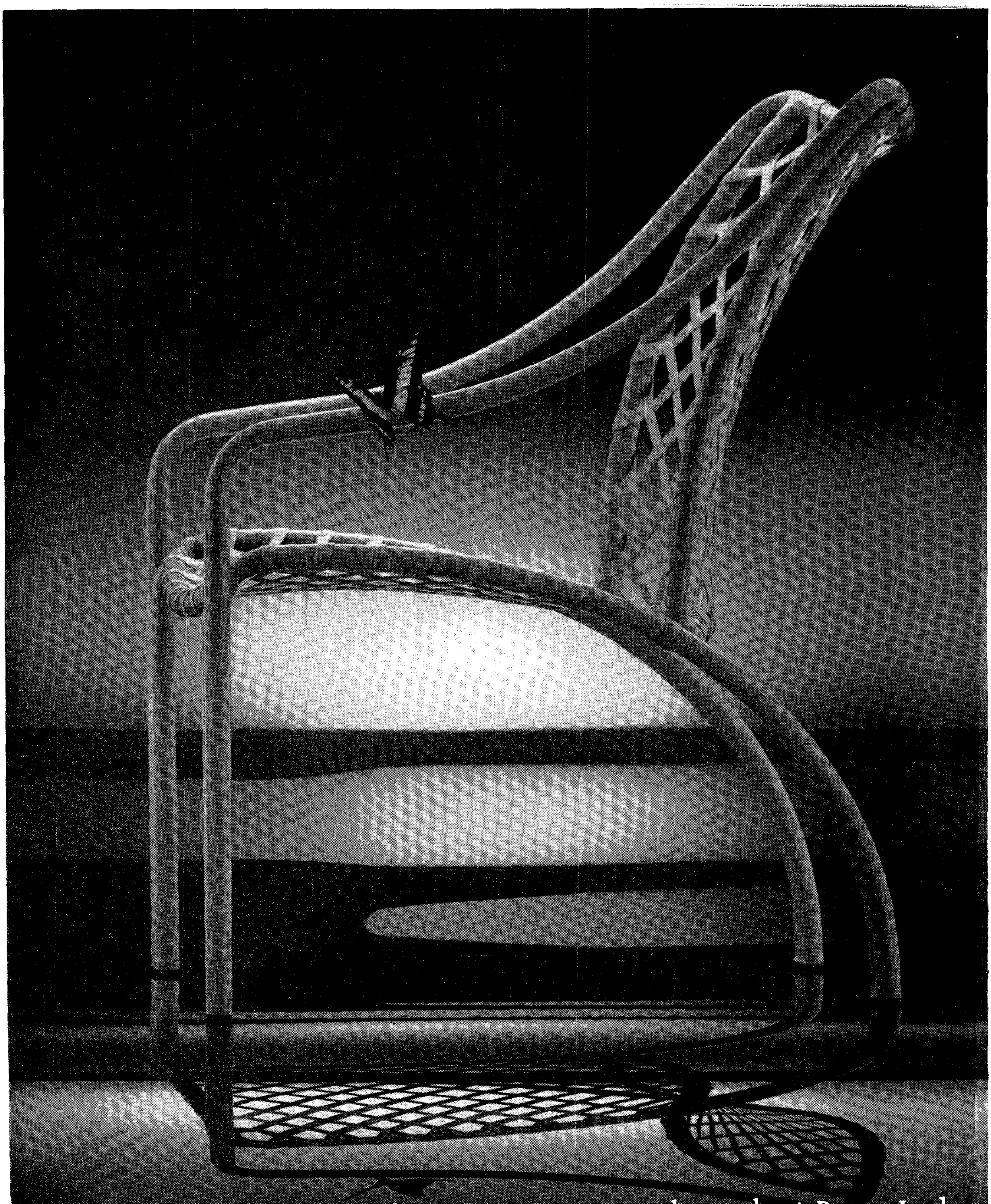
Made for Each Other—Reneé Taylor and her husband, Joseph Bologna, wrote and star in this original, romantic comedy about a knocked-out, bleached-blond failed actress and a grubby misfit who meet in an encounter group. The movie believes there is a Kingdom of Heaven that you can get to if you help each other be vulnerable and open. It's Frank Capracorn updated by ethnic humor and simplified Freudianism, but it's so skillfully worked out that it's emotionally pleasing, and Reneé Taylor's performance gives the film depth and conviction. Robert B. Bean directed. (U. A. East and Greenwich; through March 14.)

The Magic Christian (1970)—The Terry Southern novel, in a slovenly version, directed by Joseph McGrath, that never quite seems on target. There are funny moments, but they don't add up to enough. With Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr, Laurence Harvey, Spike Milligan, Raquel Welch, Leonard Frey, and Christopher Lee. (Garrick; March 10-13.)

Maidstone—As a movie director, Norman Mailer didn't have much to retrogress from, but he managed. To the degree that there is any hero involved in this sad enterprise, it is Rip Torn, who, perceiving that there was no movie unless *something* happened, attacked the director with a toy hammer. (Olympia; through March 11.)

Marry Me! Marry Me! (1969)—A slight but truly done film by Claude Berri, about a Jewish boy who gets shoved gently into rather the wrong marriage. The film is kindly and acute about compromise. In French. (Thalia; through March 9.)

Mary, Queen of Scots—Mary's story may be a



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

great one, but periods of history "fraught with intrigue"—as they used to say—don't film well. Mary's "tragic destiny" has always been a movie flop; it was already a joke back in 1925, when Hal Roach made the comedy "Mary, Queen of Tots." There's no motivating idea visible in this version, produced by Hal Wallis, and the leaden script, by John Hale, lacks romantic spirit and dramatic sense. Vanessa Redgrave brings a tremulous, romantic-goddess quality to Mary; Glenda Jackson, likable but as contemporary as Bette Davis, gives Elizabeth a sort of camp humor. Her red wigs seem almost prankishly terrible, as if designed to subvert the imposing production. The director, Charles Jarrott, struggles to give it all a little lift, but without a script Hercules couldn't raise this story off the ground. (Music Hall; March 8.)

MIDNIGHT COWBOY (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Fine Arts.)

THE MILKY WAY (1970)—A genial guided tour of Catholic heresies. Luis Buñuel, in an impudent, rather than blasphemous, spirit, and a bit fusty. In French. (Garrick; March 14-16.)

MINNIE AND MOSKOWITZ—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't take root. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Cinema II.)

MODERN TIMES (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Lincoln Art.)

MOUCHETTE (1966)—In recent years, Robert Bresson has made several films of such sobriety that while some people find them awesomely beautiful, other people find sitting through them like taking a whipping and watching every stroke coming. "Mouchette," from a Bernanos novel, is about a lonely, mistreated fourteen-year-old girl who commits suicide. In French. (Thalia; through March 9.)

MOVE (1970)—With Elliott Gould; a ghastly comedy about a man who—married to *Paula Prentiss*—can't make love to his wife because he is so worried about moving from a brownstone to an apartment house; the moving men won't come, and other big anxieties. (Thalia; March 10-13.)

MURDER SHE SAID (1962)—Margaret Rutherford as Jane Marple, a maiden-aunt amateur criminologist, in an amiable adaptation of an Agatha Christie novel. With Arthur Kennedy and Stringer Davis; George Pollock directed. (Art; through March 14.)

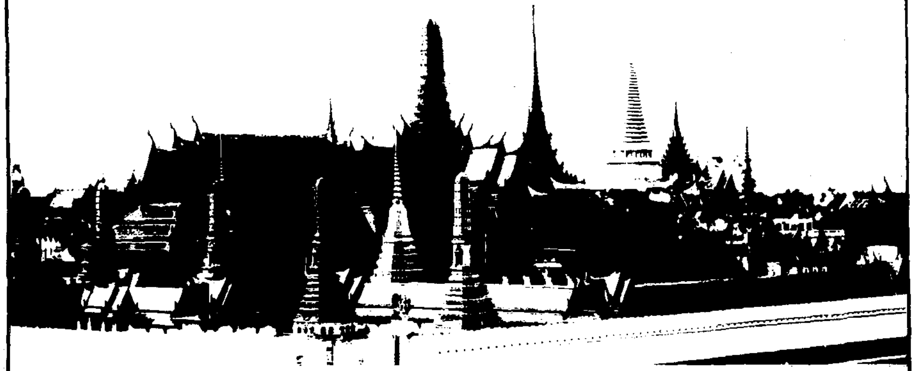
MURDER AT THE GALLOP (1963)—Modest, relaxed follow-up to "Murder She Said." Margaret Rutherford again as Agatha Christie's dotty, blustering Miss Marple; she rides a horse in this one and does the Twist, as well as attempting to solve crimes. With Robert Morley, Flora Robson, Stringer Davis, James Villiers, and Duncan Lamont. George Pollock directed. (Art; through March 14.)

MY OLD MAN'S PLACE—With Arthur Kennedy and Mitchell Ryan, directed by Ed Sherin. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through March 14.)

NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA—As obsequiously respectful as if it had been made about living monarchs who might reward the producer with a command performance. Viewers are put in the position of celebrity-lovers eager to partake of the home life of the dullest of the Czars. Nicholas and Alexandra were two dunces sitting on a volcano, and the solemnly square movie is more interested in the dunces than in the volcano. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, but without the sweeping command of large-scale visual imagery he has had in the past. (Criterion. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

THE NIGHTCOMERS—Ingenious but literal-minded prelude to Henry James' "The Turn of the Screw," showing how Peter Quint (Marlon Brando) and Miss Jessel (Stephanie Beacham) corrupted the children. Quite well done—and both Brando and Miss Beacham are very fine—yet pointless, since it is neither effective as a horror story nor moving psychologically. It leaves the viewer cold. Michael

WHY NOT THAILAND?



The following is what Thailand can offer her visitors. According to PATA's Pacific Visitor Survey, this is how U.S. and U.K. travellers rank Thailand among the other 26 countries in the Pacific.

	U.S.	U.K.
1. WARM, FRIENDLY PEOPLE . . . Thailand is named "The Land of Smile"	4th	2nd
2. ATTRACTIVE CUSTOMS . . . to name a few . . . Thai classical dance, the Songkran festival, the ploughing ceremony, the Loy Krathong or the festival of Lights, etc. . .	2nd	1st
3. BEAUTIFUL CREATIONS OF MAN . . . just the temples alone, there are over 20,000 . . .	3rd	1st
4. COMFORTABLE ACCOMMODATIONS . . . more than 8,000 first class rooms are available in Bangkok alone. Bangkok can match any city in the world for its hotel services and facilities . . .	4th	1st
5. REASONABLE PRICE . . . ranking 5th and 7th among the 26 countries in the Pacific, there is no doubt your dollar will be worth more than a full dollar.	5th	7th

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Winner directed, from a script by Michael Hastings. (Baronet.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's (1968)—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of evocative stage routines. There's a wonderful seedy chorus line—a row of pudgy girls with faces like slipped discs. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman, Elliott Gould, and Britt Ekland, who has a big warm smile. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Waverly; through March 14.)

Outback—A good subject—comradeship among white men in the Australian desert, their boredom, and their erratic, senseless destructiveness. The film, directed by Ted Kotcheff, spends too much time on the melodramatic ordeals of a sensitive but arrogant male schoolteacher (Gary Bond) who hates the coarse life he's trapped in, but the material on the primitivism of the master race is vivid and authentic. (Little Carnegie.)

Petulia (1968)—Directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott as swinging moderns pretending to feel no pain at all. Deeply alive to modern kinds of distress. (Garrick; through March 9.)

Play Misty for Me—Foolish thriller, with Clint Eastwood and Jessica Walter, directed by Eastwood. He should have taken some lessons before he tried to play in public. (Kips Bay and Cinema Studio; through March 14.)

Psycho (1960)—The Hitchcock thriller with Janet Leigh getting stabbed in the shower and Anthony Perkins with a fly on his nose. (Olympia; starting March 16.)

Revolution (1968)—With Today Malone, directed by Jack O'Connell. (Elgin; through March 16.)

Scarecrow in a Garden of Cucumbers—With Holly Woodlawn, directed by Robert J. Kaplan. (Waverly; starting March 15.)

Show Boat (1936)—Despite the Edna Ferber plot, with its heartbreaks and coincidences, this classic musical melodrama with the Jerome Kern songs is hard to resist in any of its many versions. This one from Universal (which is far superior to the 1951 M-G-M version) features Irene Dunne and Allan Jones, but its greatest attractions are Paul Robeson as Joe and the marvellous Julie of Helen Morgan. James Whale directed, and the cast includes Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, Hattie McDaniel, and Donald Cook. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 15.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the guise of a woman (Silvia Pinal); he falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's short, witty divertissement on the foolishness of saintliness. In Spanish. (New Yorker; March 8.)

Sometimes a Great Notion—With Paul Newman, Henry Fonda, and Lee Remick; directed by Newman. (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Kips Bay and Cinema Studio; through March 14.)

Song of the South (1946)—Sentimental and offensive musical version of Joel Chandler Harris's stories from the Disney studios, employing both animation and live actors (Hattie McDaniel, Bobby Driscoll, Lucille Watson, Ruth Warrick, Luana Patten, James Baskette). (Kips Bay, U. A. East, and Guild; starting March 15.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—A four-and-a-half-hour documentary on the German Occupation of France. Directed by Marcel Ophuls. (Beekman; starting March 15.)

Straw Dogs—A picture that will be talked about for many years. Sam Peckinpah, who is an artist, has made the first American film that is a Fascist work of art. Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill, and the gifted young Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the now fashionable guise of the territorial imperative. (Tower East; through March 14.)

Summer of '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Juliet 2. . . . ¶ Gramercy and 5th Ave. Cinema; through March 14.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Fine Arts. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema and Cinema Studio; starting March 15.)

Support Your Local Gunfighter—A Western with James Garner and Suzanne Pleshette, directed by Burt Kennedy. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting March 15.)

Tales from the Crypt—With Joan Collins and Peter Cushing, directed by Freddie Francis. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy that, despite its crudeness as a film, was a box-office success. Jason Robards is the rebellious TV writer (whose rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV). With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, sort of. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 12.)

Three Lives—A film by Kate Millett and the Women's Liberation Cinema Co. (Olympia; March 8 and 10.)

To Die of Love—The case of Gabrielle Russier turned into soap opera for adolescents. As the schoolteacher in love with her teen-age student, Annie Girardot acts like a cross between Greer Garson as a mother superior and the Maid of Orleans in love. Bruno Pradal brings youthful sensuality to the boy, but the director, André Cayatte, keeps everything so external that the love affair is a series of tepid, brief encounters. (Festival.)

To Find a Man—With Pamela Sue Martin and Darren O'Connor, directed by Buzz Kulik. (Columbia II.)

Tokyo Story (1953)—Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (New Yorker; starting March 13.)

Valdez Is Coming—Bullishly sentimental Western, with Burt Lancaster as a Mexican-American part-time constable speaking up by instinct for all the right things. Directed by Edwin Sherin. (Symphony; starting March 15.)

What's Up, Doc?—With Barbra Streisand and Ryan O'Neal, directed by Peter Bogdanovich. (Music Hall; starting March 9.)

Who Slew Auntie Roo?—With Shelley Winters and Mark Lester, directed by Curtis Harrington. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting March 15.)

Without Apparent Motive—An affectionate imitation of "The Big Sleep," set in the sunny baroque of Nice and directed with finesse by Philippe Labro. Jean-Louis Trintignant is the Bogart-style detective, and Dominique Sanda is the tawny-blond big pussycat. The cast includes Sacha Distel, Stéphane Audran, Erich Segal, and the stunning, sad-eyed Carla Gravina. Understated and too refined to be hugely entertaining, but pleasant enough. In French. (Paris.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Cinema Studio; starting March 15.)

Women in Revolt—Three transvestites (Candy Darling, Holly Woodlawn, Jackie Curtis) in a porno burlesque of women's liberation. It sounds like fun, but it isn't. The subject is really the junk fantasies of Andy Warhol's "super-stars," and Warhol keeps the camera glued to the pimples on the performers' rumps and thighs. (Ciné Malibu.)

X Y & Zee—Elizabeth Taylor in an all-out, let-it-bleed performance that shows her talent for comic toughness. She's a great bawd in this one, and so energetic that Michael Caine and Susannah York (it's a triangle movie) have to work hard to hold their own. The picture doesn't quite break through the plush-circus women's-picture format, but Edna O'Brien's dialogue has a sardonic tickle to it. Directed by Brian G. Hutton. (Orpheum; through March 14. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting March 15.)

Zabriskie Point (1970)—Antonioni's enervated view of American youth. A lifeless movie with a zombie romance, but with a very pretty apocalyptic finish. (St. Marks Cinema; March 13-16.)

Zatoichi—Two films in the series starring Shintaro Katsu as the blind swordsman. In Japanese. "Zatoichi's Revenge" and "Zatoichi Meets Yojimbo." (Bijou Cinema; through March 14.)

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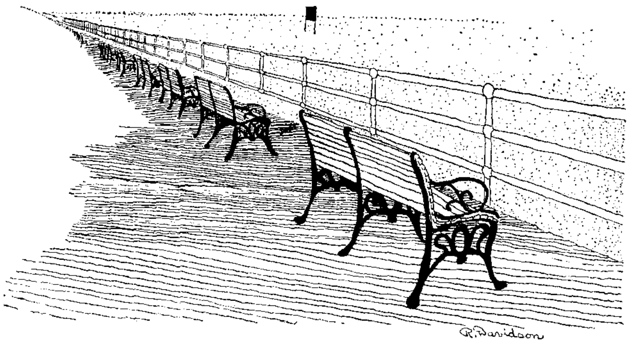
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON April 20, 1971, the Supreme Court announced its decision in the case of Swann v. Charlotte-Mecklenburg Board of Education—the first "busing" case to be ruled on by the Court. The decision was unanimous, and the opinion, which was delivered by Chief Justice Warren E. Burger, stated that although the judiciary had neither the mandate nor the desire to set a "fixed mathematical racial balance" of white and black students in public schools, government-ordered busing was a proper Constitutional remedy in districts where segregation was officially sanctioned and school authorities offered no other acceptable plan for desegregating. Many Southerners had apparently hoped, and expected, that the Nixon Administration and the Burger Court would eliminate busing, and yet a majority of the people in the South seemed to react calmly and sensibly to the decision. In North Carolina, where the order applied immediately, Jonathan Yardley, an editor of the Greensboro *Daily News*, wrote that summer, "Since May, the order of the day generally has been: we are going to obey the law, we are going to obey it fully, and we are going to obey it in good spirit." Yardley supported his contention by citing what had happened in Greensboro, where a case like the one in Charlotte had been before a lower federal court at the time of the Supreme Court ruling. Once the ruling had been announced, he wrote, the Greensboro suit was quickly and amicably settled, without the expected "community-wide resistance and school-board recalcitrance." He went on:

> From that point, the city was mobilized. Though more than a few white parents fled to the local day school or one of the unaccredited "Christian" academies, by and large the city made clear it would stick with the public schools. Parents, including those from the most affluent white areas, organized trips to the schools where their children were assigned. Most importantly, an organization called Concerned Citizens for Schools was formed . . . to focus community sentiment on public education—and on public education in a radically changed situation. The success of the organization has been extraordinary . . . [and] it has probably done as much as possible to insure a tranquil and productive period of adjustment. Down to the finest details—cheerleaders, student government, Hi-Y clubs, football practice—arrangements have been made to make a sticky situation, if not wholly comfortable, far less sticky. In other cities—Durham, Norfolk, Raleigh—much the same has been done.



Less than a month after the Supreme Court decision, the government imposed a strict busing plan on the school system of Austin, Texas, and, as the United States Commission on Civil Rights later commented, the plan was "courageously accepted" by local school authorities. However, the decision was not accepted by a federal judge for the district, who rejected it, late in July. About that time, Republican state chairmen from the South met to discuss strategy for the forthcoming election year, and reported afterward to President Nixon that the increase in school desegregation was destroying his Southern base. Other reports indicated that his base was also being weakened by Governor George C. Wallace, of Alabama, who was clearly preparing to run again for the Presidency, and who had indicated that he intended to make busing his principal campaign issue if he ran. During the summer, Governor Wallace began hitting that issue hard and constantly, and charged the Nixon Administration with having done more than any preceding administration to desegregate public schools. Then, on August 3rd, President Nixon publicly repudiated the Austin plan, which had been approved by both his Attorney General and his Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. The President also announced that he had ordered them to hold busing "to the minimum required by law" and had asked the Secretary to submit to Congress that same day an amendment to the proposed Emergency School Assistance Act—providing a billion and a half dollars to aid schools in the process of desegregating—to "expressly prohibit expenditure of any of those funds for busing." At the time he made the announcement, he said, "I am against busing as that term is commonly used in school-desegregation cases. I have consistently opposed the busing of our nation's schoolchildren to achieve a racial balance, and I am opposed to the busing of children simply for the sake of busing."

Of course, the Supreme Court had stated in the Swann case that it was not approving busing for the purpose of achieving racial balance in schools, and no one, except perhaps bus manufacturers and bus drivers, had ever proposed busing for the sake of busing. In fact, just about everyone disliked or regretted the use of busing, but in most cases so far no one has devised a more effective method for breaking up un-Constitutional patterns of segregation in public schools, and in some cases no one has devised *any* other method. (As it happened, the busing ordered in Charlotte to destroy segregation was less than the busing that had

"How's about you and me flying out to Utah and taking a gander at some of the earthworks I've financed?"

• •

been used there to preserve segregation.) Two days after the President's statement, Governor Wallace announced that he would run for the Presidency, and attacked Mr. Nixon by telling the press, "He just keeps saying he's against busing, and our children just keep on getting bused." A week later, the Governor ordered that a schoolgirl in Alabama who had to ride twenty-two miles to school by bus be reassigned to a school nearer her home. That made the front pages, and so did a telegram he sent the President demanding support for his campaign to stop busing altogether. Shortly after the telegram reached the White House, Ron Ziegler told reporters there that Mr. Nixon had warned government officials that if they suggested more than the minimum busing required by law they would "find themselves involved in other assignments or quite possibly in assignments other than [with] the federal government."

In the South, racists were jubilant, whites and blacks who had worked for racial amity were embittered, and school officials were bewildered. In Jackson, Mississippi, for instance, the school board had ordered sixty-five new buses, at a cost of nine hundred thousand dollars (including drivers' salaries and maintenance costs); it had been promised a federal subsidy to pay for this, and now it appeared that the subsidy would be withdrawn. Far more important, though, was the effect that the President's statement had on the millions of people who had finally come to accept integration as inevitable. "President Nixon did a darn good job of messing things up for us," James R. Johnson, a member of the Jackson school board, said. "People here were finally psyched up to accept busing and integration. But now the President has given fire to the conservatives." It had taken a hundred years to get that fire under control. "And along comes Mr. Nixon," Yardley wrote. "In words clearly designed for the most cynical political purposes—especially, one supposes, for the votes of the key 1972 state of Texas—he tells us in effect to ignore or circumvent the law. . . . The South has come, however slowly, to understand that the law must not be tampered with for political expediency, and it has committed itself to obeying it dutifully. For the President of the United States to imply that it can be evaded is unconscionable, and a disservice to every Southerner who is working earnestly for racial peace."

In the late nineteen-sixties, lower federal courts began ruling that, since *de-facto* segregation (resulting largely from housing patterns) was fostered and accepted by local officials, it was effectively the same as *de-jure* segregation (sanctioned by law), and was equally un-Constitutional. Because of such rulings, a substantial number of schools in the North were ordered to begin desegregating last fall, often by way of busing. Naturally, that made the issue a national rather than a sectional one—a fact that Mr. Nixon could scarcely have been unaware of when he delivered his anti-busing statement in the summer. Last fall's protests and riots against busing in the North delighted some Southerners in Congress as they watched their Northern colleagues squirm under anti-busing pressure from *their* constituents. Then, in mid-January, the Supreme Court agreed to consider, in effect, whether *de-facto* segregation is the same as *de-jure* segregation. By that time, members of Congress both from the South and from the North had responded to the anti-busing fervor, which Mr. Nixon had done so much to create, by drafting scores of anti-busing bills and anti-busing amendments to the Constitution. Having set off this inflamed reaction, the President poured fuel on it by announcing that he had ordered a study to determine whether legislation or a Constitutional amendment was needed to reverse court decisions that upheld or ordered busing. "My views on busing are well known," he said at a press conference in early February. "I favor local control of local schools. I oppose busing for the purpose of racial balance. . . . The problem we have now is that some courts have handed down decisions which seem to differ from those views, and so the question arises as to whether legislation or a Constitutional amendment is necessary if we are to see that those views that I have just enunciated can properly be held and implemented." In an editorial a couple of days later, the Washington *Post* summarized what the President had said, and observed:

> But he must know that the Supreme Court has never authorized or even ruled on busing "for the purpose of racial balance," that it has strongly hinted its opposition to such busing, that it has very clearly authorized busing and similar measures *only* for the purpose of overcoming the effects of officially intended racial segregation, and that the lower courts which have been handing down busing orders have been doing so on the same stated grounds. To enact an amendment such as that currently favored by supporters of the move on the Hill could therefore hardly have much effect on a practice that does not even exist and one which the Supreme Court seems unlikely to endorse. What it actually *could* do is throw into new and terribly disruptive litigation much of the progress and achievement the Nixon Administration claims for itself, much of the hard-won success in desegregating school systems formerly segregated by law; at worst, it could amount to an effective repeal of the Fourteenth Amendment where the schools are concerned.

Moreover, repeated statements issued by the White House that the

President was seriously considering whether he should propose a Constitutional amendment of his own gave legitimacy to a campaign that had theretofore amounted to little more than a demagogic exercise by members of Congress who were up for reelection. Now, all sides agree, the President's decision will determine the course of the civil-rights movement for many years.

THOUGH the nation's children—white and black—will suffer if an anti-busing law or an anti-busing amendment is approved, President Nixon's words and actions have practically guaranteed that the country's judicial system and the rule of law will suffer even more lasting, perhaps irremediable, damage even if *no* anti-busing law or amendment is approved. Ultimately, the President has attacked not busing but the courts. In 1969, the Administration shifted the government's desegregation efforts from the guidelines that had been set up under the 1964 Civil Rights Act to the federal courts—a move that was widely ascribed at the time to Mr. Nixon's attempt to pursue his Southern strategy. It was expected that the courts would slow down desegregation considerably, because a number of segregationist judges were on the federal bench in the South and because court action is by its nature slower than administrative action. Now that the courts have carried out the responsibility that President Nixon thrust on them, he has attacked them for doing their duty, and has thereby intimated to the people that an unpopular law—in this instance a law that he, more than anyone else, made unpopular—can be got around. That kind of suggestion, whatever the political profit to be derived from it, can only damage the country. If legislation is enacted to stop busing and is then judicially overturned, the public wrath against the courts, which is threatening as it is, may get out of hand. And if that should happen the federal judicial system could be altered practically overnight. The lower federal courts' jurisdiction does not derive directly from the Constitution; it derives from acts of Congress, and can be amended any time that Congress chooses; for that matter, so can the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. Of course, that kind of extreme reaction on the part of Congress is unlikely, but the alternatives to it are not much better. If anti-busing legislation is enacted and if the courts uphold it, they will be reversing themselves, and thereby admitting that they can be intimidated. That admission would undermine the law, and the people's respect for it, almost as much as congressional action to change the existing judicial system. Mr. Dooley once remarked that even Supreme Court judges read the election returns. If they do, then lower federal judges must study them closely, for, even though they have lifetime tenure, they are exposed to many outside pressures. For one thing, judges live in communities and are subject to all the ordinary social and personal pressures, which at times only the most devoted servant of the law can resist. For another, District Court judges naturally hope to be promoted to the Court of Appeals, and Court of Appeals judges naturally hope to be promoted to the Supreme Court. And, finally, the courts invariably take their lead from the Supreme Court, which has rarely stood up to Congress, let alone to Congress *and* a President. As Woodrow Wilson observed, "Congress must wantonly go very far outside of the plain and unquestionable meaning of the Constitution, must bump its head directly against all right and precedent, must kick against the very pricks of all well-established rulings and interpretations, before the Supreme Court will offer it any distinct rebuke." If, on the other hand, a Constitutional amendment is adopted, the people will have been encouraged to casually and frequently overturn any law or any body of laws they dislike, thereby circumventing the judicial system altogether. That outcome, of course, would transform the rule of law into the rule of men.

Whatever the resolution of the crisis, it was unnecessary from the outset, because experience has shown time and again, even in the most implacably resistant parts of the South, that the people's fear and hatred of busing reach a peak when the system is first put into practice, then rapidly diminish, and eventually all but disappear. This year, though, the President seems determined to keep the people's fear and hatred at the peak until election time, whatever the cost to the nation's children and to its laws.

Concert at the Point

WE went to a pop concert of the peace-and-love variety at West Point one recent Saturday night. It was at once reassuring and slightly disorienting. West Point is a bit over an hour's drive north of the city, on the

BAR
STEVENSON

west bank of the Hudson. We arrived a little early and stopped for a bite to eat at the Thayer Hotel, a mock-Tudor structure just inside the south gate of the United States Military Academy. In the lobby, a warm fire blazed in the fireplace, and cadets lounged with their dates. The cadets wore gray; their dates were more variously dressed. One young woman, we noticed, had on a long black-and-white gown slit dramatically to the hip.

In the hotel coffee shop, downstairs, we asked the girl behind the counter if she was going to the concert.

"I'd like to go, but not with *him*," she said pertly, and glanced at a dejected-looking young man on the other side of the room. "I mean, who wants to go with *a straight*?"

We took our tray into the next room, where there were a couple of pinball machines. A cadet was hunched over one of them with a friend, and we headed for the other.

"Have you got a dime for two nickels?" asked the friend, who was wearing a black blazer with a crest on the pocket, gray trousers, a white button-down shirt, and a tie with gold, black, and gray stripes.

We had, and handed it over. "Are you a cadet, too?" we asked.

"Yes, we're both plebes."

"And they let you wear civilian clothes?"

"Well, this is a uniform, too."

"Ah," we said, and we looked down at our own double-breasted suit. "What made you decide to go to West Point?"

"Sometimes I wonder," he said. "All my friends back home are freaks with hair down to here. But it's free, and it's a good education, and I come from a military family."

"The main thing," the other cadet said, "is that we're normal people, too."

We headed for the concert, which was being held in the Field House, a building larger than a football field. Bleachers and folding chairs had been set up, and, because the improvised concert hall was wedged sidewise into the gigantic building, the feeling was one of surprising intimacy. Most of the chairs—there were roughly two thousand of them—were occupied by cadets and their dates, and most of the cadets were in gray, but a fair number were wearing black blazers with crests on the pockets, gray trousers, white button-down shirts, and ties with gold, black, and gray stripes. Upon inquiring, we found that the young man at the pinball machine had not been making a philosophical point when he said he was in uniform.

The main attraction was the folk singer Melanie, but the concert opened with a set by a duo called Janey and Dennis. Janey wore a long homespun dress and Dennis was all but invisible behind a cloud of hair, and the cadets enjoyed their performance. Their last song was about a steamboat called the Robert E. Lee. "Class of 1829," Lieutenant Colonel Patrick H. Dionne, the Academy's information officer, told us. "And he was superintendent here from 1852 to 1855. That's probably why they're cheering."

After an intermission, Melanie appeared. Melanie, whose full name is Melanie Safka Schekeryk, is a young singer-composer. She is twenty-five years old. She grew up in Manhattan and in Bayside, Queens, and Long Branch, New Jersey. She has made six record albums, consisting almost entirely of her own songs, which are dramatic and emotionally charged, sometimes verging on the sentimental. From the first, she has been wildly popular among young girls, who still crowd her concerts, bringing homemade gifts with them to deposit reverently on the stage and lighting candles when she sings "Candles in the Rain," one of her most popular songs. Her music does not fit the usual categories; it's not belligerent enough to be rock, it's too lush to be folk, and it's too straightforward to be art song. She has never been taken very seriously by the pop critics, but the rest of the world seems to think highly of her. Last September, she sang from the rostrum of the General Assembly at the United Nations staff party, and later this year UNICEF will send her around the world.

The cadets liked her. She was wearing a long dress of many colors of velvet—mostly mustard, red, and blue. She has a pretty face with broad, Slavic features, and it peeked out from under a mass of dark hair as she sang. After her first song, she said, "Would you like to clap along, *in strict time*, to this next song?" and the cadets laughed. After she had sung for about an hour, she said, "I think a good point was made by asking me here. Well, I got something to say to make the point a little more obvious. This is a new song. I just wrote it a few days ago. I didn't know I was going to do this, but I got a feeling I was supposed to sing it here for the first time." The new song had a sad, slow melody. We jotted down some of the words:

Hearing the news ain't like being
 there.
Hearing the news makes it easier.
Nothing seems real unless it's
 happening to you.
And because we don't know
We try and understand.
And because we don't know
We hurt our fellow-man.
And because we don't know
We're fitting in the plan.
There are people who are living
 on the death in the land.

The audience gave Melanie a standing ovation. Afterward, she climbed a flight of metal steps at one side of the Field House to a locker room, and members of the Dialectic Society, a cadet theatrical group, which had sponsored the concert, followed to thank her. The cadets shyly posed for pictures with her. On a blackboard in the locker room was this note:

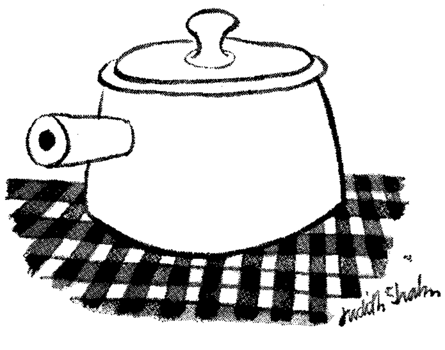
DEAR MELANIE:
 May we please have your autograph?
 THE ARMY BASKETBALL TEAM

Melanie wrote her name on the blackboard. Colonel Dionne said, "Write 'Beat Rutgers' on there, too. That's their next game." Melanie looked uncomfortable, but she wrote "Beat Rutgers" in tiny letters at the bottom of the blackboard.

A tall, skinny cadet emerged from the crush around Melanie carrying a photograph and wearing a beatific expression. We asked if we might have a look. On the picture Melanie had written "For Ed, with love. Melanie." Under her signature she had drawn a flower.

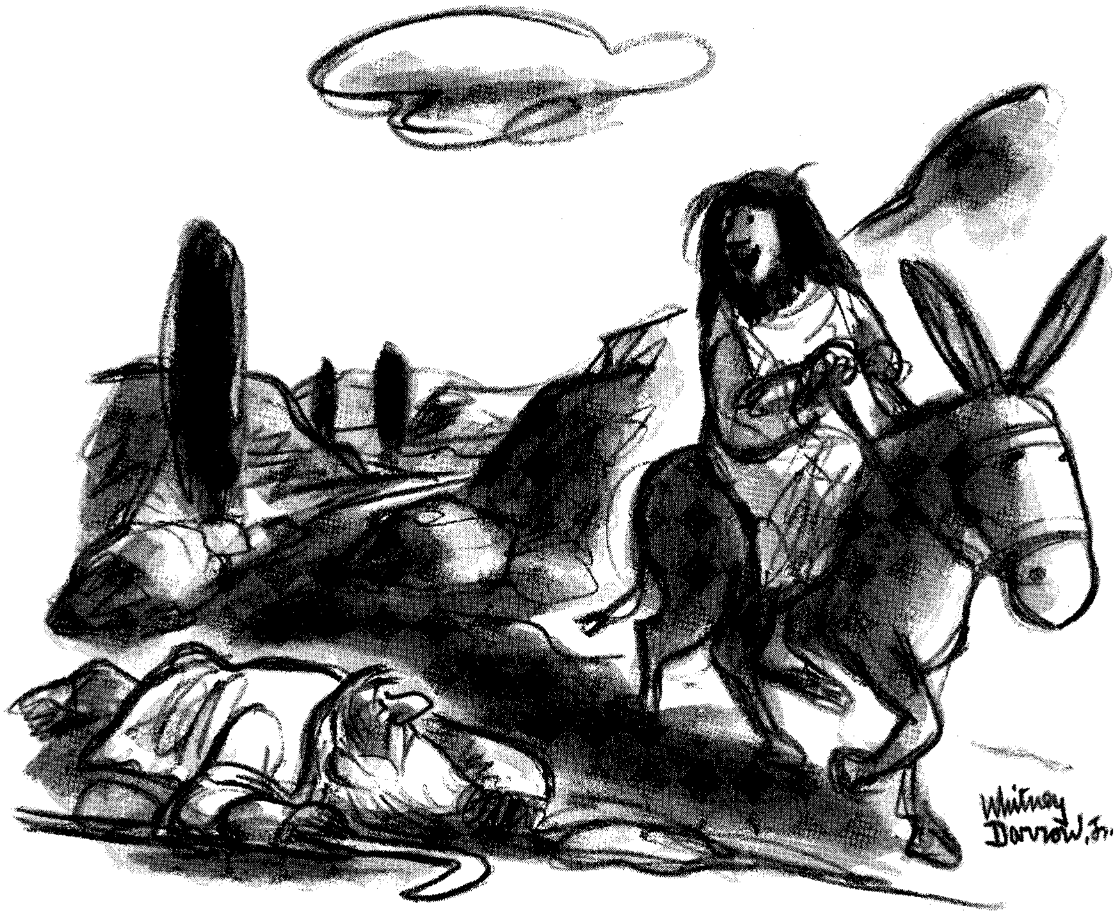
"Nice," we said.

"Yeah," the cadet said. "Heavy."



Westward

SINCE its birth as a network program in September, 1954, "Tonight" has become something of a local landmark and tourist attraction as well as a continuing national advertisement for the city. But now, as of the first of May, "Tonight," like the middle class and the New York football Giants, is moving to the suburbs—all the way to Burbank, California—and we are sorry to see it go. When we heard about the move the other day, we called N.B.C. and arranged to pay a farewell visit to Johnny Carson, who is now in his tenth year as the "Tonight" host.


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Hang in there, old man. There's bound to be a Good Samaritan along any time now."

On the appointed afternoon, we went up to the R.C.A. Building, where we were greeted by an N.B.C. public-relations man. He took us to the seventh floor, steered us down a long corridor, and stopped at a locked door. He unlocked the door and pushed it open, revealing another long corridor. "Security," the p.r. man said, smiling. "We get a few burglaries these days." At the end of the second corridor, the p.r. man stopped at an unmarked door that looked as though it might lead into a closet. But inside was a small, softly lighted office containing two young secretaries. Beyond them was another closed door, and beyond that was a larger office—Mr. Carson's—which looked more like a living room than an office. It was decorated in blue and tan, and was furnished with a sofa, two easy chairs, bookshelves, a stereo set, a television set, and a round marble-top table. Mr. Carson, wearing brown slacks and a gold turtleneck sweater, was seated at the round table going through his mail.

As soon as we had said hello and taken a seat, we asked Mr. Carson why he was leaving the city.

"It has nothing to do with New York City," he told us. "I dig New York. It's still the center of everything. But when you have to do that show five nights a week the talent pool gets a little thin. Of course, you have Broadway, but practically all of television has moved to the West Coast, and much of the talent lives there. So it's a change that I think will help the show."

We said that we had watched "Tonight" off and on ever since its Steve Allen days, that it had always seemed to us to have a New York atmosphere, and that we wondered if losing that might not be a disadvantage.

"I don't believe there really is a New York atmosphere for the show anymore," Mr. Carson said. "I think the show makes its own atmosphere, wherever it is. But, anyway, I don't think that matters now. It used to be you'd say, 'And now, direct from New York City,' and it was exciting to people out there. You know, you'd have remotes—Arthur Godfrey in Miami, and they'd show a pool, and people would think, Wow, it's from Miami! But it's just different now. That doesn't impress them anymore. I don't think there are any rubes left. People are so much more sophisticated. They get live programs from all over the world, by satellite. So you're not going to impress them by broadcasting from New York. Those days are over."

"Well, there are plenty of movie stars out there, but what about new talent?" we said. "It wasn't so long ago that Flip Wilson and David Steinberg, for instance, were unknown comedians, working in clubs in the Village. Will you be able to find new talent like that in Hollywood?"

"Again, I think it's a different era," Mr. Carson said. "It's nice to say you're going to go to these terrific little clubs and discover new talent, but where in the hell are they? How many of those places are left? Night life in New York City, when you come right down to it, has not been good for years."

"Will the show's entire staff make the move?" we asked.

"Most of those who want to go will go," Mr. Carson said. "The principals. Doc Severinsen, Ed McMahon. The producers. The director. They're all looking forward to it. For one thing, the physical facilities for the production of television shows are better out there. This building wasn't built for television. It was built for radio. If I need props or sets for something, they have to be made somewhere else and brought here in trucks. Out there, it's done across the hall."

We asked Mr. Carson whether the hardships of city life had influenced his decision to go West.

"Not really," he said. "We make jokes about it—about the crime, and other problems—but New York has always been pretty much the way it is now. And some cities have even worse problems."

"Will you miss the city at all?" we asked.

"Absolutely," Mr. Carson said. "But it's not as though I could never come to New York. It's just five and a half hours away. And we'll bring the show here for visits, the way we used to visit California. But, as I said, it's not so much where you are; it's whether the work is going all right. If the show is going well, everything else falls into place."

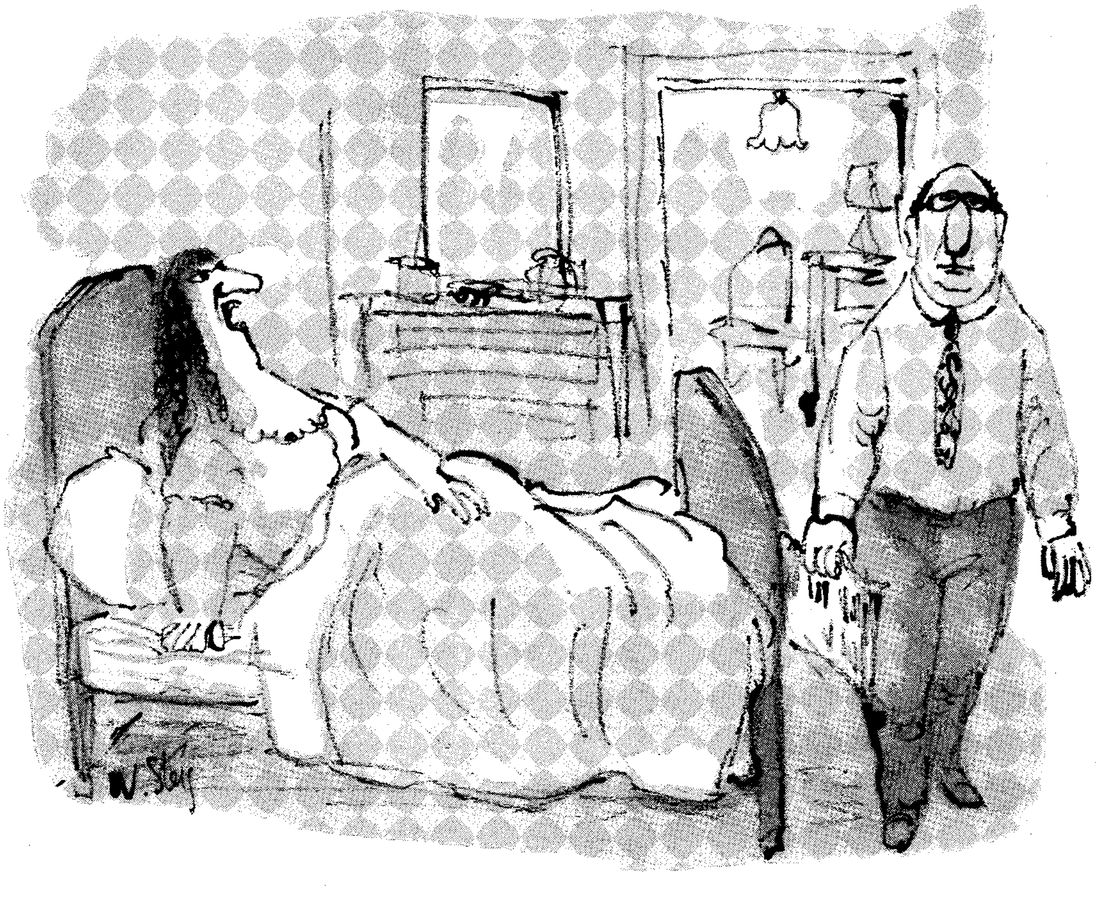
THAT WAS PARIS

THE GREATEST REFRESHMENT

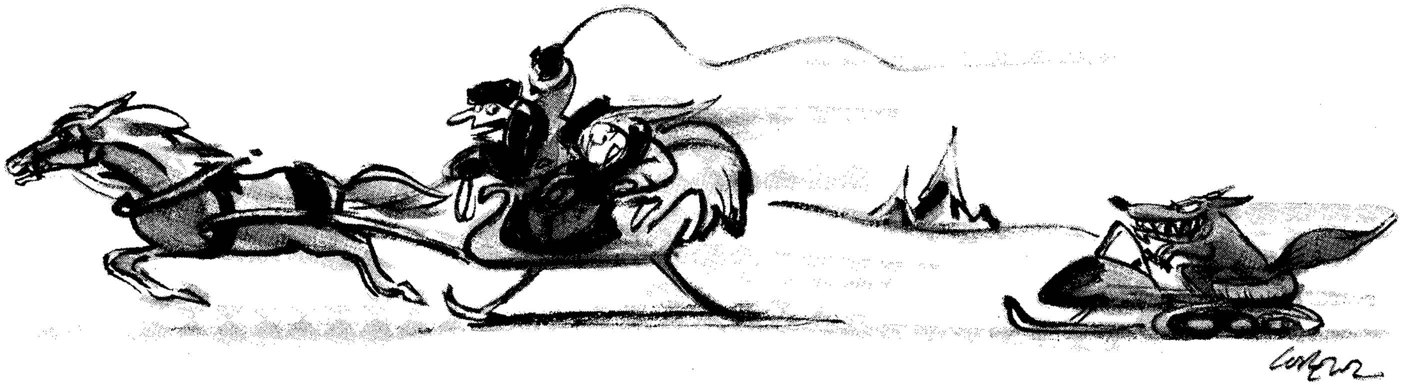
IT is now more than a half century since Paris for the first time began to be included in the memories of a small contingent of youngish American expatriates, richer than most in creative ambition and rather modest in purse. For the most part, we had recently shipped, third class, to France across the Atlantic. We had settled in the small hotels on the Left Bank near the Place Saint-Germain-des-Prés, itself perfectly equipped with a large corner café called Les Deux Magots and an impressive twelfth-century Romanesque church with a small garden of old trees, from whose branches the metropolitan blackbirds sang at dawn, audible to me in my bed close by in the Rue Bonaparte.

Though unacquainted with one another, as compatriots we soon discovered our chance similarity. We were a literary lot. Each of us aspired to become a famous writer as soon as possible. After the New York publication of Ernest Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises," he was the first one to touch fame. As I look back on the stir created by his individual style of writing, what stands out in my memory is the fact that his heroes, like Ernest himself, were of outsize masculinity even in small matters. In a letter he wrote to me, he said that he liked to hunt because he liked to kill. By temperament, he was professionally excessive; it was a form of generosity. Married four times, he taught each of his wives how to shoot and how to survive on safari. When he finally shot himself, it was the ultimate melodrama of his spectacular existence. Ernest's father had also been a suicide, and so had mine, the two deaths occurring at about the same period of our young lives, when we were in our twenties. (I was older than Ernest by seven years.) This was a piece of personal duplicate history that he and I discovered accidentally one day and discussed with exploratory interest at a quiet back table in the Deux Magots. I recall how I, as an agnostic, took a more rationalist view than he of suicide—as an act for freedom. In my mind and conscience, it was a possible, permissible act of liberation from whatever humiliating bondage on earth could no longer be borne with self-respect, and our talk ended with the mutual declaration that if either of us ever killed ourself, the other was not to grieve but to remember that liberty could be as important in the act of dying as in the acts of living. So, years later, I did not believe that Ernest's death in Idaho from that grotesque gunshot was an accident, as officially reported at first. I automatically recognized the shot as his mortal act of gaining liberty. But I grieved deeply when the pitiful facts of his final bondage were made public—those unbearable bouts of maladive suffering for a man who, as I knew (because he had told me), was a stoic in relation to the pain he had frequently undergone in his accident-prone life, and, what was worse, his realization, at the last, of his tottering faculties and the threatened loss of his reason. At Ernest's death, I grieved most because he died in a state of ruin.

THE hearth and home of the Left Bank American literary colony after 1920 turned out to be Shakespeare and Company, the extraordinary Rue de l'Odéon bookstore founded by the American Sylvia Beach. She had gone to Paris in 1917, during the worst war in French history, because, as she said, she "had a particular interest in contemporary French writing." Her father, the Reverend Sylvester Woodbridge Beach, D.D., was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Princeton, New Jersey, of whose congregation Woodrow Wilson was a member while president of Princeton University. Settling her bookshop in the Rue de l'Odéon, Sylvia was able to learn how such an establishment should be run from her close friend Mlle. Adrienne Monnier, owner of the Maison des Amis des Livres, a French literary center just across the street. The compatibility of these two extraordinary women shopkeepers, opposite numbers across what became a cultural Franco-English language stream flowing down their street, visibly added to the quarter's picturesque quality. Adrienne was mildly spectacular. Buxom as a handsome abbess, she was a placidly eccentric neighborhood figure in a costume she had invented for herself and permanently adopted. It consisted of a full long gray skirt and a sleeveless velveteen waistcoat worn over a white blouse. Sylvia,



"Come to bed."



thin as a schoolgirl, dressed like one, in a juvenile short skirt and jacket over a white blouse with a big white turndown collar, like one of Colette's young heroines.

Shortly after Sylvia had opened her shop, she received the visit (as she later told me) of two American women. "One of them, with a very fine face, was stout, wore a long robe, and had on her head a most becoming top of a basket. She was accompanied by a slim, dark, whimsical woman; she reminded me of a gypsy." They were, of course, Gertrude Stein and Miss Alice B. Toklas. Miss Stein was the first subscriber to Sylvia's lending library, for which she wrote a jocular little advertisement, sent to the rest of us Americans in the quarter, to incite us also to subscribe, which most of us did. It read, "Rich and Poor in English to Subscribers in French and other Latin Tongues," and concluded with a more cogent statement of Sylvia's book-rental terms. The three ladies became neighborhood friends, though always at sword's point in their differing opinions on writing. In fact, Gertrude was so outraged when Sylvia began the publication of James Joyce's "Ulysses" that she called at Shakespeare and Company to inform Sylvia that thereafter she and Miss Toklas would borrow books only from the eminently respectable official American Library, on the Right Bank.

The publication *in toto* of "Ulysses" in 1922 by Shakespeare and Company was indubitably the most exciting, important, historic single event for the early Paris expatriate literary colony. It burst over us, young in Paris, like an explosion in print, whose words and phrases fell upon us like a gift of tongues. Over the years, "Ulysses," which we read only in its early fractions, had established itself as part of our literary life to come, when and if it should ever be completed and published. As we learned by listening to and watching Sylvia in her bookshop, to accomplish her publishing feat she had to become Joyce's secretary, editor, impresario, and banker, and had to hire outsiders to run her shop. To help finance the book's printing, she organized international and local subscription lists. After typesetting had begun, in Dijon, Joyce, in a kind of postscript ecstasy of creation, scribbled some ninety thousand additional words on the costly, repeatedly reset proofs, making a four-hundred-thousand-word volume, of which Sylvia managed to have two copies printed for his fortieth birthday, on February 2, 1922—one for him, one for her.

By the eighth edition, despite the loss of sales in England and the United States, where "Ulysses" was banned and seized, Joyce was living luxuriously. When we minor Left Bankers occasionally went to dance in the evening at Les Trianons, in Montparnasse, we could peer into its elegant restaurant and see the Joyces still at dinner. But we never saw Sylvia dining with them. We also used to see him often in front of Sylvia's shop. He was a frail-looking figure to have caused such an international commotion—twirling his cane, with his black hat cocked on the back of his head, and wearing not very clean white sneakers. As Sylvia herself apologetically said, "There was always something a little shabby about Mr. Joyce." She thought him handsome, with his deep-blue eyes, one badly damaged by glaucoma, which had half blinded him. The strain of proofreading his almost illegible handwriting helped ruin her eyesight, too. After years of penury, "Ulysses" was the payoff investment of his lifetime, Sylvia said, while hardly acknowledging the fact that the publishing costs had almost wiped out her Shakespeare and Company. The peak of his prosperity came in 1932, with the news of the sale of his book to Random House for a forty-five-thousand-dollar advance, which, she confessed, he failed to announce to her, and of which, as was later known, he never offered her a penny. "I understood from the first that, working with or for Mr. Joyce, the pleasure was mine—an infinite pleasure: the profits were for him," she wrote gently in her book of memoirs. "All that was available from his work, and I managed to keep it available, was his." What she mostly gained, besides fame, were unwelcome offers—and she a minister's daughter—to publish erotica as a steady thing, such as "Lady Chatterley's Lover," at the request of Aldous Huxley, and the spicy memoirs of a maître d'hôtel at Maxim's.

Can anyone read "Ulysses" now, read it entire, word by word, with the impetus we did fifty years ago? I wonder. And I disbelieve.

STILL strong today are the memories of the good new taste of the Paris food that I was eating for the first time precisely in that long "Ulysses" publishing period. With my stomach stirred to hitherto unexperienced satisfactions, with my palate even now able to recall the sudden pleasure of drinking a tumbler of more than ordinary red or white French wine, I can relive the sensual satisfaction of first chewing a bite of meat and a crust of fresh French bread, and then the following swallow of the wine itself. My preferred small restaurant was in the Rue Jacob, just below the Place Saint-Germain. It was called La Quatrième République. Since France at that moment was still living under the Third Republic of President Poincaré, I early asked M. Chuzeville, the restaurant owner, who was also its cook, why he had projected himself forward in history. M. Chuzeville, who wore luxuriant mustachios and was probably a disgruntled Socialist, said that at the rate the Third Republic government of France was running downhill a Fourth Republic would soon be unavoidable, so he had named his bistro for it in advance, to be ready for the future without having to paint a new sign over his door, which would cost money. He was a polite, taciturn mountain man from the Jura, a region noted for its odd *pelure d'oignon* wine, so named because of its onionskin color—in taste a little hard and calcareous, ordinarily difficult to procure in Paris in those days, and doubtless a product of the vineyard of a Chuzeville cousin, who sold it to him cheap.

The bistro itself was very avant-garde in décor. The Russian George Hoyningen-Huene—at that time just starting his career as a photographer for *Vogue*—was also a painter, and on the wall enclosing the restaurant's narrow circular staircase, which, like a snail's shell, wound upward to the second-floor dining room, he had painted a series of false steps in a Cubist design. Very striking as a lesson in abstract distortion, they were also very treacherous, since if you looked at the walls' false painted treads while going up or down, you were likely to miss the reality of the shallow wooden steps beneath your feet. As a Russian joke, he had nicknamed Yvonne, the little waitress, Yvonne the Terrible, because, he said, she was such a terrible waitress, which was palpably untrue, as she never once fell down the steps during the years I lunched there. The lunch was fixed in price and in its lack of surprises. There was a plate of hors d'oeuvres, including a slice of Jura paté, flavored with wild thyme, and, as the main dish, a succulent stew or an escallop of veal, a salad, and goat's cheese, plus a small carafe of the onionskin wine and, of course, a demitasse of black French coffee, which tasted like death. It was a civilized, countrified, delicious, inexpensive French meal. It probably cost me about thirty cents, plus a ten-cent tip for Yvonne the Terrible.

Over in the Luxembourg district, on a winding street leading down from the Pantheon, final home of the illustrious French dead, there were a series of *bals musettes* where we used to go and dance at night. They were modest neighborhood dance halls, such as had traditionally flourished in the last century in Montmartre, then the territory of the Impressionist painters. When the bohemian quarter shifted to Montparnasse, the *bals musettes* followed. They were noisy and economical. The young men paid a few sous each time they stepped out with a partner onto the dance floor, which was also economical in the use of its space. It offered little room for anything but dancing. The tables where one sat for drinking were pushed against the wall; the crowd was too young and too inexperienced to drink much anyway. As for the orchestra, which consisted of a violin and an accordion, it roosted out of everyone's way up on top of a platform built on a pole. Friday and Saturday nights were the big nights, and one saw some fine waltzing and fancy dancing; the java was passionately popular, and *le fox*—the foxtrot, a recent importation from America—was beginning to catch on. As you never conversed with your partner—it was considered an invasion of privacy—you never knew who he was, except that he was perhaps a Sorbonne student or, more likely, a superior young workman, dressed in his best, well shaved, and gallantly scented after his weekly bath. Though operating in the bohemian quarter, the *bals musettes* were always extremely respectable, whereas the small *boîtes*—like the Jungle, on the Boulevard Montparnasse—were brazen, gay, and licentious in their atmosphere.

MONTEVIDEO

I slide down your evening like weariness down a slope.
The young night is a wing over your flat roofs.
You are the Buenos Aires that once was ours, that has
    slipped away quietly through the years.
You belong to us, festive, like a star on the water.
False door on time, your streets seem to belong to a
    quieter past.
Dawnlight from where morning comes to us, over the sweet
    brown waters.
Before reaching my blinds, the sunrise has brightened
    your gardens.
City that can be heard as a verse.
Streets with light like a patio's.

—JORGE LUIS BORGES

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni.*)

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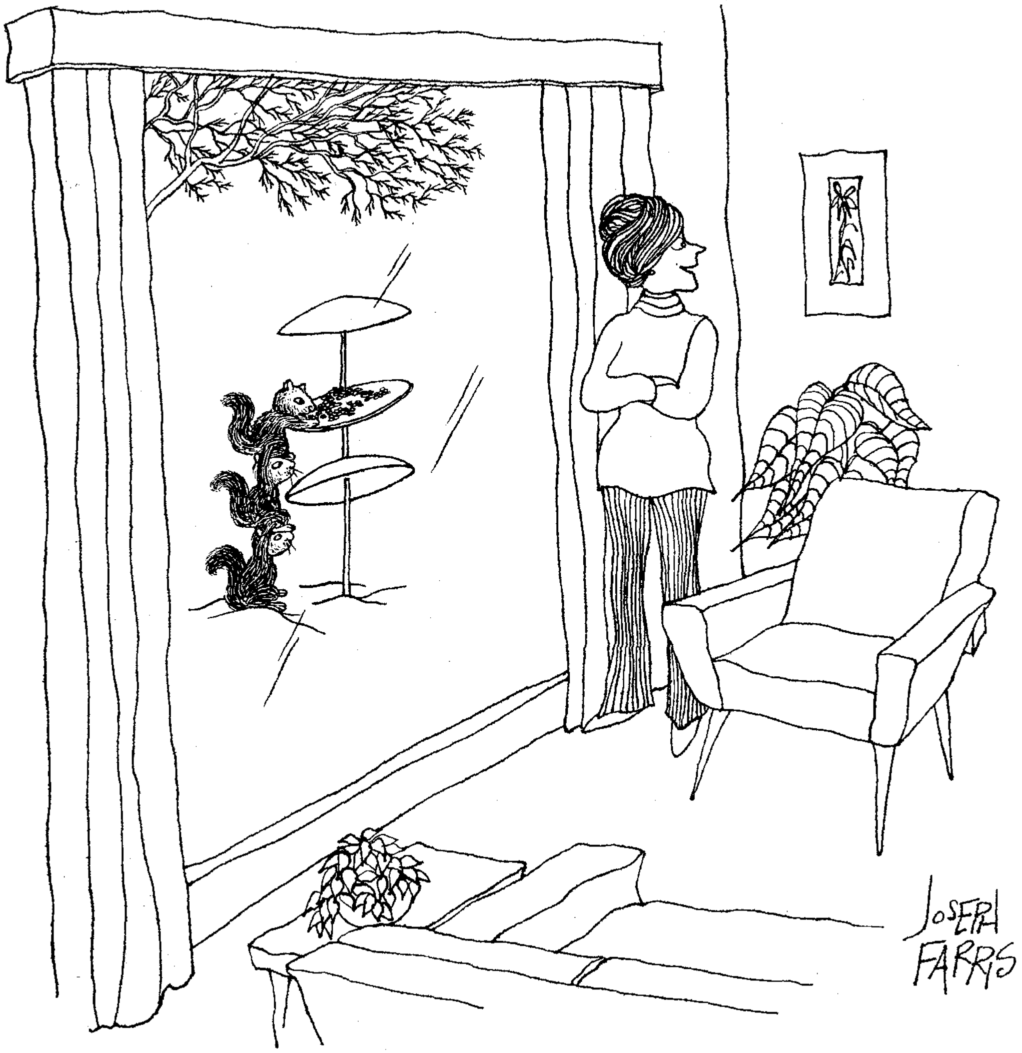
Up to the nineteen-thirties, I mostly lunched in my Rue Jacob restaurant in the company of some minor Surrealists, Surrealism having become the latest Paris revolutionary aesthetic movement, such as Paris always foments when the cerebral sap of the Gallic mind runs in two opposite directions at once, one aiming at the destruction of a present society and the other at the establishment of a utopia on which nobody can agree. At the Café des Deux Magots, the Surrealists had their own club table facing the door, from which vantage point a seated Surrealist could insult any newcomer with whom he happened to be feuding. Nancy Cunard, who had just begun her well-known liaison with Louis Aragon, Surrealism's greatest novelist and prince of poets, often lunched with me at the Fourth Republic. A minor and mannerly Surrealist table companion was the young writer René Crevel, whose novel "Les Pieds dans le Plat," or "Putting Your Foot in It," had been an intellectual success. He lisped slightly, rather like a child, and had innocent, large, childish eyes, which always shone when he was telling absurd, fantastic tales. Ultimately, he became part of the band of young men surrounding the eccentric Princess Violette Murat. (In a strange physical disproportion, she had nearly no neck. "She looks more like a truffle than a violet," Marcel Proust had said of her when he saw her one night at the Ritz.) She eventually went down to Toulon, where she lived at the dockside in an abandoned submarine and took to smoking opium intemperately, in which René joined her. For him, it was fatal.

DJUNA BARNES was the most important woman writer we had in Paris. She was famous among us for her great short story "A Night Among the Horses," and her novel "Nightwood" attained enormous popularity among young European intellectuals all the way from Rome to Berlin. I wrote of it at the time as "a difficult book to describe, since the only proper way of dealing with its strange, nocturnal elements is to have written it in the first place, which surely no one but Miss Barnes could have done." Djuna was tall, quite handsome, bold-voiced, and a remarkable talker, full of reminiscences of her Washington Square life in New York and her eccentric childhood somewhere up the Hudson: her father, who entertained odd ideas of nourishment, decided that

since chickens ate pebbles to aid their digestion, a few pebbles in the diet of his children might be equally salubrious. I was devoted to Djuna, and she was quite fond of me, too, in her superior way. Djuna wrote a play that she showed to T. S. Eliot; he told her that it contained the most splendid, archaic language he had ever had the pleasure of reading but that, frankly, he couldn't make head or tail of its drama. She gave it to me to read, and I told her, also frankly, that it was the richest vocabulary I had ever read but that I did not understand one jot or tittle of what it was saying. With withering scorn, she said, "I never expected to find that you were as stupid as Tom Eliot." I thanked her for the only compliment she had ever given me.

I had earlier written an unsuccessful first novel, called "The Cubical City," for which I had been mentioned by critics as possibly a successor to Rose Macaulay, provided I stuck at my labors, and Virgil Thomson had roundly declared that I should cease being apologetic about my book. In October, 1925, I started the biweekly "Letter from Paris" for this magazine. The only specific guidance I received from the editor, Harold Ross, was his statement that he wanted to know what the French thought was going on in France, not what I thought was going on. Since my assignment was to tell what the French thought was going on, my only obvious, complete, facile source of information was the French press. In one of my first letters, I reported on a completely new type of American theatrical entertainment that had just opened in Paris, at the Champs-Élysées Theatre. It was called "La Revue Nègre." I wrote about it timidly and like a dullard. As a matter of fact, it was so incomparably novel an element in French public pleasures that its star, the hitherto unknown Josephine Baker, remains to me a still fresh vision—sensual, exciting, and isolated in my memory today, almost fifty years later. She made her entry onstage entirely nude (except for a pink flamingo feather between her limbs), carried on the shoulder of a black giant. Midstage, he paused and swung her in a slow cartwheel to the stage floor, where she stood like his magnificent dark burden in an instant of complete silence. She was an unforgettable female ebony statue. A scream of salutation spread



"George! Come and look at your squirrel-proof feeder!"

• •

through the theatre. Within a half hour of the final curtain on opening night, the news and meaning of her arrival had spread by the grapevine through the cafés on the Champs-Élysées, where the witnesses of her triumph sat over their drinks excitedly repeating their report of what they had just seen. She had become the established new American star of Europe.

AT any season, and all year long, in the evening the view of the city from the bridges was always exquisitely pictorial. One's eyes became the eyes of a painter, because the sight itself approximated art, with the narrow, pallid façades of the buildings lining the river; with the tall trees growing down by the water's edge; with, behind them, the vast chiaroscuro of the palatial Louvre, lightened by the luminous lemon color of the Paris sunset off toward the west; with the great square, pale stone silhouette of Notre Dame to the east.

The French painters in Paris frequented Montparnasse, and sat on the terraces of the Dôme and the Select. André Derain was the only artist I knew who frequented the Deux Magots. He was a big, well-dressed, countrified fellow who always wore an urban felt hat, which he would ceremoniously lift to me, with a bow, as he passed my table. The beautiful Max Ernst and his beautiful wife also occasionally graced the Deux Magots terrace. The really great artist visitor to the Saint-Germain quarter was Picasso, but much later. After 1945, he began coming to the Café de Flore at night. He always sat at the second table in front of the main door, with Spanish friends. I would sit at a table where, without seeming to, I could view his remarkably mobile face, with its amazingly watchful eyes. He never did anything except sip his one small bottle of mineral water, speak with his Spanish friends, and look at all the people who were not looking directly at him. When he had finished his drink, invariably before eleven, he left for home, in the Rue des Grand Augustins. One of the waiters was a Spaniard, and he said to me, "Señor Picasso always walks home by exactly the same route each night; it never varies. He is a genius, and a man of fixed habits." Everyone respected the isolation that Picasso had established for himself there at the Flore.

About fifteen years ago, I happened to be in Cannes, where, on the Croisette one morning, I met the young artist son of an old New York friend of mine. The young man spoke to me and gave me his news. He was married, and newly a father, and as a favor Picasso, whom he knew, had drawn a vague sketch of the young artist's infant son, which he had promised to sign and dedicate if the father would go to Picasso's villa, La Californie, that very day at noon. Did I want to drive up with him? I said I would like to take the drive but would not get out of the car. When we arrived at the gate of La Californie, the young father went inside with his drawing, but he emerged a moment later to say, "Picasso says to come in," which I did not wish to do, as an intrusion was the last thing I had intended. When Picasso sent a second pressing demand, I was forced to accept. As I walked into the salon, which was as crowded with varied art works as an auction room, Picasso turned to me with his hand outstretched in greeting, and then, with a loud cry of astonishment, shouted, "You! Why didn't you ever speak to me in the old days at the Flore? For years we saw each other and never spoke, until now. Are you just the same as you were? You look it!" By this time, he had his arms around me and was thumping me enthusiastically on the back. "You look fine, not a day older," he said, and I said, "Nor do you," and he said, "That's true—that's the way you and I are. We don't get older, we just get riper. Do you still love life the way you used to, and love people the way you did? I watched you and always wanted to know what you were thinking. Tell me, do you still love the human race, especially your best friends? Do you still love love?"

"I do," I said, astonished at the turn the monologue was taking.

"And so do I!" he shouted, laughing. "Oh, we're great ones for that, you and I. Isn't love the greatest refreshment in life?" And he hugged me with his strong arms. —JANET FLANNER

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Because the channel is subject to shoaling, kippers are advised to ask for local instructions in entering.—*San Rafael (Calif.) Independent-Journal.*

From some wise old skate.

THE DOORBELL

(A Dramatic Exercise in the Manner of Harold Pinter)

THE action of the play takes place in a flat off the Tottenham Court Road, London. A large room with skylight. Bare white walls. Scattered chairs. A bright-red bentwood hatrack. A long narrow refectory table set with single brass candlestick.

Evening. Winter.

Beatrice and Allen enter through door, stage right. They are in their forties.

Beatrice: Mauve.

Allen: Purple.

Pause.

Beatrice: Which purple?

Allen: Light. Dark. Vivid. Very light. Very dark. Royal. Imperial. Balkan.

Long silence.

Beatrice: Mauve. (*Hangs up hat and coat. Sits in chair.*) Every bloke in town thinks mauve. Charwomen think mauve. Chimney sweeps think mauve. Turf accountants think mauve. The Prime Minister thinks mauve. The Maharaja of Boohoolie thinks mauve. And you think purple! If you can't think mauve, flake off. My mum warned me when you first came around. Warned me, she did. Wrinkled old bag was so messy you couldn't tell the mum from the mop. But she warned me. Watch out for him, she said. He'll twist your liver, she said. He'll pound your pancreas, that one will.

Pause.

Allen: Not half so bad as all that, not really half so bad. (*Hangs up hat and coat, sits in chair at far end of room from Beatrice.*) Riding around in the tube, at least, was fun. Reading the stations was fun. Goodge Street, Warren Street, Euston, Mornington Crescent, Camden Town. Adventure, you said then. I'm in Arabia, you said. I'm on a flying carpet! (*Pause*) You were perky. When the announcer cried Mind the door! Mind the door!, you stuck out your little tongue and said Mind the door yourself! I admired that. Within my limits of looking at the matter, I thought that took spunk. (*Long pause*) Got off at Tufnell Park and had tea at The Striped Carrot. And you read the leaves.

Silence.

Beatrice: *You* read the leaves. You always read the leaves.

Allen: Not that time, I didn't, mate. Not at The Striped Carrot. If you're talking about Cuckfield or Leighton Buzzard or High Wycombe, those leaves I did read. Soggy they were, too. And bad. Especially High Wycombe. Beware aunts and uncles, they said. Beware sisters, brothers, cousins, adopted nieces, foster parents, and wards of the court. Beware the whole last bloody lot of them, the leaves said. (*Pause*) I can remember I was quite shaken by the reading.

Long, long silence.

Beatrice: The nurse was kind. She had a dog face. Big red ears, long red nose. She inspired confidence. I felt at ease. When she asked me to rinse, I rinsed. When she said open, I opened. When she stuffed the cotton wadding, I smiled. The surgeon was the bad one. I hated the surgeon. I disliked his manner, so to speak. I felt threatened in his presence. Relax, he said. This will only take a minute, he said. This will hurt me more than it hurts you, he said. I wanted to scream, do you understand my meaning? I wanted to flee. I wanted to kick him in the privates. We have ways of making you laugh, he said. They say I laughed a great deal while he was working on me. They say he worked on me very quickly. He must have gone right to work on me. He was very deft and cunning. I think he was Spanish.

Long pause.

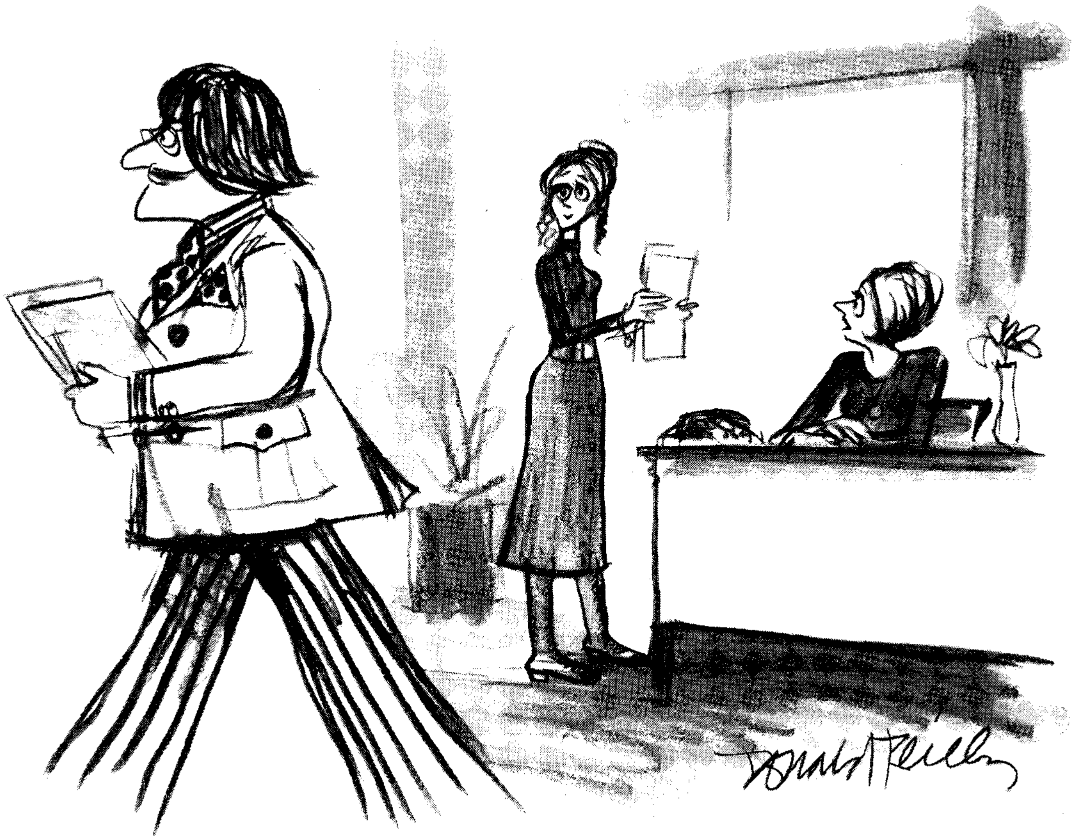
Allen: What became of the tooth? I seem to remember something about your giving me the tooth. For safekeeping. Put the tooth away, you said, with all the other teeth.

Silence.

Beatrice: I had a special feeling for teeth in those days. Molars, premolars, canines, incisors, it didn't matter. My bureau drawers were full of them. They represented something important to me. What I am driving at is that those teeth were my teeth, they weren't somebody else's teeth. They weren't the landlord's teeth. They weren't Mum's teeth, you can count on that. She didn't have any teeth.

Long, long silence.

Allen: I am the last person in the world to quarrel about small things. Such as me reading the leaves at The Striped Carrot, or you reading the leaves. But there is such a thing as elemental justice. The bedrock, you see. The base. Either a thing happened or



"Oh, he's from Accounting. Wait until you see the guys from the Creative Group!"

it didn't. No two ways about it. Men understand these matters. I am inclined to be set in my ways about this sort of thing. I don't shift ground easily. All my old friends know this about me. They are very well acquainted with this side of my character. They prefer not to cross me. They know that I am capable of giving a good account of myself. (*Pause*) My old chums would call something a footstool. They would point at an object and say, That's a footstool. Oh, no, I'd say, that's an ottoman. And then I would look round the room very slowly to see if I had convinced them or not. And if anybody still thought it was a footstool I would reluctantly be forced to flatten them. Flatten them cold. From time to time, we would get off into history, topics of cultural interest, broad general reading, wide background, preparation for life, and all that. Test one's mettle. Jog a bit about the mental track. Sweep out the cobwebs, you understand my meaning? I would give them a very simple lesson. Lads, I'd say, the order of succession went Edwy the Fair, Edgar the Peaceful, and Edward the Martyr. Some camel face from the provinces would open his blooper at this point and say, Are you not forgetting Ethelred the Unready? (*Long pause*) I would fracture his skull. He was attempting to place Ethelred the Unready where he least belonged. I can cite other examples, some of them too numerous to mention. But at The Striped Carrot, I didn't bring my glasses, and I didn't read the leaves.

Long silence.

BEATRICE: I suppose it wasn't you at Clapham Common, when we walked past the cemetery in the rain? And you took my hand and I went wet inside. And I said, There will always be room for you in the family plot, Puss in Boots, lying beside me forever under the elms in the green moonlight, next to the Skipper, God rest him, and alongside my mum, if she'd just shove off. And I suppose it wasn't you mucking about on that damp slab, breathing heavy and saying you would consider it an honor and a privilege to be lying with me under this sod in eternal bliss, surrounded by all these distinguished cheesers.

Long pause.

ALLEN: It wasn't me at Clapham Common. It was me in the train. I will admit that. The Night Scotsman, London to Edinburgh, sleeping cars, and all that. Slip me the time, you said. Just slip me the time. Eleven-thirty-five, it was. King's Cross. Slip me the time, you said. You're a saucy bugger, you said, and I fell out of the upper at Doncaster. Or Selby. Or York. Near three in the morning, it was. We reached Edinburgh at six-fifty-seven. Slip me the time, you said.

Silence.

BEATRICE: That wasn't the train, and it wasn't you. That was the Fishguard-to-Cork ferry, and it was your brother.

The doorbell rings. They do not seem to hear it.

ALLEN: I suppose it wasn't me at Brighton, eh? You looked like a sick sparrow then. You were wafer thin. Your bones jangled. If you had sneezed, you would have died. (*Rises, walks to refectory table, picks up candlestick, holds it menacingly over Beatrice's head. Long pause. Allen replaces candlestick, resumes seat.*) I fattened you up. I walked you up and down the beach in the salt air. And all the while I was looking into your face, close up.

Silence.

BEATRICE: That was Harry, close up, at Brighton. That wasn't you. I admired the cut of Harry's jib. There was nothing lumpy about Harry.

The doorbell rings.

Long, long silence.

ALLEN: I can remember the Governor saying to me when I was a nipper that he didn't think much of me in general, in a manner of speaking. We were on Route 705 of the Green Line. Chiswick or Bromley, Westerham Hill or Osterley. Maybe Catford. Maybe Catford.

The doorbell rings.

At Barking, I took you to Dr. Wu's for dinner. Fu sent me, I said, and they gave us a table near the parrot. You were impressed. Holus-bolus! screamed the parrot. You were amused. You gave me your first teeth. I'm glad you brought me, you said. I don't give a fig about Harry, you said. I ordered the won ton and I told you I loved you.

The doorbell rings.

I ordered the egg rolls and I told you I loved you.

The doorbell rings.

I ordered the lobster Kew with bean sprouts and tiny button mushrooms and I told you I loved you.

The doorbell rings.

And I said, Let's settle down. (*Pause*) Let's build a nest. (*Pause*) Let's thatch the roof. (*Pause*) Let's amalgamate the porridge.

The doorbell rings.

BEATRICE: That wasn't me and it wasn't you.

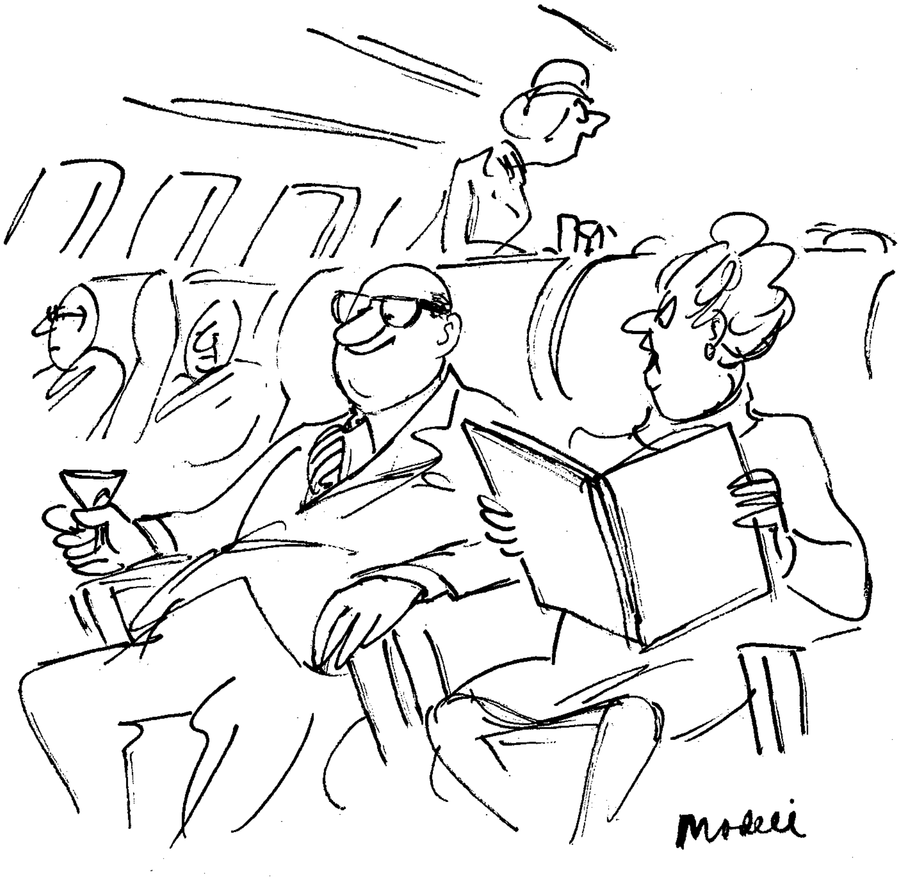
Allen seizes candlestick, holds it aloft menacingly.

ALLEN (*coolly approaching her*): I don't think you understand my meaning.

The doorbell rings continuously.

The curtain falls.

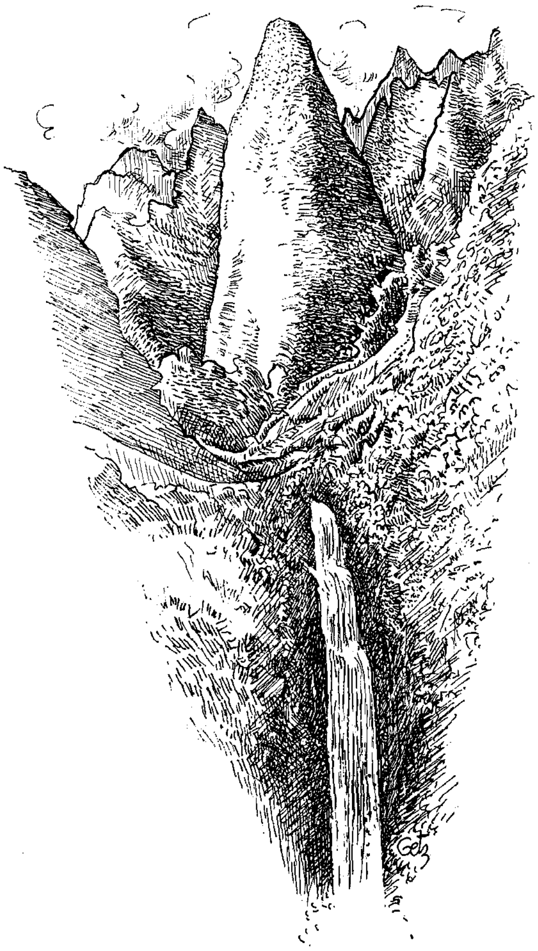
—PHILIP HAMBURGER



"It's the flight that's supposed to be non-stop, not the Martinis."

PROFILES

THE SUGAR-COATED FORTRESS—II

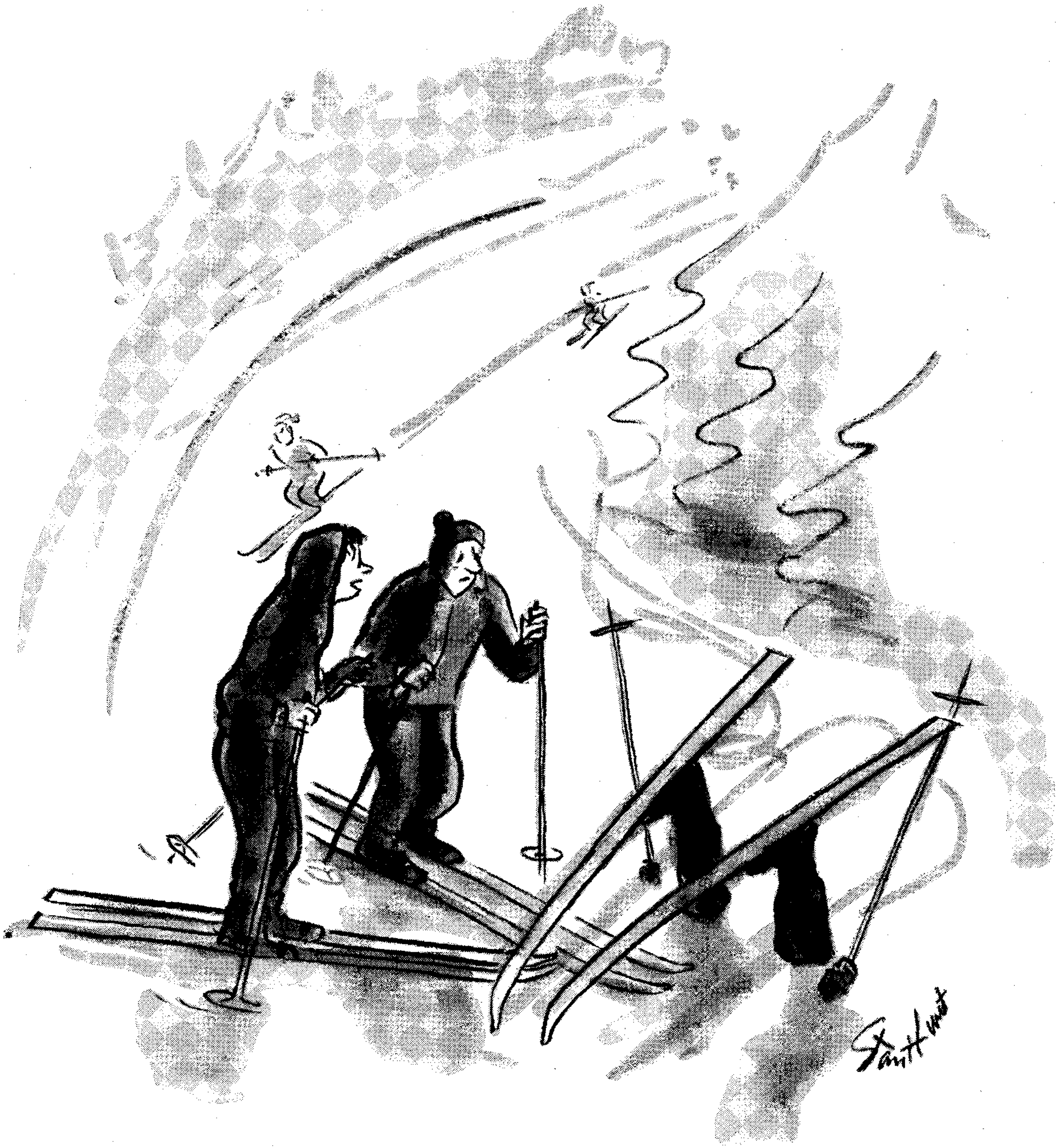


"THERE is a government in this territory which is centralized to an extent unknown in the United States, and probably as centralized as France was under Louis XIV," an Attorney General of Hawaii once said, referring to the islands' fabled Big Five firms. The Big Five—Castle & Cooke, Alexander & Baldwin, Theo. H. Davies, C. Brewer, and Amfac (which began as the German firm H. Hackfeld)—were organizations that became powerful as factors, or agencies, to serve the sugar plantations; they administered the shipment, distribution, and sale of the crop. Felicitously isolated from the mainland's labor movement, these companies formed a cartel that totally controlled Hawaii's economic and political life until the Second World War. By 1933, they controlled ninety-six per cent of the islands' sugar crop, and they also controlled every business associated with sugar, which meant virtually all the sizable businesses in the islands—banking, insurance, utilities, transportation, wholesale and retail merchandising, and both mainland and inter-island shipping. In 1932, they also gained control of the pineapple industry, which had been pioneered at the turn of the century by James Dole in dusty soil not suited to sugarcane, and which was Hawaii's second most important crop prior to the Second World War.

Approximately a third of the directors and officers of the sugar plantations and agencies controlled by Hawaii's Big Five either were descendants of the islands' Caucasian missionary families or were related to them by marriage. And since the missionary families tended to intermarry, the nepotism within Hawaii's capitalist circles was unparalleled in the continental United States. One single family was represented on the boards of directors of eighteen of the forty corporations listed on the Honolulu Stock Exchange in 1928. Five families had members on five or more boards. Frank Atherton was a typical Big Five official. He was president of Castle & Cooke and of the Home Insurance Company; vice-president of American Factors, of the Hawaiian Trust Company, and of the Territorial Hotel Company; and director of the Bank of Hawaii, of the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, and of the Inter-Island Steamship Company. Atherton's mother was née Cooke, and he was a cousin of and close coöperator with Clarence Cooke, the president of the Bank of Hawaii, and Richard Cooke, chairman of the board of the Big Five firm of C. Brewer. As for Richard Cooke, he was also co-president of the Hawaiian Electric Company and of the Hawaiian Agricultural Company, he partly controlled five major plantations, and he held directorships in the Bank of Hawaii, the Matson Navigation Company, American Factors, and the Mutual Telephone Company.

The Big Five had their offices in stately, columned buildings of the Palm Beach Egyptian style standing within a couple of blocks of each other and just a few hundred yards from the Honolulu shipping docks, which they totally controlled. ("They were so close to each other," recalls Harriet Bouslog, a great labor lawyer, whose work did much to break the Big Five's power, "that you could spit on all five of them at the same time.") And thus the Territory of Hawaii was run by a tight network of about a hundred Caucasians, most of them descended from the men who had maneuvered the deposition of Hawaii's last kings. They had almost all attended the élite Punahou School, founded by missionaries and overwhelmingly Caucasian in makeup. They were all Republican, and predominantly Congregationalist. They all golfed and drank together at the exclusive Pacific Club, which was founded in 1851 and remained closed to Orientals until 1968. And they rarely allowed any personal differences to interfere with their coöperative control of the islands' wealth. Until the Second World War, their efforts were largely directed at keeping mainland business out of the islands. In 1941, for example, Sears, Roebuck opened a second store in Honolulu despite the near-monopoly on retail trade held since 1850 by Liberty House, a subsidiary of Amfac. Within a few months after it had begun negotiations, Sears' directors were given to understand by Amfac that the Matson Lines, which monopolized all shipping to and from Hawaii and were totally controlled by the Big Five, would not ship Sears products if Sears went through with its building plans. Sears eventually managed to get the store built by threatening to buy its own ships for the project, but it had been obliged to work secretly during the real-estate negotiations, hiring two anonymous agents to collect parcels, house lot by house lot, in suburban Honolulu.

The economic power of Hawaii's Republican élite depended on their control over the three key points of the islands' political life: the territorial legislature, the territorial delegate to Congress, and the territorial governor. The governor was appointed by the White House for a four-year term, and had vastly greater powers than any mainland governor. The Big Five had started off well early in the century by Republicanizing the votes of people of Hawaiian blood through their control of the popular and somewhat indolent Prince Jonah Kuhio Kalanianaole, whom they persuaded to run for territorial delegate to the United States Congress as a Republican in



"Like the radio said this morning, 'The slopes are ready for you, but are you ready for the slopes?'"

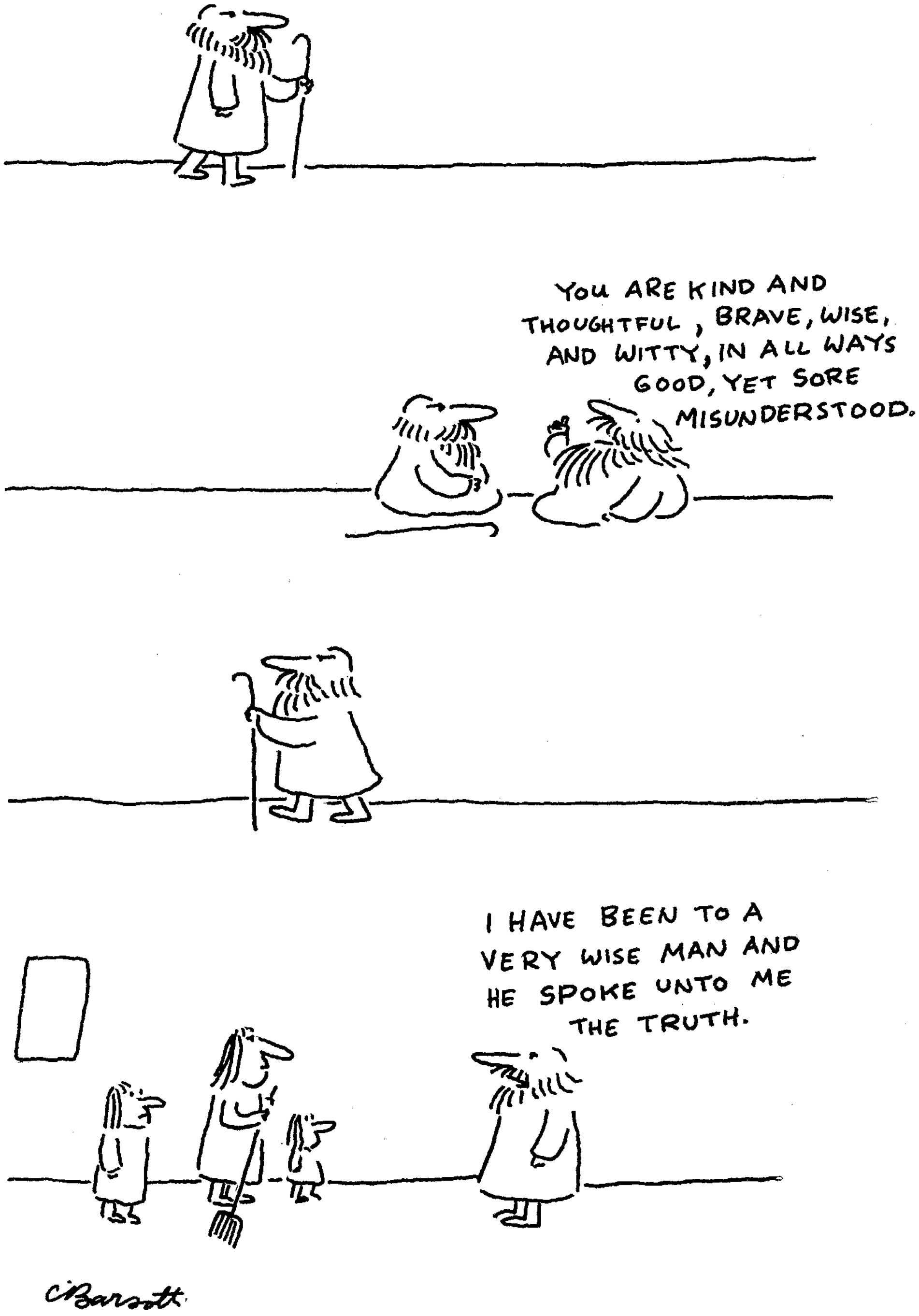
1902. And they continued to lobby so skillfully in the next four decades that five out of six territorial governors and a substantial number of Hawaii's legislators were Republicans who had administrative or policy positions in the major sugar agencies. There was one island magnate who was not within the Big Five complex—Walter Dillingham, who had multiplied his fortune dredging out Pearl Harbor, and whose firm still dominates the dredging business in the islands—and he, too, kept a paid lobbyist in Washington. In fact, Big Sixth Dillingham is said to have entertained every President, Vice-President, Secretary of State, and key senator of the United States during the forty years preceding statehood. But the most amazing feat of Hawaii's Big Five was to render the Democratic Party virtually impotent in the islands for the first four decades of the century. Some of the tactics they employed were unabashedly illegal and high-handed; for instance, some plantation managers would hang pencils from the ceilings of voting booths so that they could tell from the way the string moved which place on the ballot the workers were marking, and would threaten to dismiss any Democratic voters if they did not vote Republican next time. To hold a Democratic Party meeting publicly in a plantation town was unheard of. Intimidation tactics were rampant. One nisei plantation worker active in Democratic Party organizing—an activity for which he could have been fired—recalls holding cell meetings on park benches in the evening, in groups never larger than four or five. Another organizer recalls using Morse code with his headlights on a lonely road at night to communicate a message to a fellow-Democrat.

THE labor revolution that was to break the power of the Republican Party and of the Big Five came to Hawaii—as most things have come—several decades later than to the mainland. But it played a larger role in transforming the fabric of Hawaiian society than it had in any other state or territory of the Union. The growth of Hawaii's labor movement was delayed both by the islands' isolation and by the racial divisions that the planters had so successfully effected among Hawaii's workers. Until the nineteen-thirties, most labor agitation in Hawaii had been organized on strictly racial lines. One of the last and most notorious of the racially organized strikes had been staged by Filipino workers in 1924 at Makaweli, Kauai. There the police shot sixteen strikers to death, and sixty more were sentenced to four-year prison terms—an episode judiciously excluded from any tourist guidebook to this lovely seashore town. Prejudices that are still characteristic of Hawaii deterred any interracial union movement. The Japanese considered the Filipinos too ignorant to be organized. Portuguese workers shared the Japanese scorn of the Filipinos but were alarmed by Japanese aggressiveness. And hard-core organizers of all races looked with some disdain upon the serenely unmilitant Polynesians. A labor leader and former Communist Party member tells of his Communist colleagues' reaction when he tried to enlist a Polynesian Hawaiian in the Party in the thirties. "If you gave that guy a bomb," he was told, "he'd forget it under a palm tree and go surfing."

It was on Hawaii's docks, where workers had constant contact with mainland seamen already skilled in union work, that the labor revolution began. The immediate instigator was Jack Hall, a tall, dour American seaman who was a veteran of the 1934 maritime strike on the West Coast. From 1935 on, Hall dropped off his ship in Honolulu many times, staying in Hawaii a few months at a time to spread unionism to the islands. He helped found Hawaii's first labor newspaper, the *Voice of Labor*, which was run by a succession of seamen and exhorted the workers of Hawaii to forget their ethnic groups and unite on class lines instead. "Know your class," the motto was, "and be loyal to it." The first test of the new loyalty came in 1938, when a strike was called against the Inter-Island Steamship Company, a firm that had the financial backing of Castle & Cooke. When the company brought in strikebreakers to take a ship to the seaport of Hilo, on the island of Hawaii, several hundred union pickets met the ship at the Hilo docks and lined up in protest against the strikebreakers, whereupon the police fired on the union men. Fifty men were wounded, a few of them crippled for life. The event was referred to as "the Hilo massacre," and did much to radicalize Hawaii's workers. In June, 1941, Castle & Cooke was forced to sign a contract with the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union—the first union agreement signed by a large employer in the islands. And since the well-being of any island depends on a free flow of goods, one union was now in a position to paralyze Hawaii's economy at will.

The unionization of the plantations came next. The Second World War brought to Hawaii the stringencies of martial law and a terrible surge in the cost of living, accompanied by a freeze on wages. By the war's end, plantation workers were more eager than ever to unionize. By 1946, the I.L.W.U. had achieved industry-wide contracts for all longshore, sugar, and pineapple workers. The crucial confrontation that proved the union members' new class loyalty came later that year, when about twenty-one thousand plantation workers threatened to walk off their jobs, demanding higher wages. Management retaliated with a typical Hawaiian solution: they sent a ship to the Philippines to recruit six thousand men as strikebreakers, certain that the Filipinos' hatred of the Japanese occupation troops during the Second World War would prevent them from joining a union with a large Japanese membership. The I.L.W.U., however, cannily outwitted the plan by making a deal with members of the Stewards' Union working on the Philippines-bound ship, and the immigrant Filipinos were unionized even before they reached Hawaii. The cooks of the Stewards' Union worked with spectacular success in the ship's mess halls, rewarding the impoverished Filipinos with extra helpings of food when they signed the I.L.W.U.'s union pledge. Then, after the ship docked, I.L.W.U. units in Hawaii welcomed the Filipinos with music, leis, and luau picnics. In the strike that was called a few weeks later, the Filipinos braved the risks of being rebels in a new land and stood firm with the striking workers. The success of the strike lay in its total interracialism. It spelled the end of the Hawaiian managers' divide-and-conquer tactics. The I.L.W.U.'s national director, Harry Bridges, who had spent much time organizing on the islands alongside Jack Hall, telegraphed congratulations to his Honolulu chapter with the message "HAWAII IS NO LONGER A FEUDAL COLONY." By 1947, the I.L.W.U. claimed more than thirty thousand members in a territorial population of half a million.

Another proof of the Hawaiian unions' amazing new strength was their ability to survive the probes for Communism that spread to the islands during the era of Senator Joseph McCarthy. Beginning in the late nineteen-forties, a string of defectors from Hawaii's tiny Communist Party testified in Washington about Communists or former Communists within the islands' labor unions. Actually, the number of Party members in Hawaii had always been minuscule. And in 1947, when a nisei member of the territory's Communist Party cell publicly announced himself as its titular head, it was, as an observer put it, "like the periscope of a submarine raising itself and asking,


YOU ARE KIND AND THOUGHTFUL, BRAVE, WISE, AND WITTY, IN ALL WAYS GOOD, YET SORE MISUNDERSTOOD.
I HAVE BEEN TO A VERY WISE MAN AND HE SPOKE UNTO ME THE TRUTH.
CBarsotti

'Where's the submarine?' " According to a 1951 report by the Commission on Subversive Activities in the Territory, there were no more than sixty Communist Party members on Hawaii's waterfront, and most of them were non-resident seamen. Nevertheless, the proportion of persons visited by the F.B.I. in Hawaii during the nineteen-fifties is estimated to have been greater than that in any other state or territory of the nation. The ancient threat of the "yellow peril" had been reinforced by the threat of disloyal and subversive Japanese, and the ideology of the Big Five could only be supportive of Joseph *McCarthy. In 1951, six men and one* woman—Jack Hall among them—were arrested in Honolulu on charges of subversion under the Smith Act. They were tried and found guilty, but by keeping their appeals alive the Hawaii Seven, as the group was called, were spared the five-year prison terms to which they had originally been sentenced. Throughout their trial, the rank-and-file workers were unswervingly loyal to Jack Hall and the I.L.W.U.; in such a newly liberated society as Hawaii, Communist probes could *only recall the plantation* intimidations of the recent past. When the Senate Judiciary Internal Security Subcommittee began its hearings in Hawaii, in 1956, more than three thousand members of the I.L.W.U. walked off their jobs in protest. As one unionist remarked, "Most of the boys don't know Communism from rheumatism."

To this day, both the leadership and the rank and file of Hawaii's labor unions remain remarkably progressive and open-minded. The Hawaiian chapter of the I.L.W.U. has protested the Vietnam war more vigorously than any local in the continental United States, and its leaders have been visible in several anti-war demonstrations held in Honolulu. At a convention of the Hawaiian I.L.W.U. in 1968, a student leader who was asked to address the meeting appeared on the platform with an Army deserter at his side. The convention was held at a time when thirty-seven AWOL soldiers—deserters from Hawaiian military bases—were receiving sanctuary from federal authorities in a large Honolulu church. Although the union leaders later strongly criticized the student for not advising them of this surprise guest, the delegates heard the deserter speak out his anti-war views without any sizable protest—a show of union tolerance hardly possible in any other part of the United States. In the 1968 Presidential election, Hawaii provided a smaller turnout of votes for George Wallace—a bare one per cent—than any other state in the Union. A combination of tolerance and apathy, a capacity for quick forgiveness, has always pervaded the islands' politics. In 1966, Jack Hall, the most subversive radical of the previous decade, served on the board of Honolulu's fashionable Aloha United Fund Drive along with the Republican Lowell Dillingham, whose family had until recently been an arch-conservative enemy of the labor movement. And after Hall died, a memorial service was held in January, 1971, that, being attended by every political and business leader of the islands, was tantamount to a state funeral.

ALCHEMIST

Lead melts. If I saw lead, I melted it,
Poured it into sand and made shapes.
In an old tin on a gas flame
I melted all I had, even my own, eventually.

I watched that toy soldier's rifle wilt
Like a straw going down
In the invisible white heat of summer.
The soldier stood to attention
In the bottom of the tin gripped by fanatic pliers
From the old man's tool kit
Looked on by two scientific bead-eyes
That vandalized a leaden grenadier.

The head sagged, sweating under a greater
Heat than Waterloo or Alma.
With tired feet he leaned against the rim
And lost an arm where no black grapeshot came.
I watched his useless knees give way,
A pool half-spreading to his once proud groin—
Waist and busby falling in, as sentry-go
In such an India became too hard,
And he lay down in his infernal pit
Never to get up and go home again.

Another one. Two more. I threw them in,
And these went quicker, an elegant patrol
That perished in the scorching tin.
My eyes watered from the heat and fumes of painted
Soldiers melting into peace under their own smoke,
The fire with me, my hands hard at the plier-grip
Eyes cool but squinting
At these soldier-bandits rendered
To a pool of peaceful useful lead
At the bottom of a tin:

Swords into plowshares.
I turned off the gas and wondered
What to do with so much marvellous
Dead lead that hardened as I looked and looked at it.

—ALAN SILLITOE

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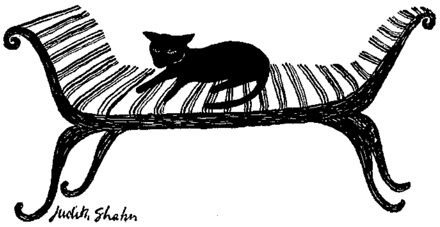
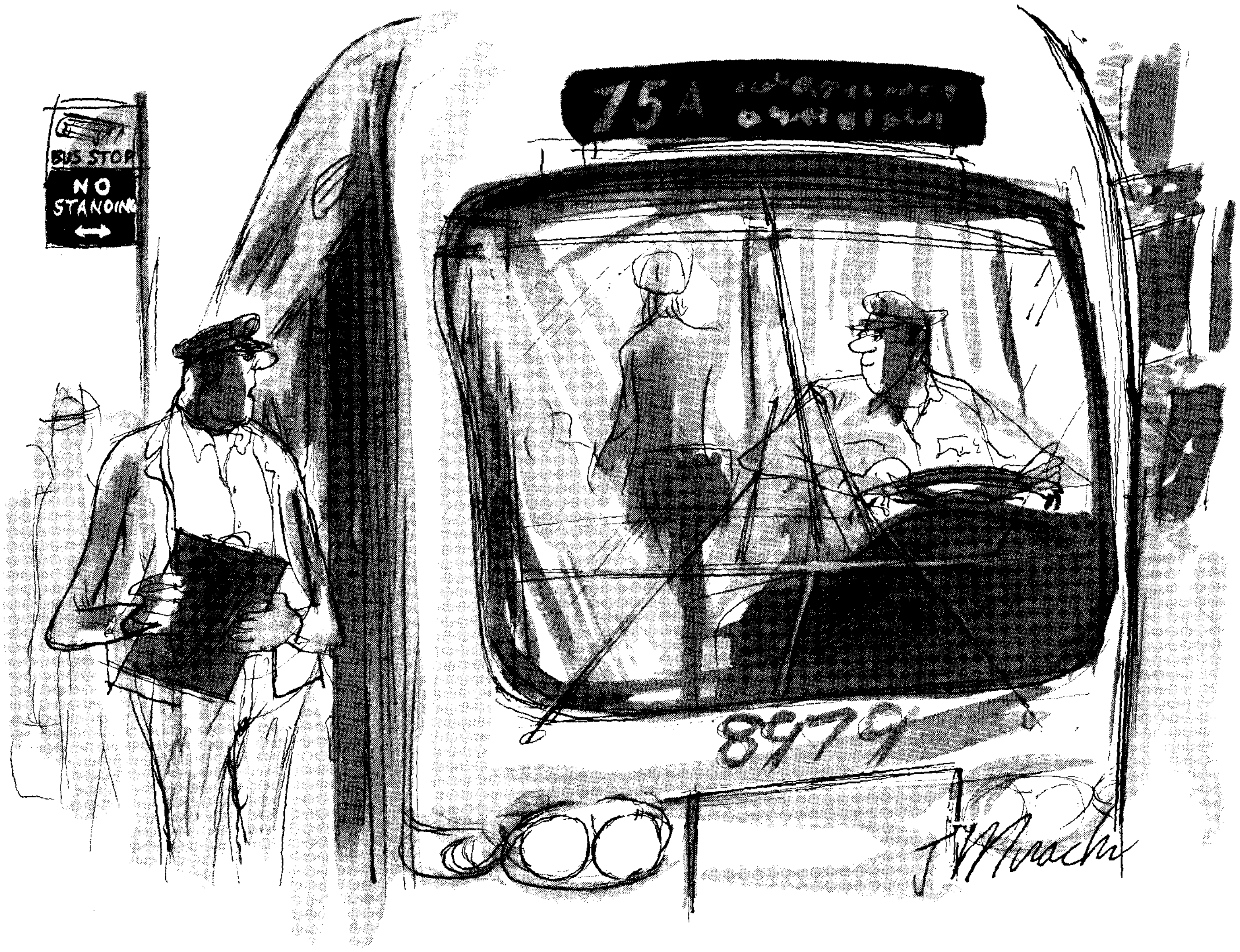


STATEHOOD came more calmly to Hawaii than annexation, even though the racial arguments heard in the United States Congress in the last decade of the nineteenth century were repeated with remarkable similarity in the sixth decade of the twentieth. "What happened to the pristine virtues of the Roman Republic," asked Representative James Donovan, Republican of New York, a prominent opponent of statehood, "when it started to take in the senator from Scythia, the senator from Egypt, the senator from Gaul? What happened to all the old-fashioned Roman morals and Roman integrity?" Another reason for conservative opposition to statehood was the power of the I.L.W.U. in the islands. Repre-



"Delehanty, we've been getting reports that you're always cheery on the job. What's your game?"

• •

sentative John Pillion, also a Republican of New York, argued that statehood for Hawaii was a Soviet plot, and that the Communist-dominated ranks of Hawaii's labor unions were so strong that this was inviting "Soviet agents to take seats in our Congress." Congressional opponents of statehood would have rejoiced if they had known the results of a large public-opinion survey taken in the islands in 1958, cited by Laurence Fuchs in his book "Hawaii Pono," which showed that only forty-three per cent of the islanders polled, and only thirty per cent of those of Hawaiian or part-Hawaiian blood, favored immediate statehood. The Japanese were the only ethnic group in Hawaii overwhelmingly in favor of statehood, while anti-statehood sentiments seemed centered on the islanders' hostility toward the Japanese. A part-Hawaiian stevedore said he favored independence because he did not want a Japanese governor. A Filipino barber correctly predicted that the Japanese politicians would take over Hawaii after statehood. "Who can tell what is behind those faces?" he asked. Nevertheless, when the statehood bill received its final ratification in the House of Representatives on March 12, 1959, Honolulu's offices and stores emptied, church bells tolled, an American flag with fifty stars was raised over Hawaii, and vast quantities of beer were drunk.

The metabolism of islands seems to be more volatile than that of any mainland region—to undergo more dizzyingly rapid transformations. There are few areas of the planet where the pendulum of history has swung more widely than in Hawaii. In the two decades following the end of the Second World War, Hawaii was transformed from a semi-feudal society of oppressors and oppressed to a progressive state that boasts the greatest racial equality, the highest union wages, the most efficient welfare system, the highest voter participation, and the most liberal legislature of any state in the Union. In the nineteen-sixties, Hawaii's state legislature was the first to support Cesar Chavez's grape boycott, the first to provide for a state ombudsman, the first to pass a law legalizing abortion (written by a devout Catholic nisei with ten children, Vince Yano, and readily signed by an equally devout Catholic governor). It is also said to be the only legislature in the country ever to vote its state university more funds than the university had asked for—a sign of the extraordinary veneration of learning on the part of the Oriental groups that dominate Hawaii.

Few individuals have been more crucial in Hawaii's democratization than its present governor, John Burns. Burns was born in Montana in 1909 into a poor white family, the son of an Army sergeant who was later transferred to Honolulu. His reformist zeal was fired by his distrust of the islands' wealthy whites and by his passionate admiration for Hawaii's Orientals. Brought up in the slums of Kalihi, a suburb of Honolulu, Burns had supported himself in his teens by working as a farmer in the grape fields of California, where he saw the effects of the Depression on migrant workers. He joined Honolulu's police department, and went on to be its espionage liaison with the F.B.I. and to head its vice squad. From the start, this devout Irish Catholic cop, whose origins connote the most conservative traits of mainland character, has championed the causes of Hawaii's underprivileged, non-Caucasian groups. Tough, individualistic, and vastly well-read, he is one of those maverick progressive Catholics, not unlike the Chicago labor priests of the thirties, who can quote at length from papal encyclicals on the sanctity of labor. John Burns has gone to daily Mass most of his life, and he closes all his letters with the phrase "May the Almighty be with you and yours always." But his thinking is often as unpredictably liberal as it is original. In the nineteen-thirties, he was responsible for the regulation of Honolulu's brothels, which are noted for their ethnic variety. A Catholic priest once visited him in his office to chide him for his tolerance of the ancient vocation. "Ah, Father," Burns answered, "I don't pray for the abolition of it. I only wish that for every fornication there'd be a procreation, for then we'd all be golden."

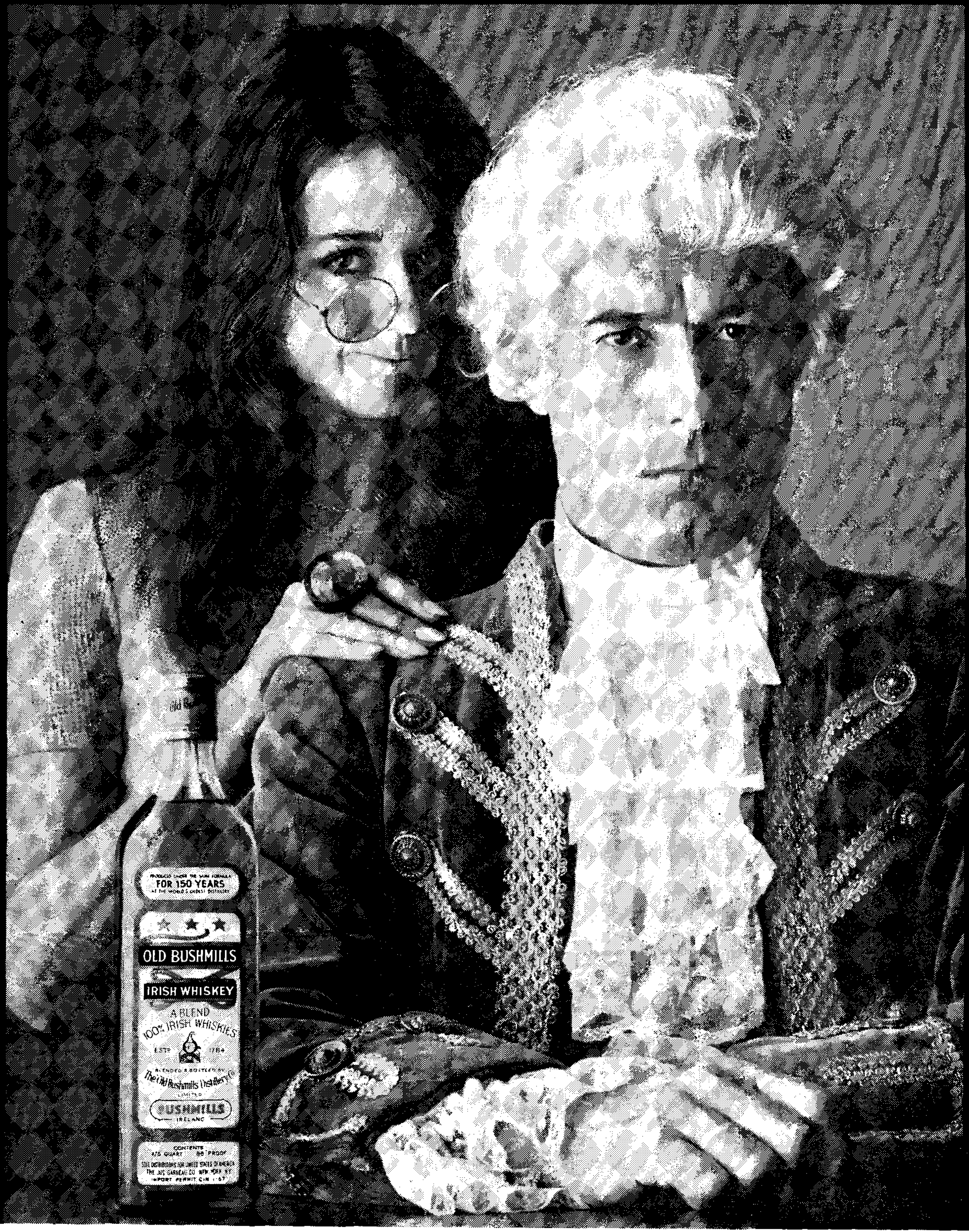
John Burns' career has been shaped by the loyalty and support of Hawaii's Japanese. During the war, he had distributed small favors to the demoralized nisei, who, though not interned, were kept under close observation throughout the duration of martial law. In 1948, when Burns announced his candidacy for the post of territorial delegate to Washington, Daniel Inouye, a one-armed veteran of the 442nd Regiment—which had been made up entirely of Japanese Americans and had become the most highly decorated United States fighting unit of the Second World War—offered Burns his help. Inouye had come to visit Burns in a surge of disgust against the islands' racism. He had wished to join the Diamond Head Post of the American Legion and was turned away because the post was restricted to Caucasians. Over coffee, the two men planned the future of the Democratic Party. They agreed that it would have a chance against the Republican oligarchy only if it included a powerful contingent of Americans of Japanese ancestry. It was through the combined efforts of Burns, his protégé Daniel Inouye, and a few other nisei veterans that the 442nd Veterans Club became one of the most powerful forces in Hawaiian politics, and that the Democratic Party finally defeated the entrenched Republicans.

John Burns' rise to power was slow. A gruff, anti-social, teetotal ex-cop who grumbled against "super-patriots," hated ostentation, drove an old car, wore tattered clothes, distrusted any man who had not been reared in the slums or on hard plantation labor, Burns was not liked by most traditional Caucasian politicians. His political career was further slowed by his erstwhile independence from the I.L.W.U., whose left wing he dissented from as much as he dissented from the oligarchy. In 1954, Burns' Democratic Party won its first landslide and brought to the islands what 1933 had brought to the mainland—Hawaii's New Deal. The new Democratic regime doubled appropriations for welfare assistance and public-school aid, vastly raised the state's minimum wage and its unemployment and workmen's benefits, and placed tax burdens on higher-income groups. Burns was elected in 1956 as territorial delegate to Washington, where he became a foremost architect of the statehood bill. His tactics were unusual in the extreme. It had been the traditional strategy of statehood advocates to cautiously avoid references to Hawaii's non-Caucasians. Burns took the opposite course. He thrust the Japanese into the limelight, praising their war record, their political skill, and their patriotism. "I told Congress that the really valuable people of Hawaii are the two-thirds who are not Caucasians," he said recent-

TELEPHONE
TELEPHONE
Robt Day

"Frank, are we no-fault yet?"

Bushmills. The whiskey that spans the generations gap.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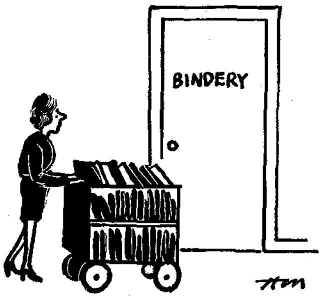
BUSHMILLS
FROM THE WORLD'S OLDEST DISTILLERY.

ly. "I told Congress that Hawaii's non-Caucasians were going to bring the U.S. a hell of a lot more than the U.S. was going to bring to Hawaii." Burns has demonstrated his devotion to Hawaii's Orientals in every one of his actions. Upon being elected governor in 1962, he was invited to become an honorary member of the exclusive Pacific Club. Instead, he became the first Caucasian of any importance in Hawaii's history to refuse membership. He did so on the ground that the Pacific Club had excluded Orientals for more than a century.

Burns' love for Hawaii's Orientals seems to border on an obsession. When he came up for reëlection to the governorship in 1970, he chose a full-blooded nisei, George Ariyoshi, as his running mate. It has been rumored that he intends to resign in mid-term in order to make the impossible dream come true: to install a non-Caucasian as governor of one of the United States. Burns has another dream. He was recently asked whether he thought that the mainlanders' racial prejudices had abated to the point where they would vote for Daniel Inouye on a Vice-Presidential ticket. He said yes, and added, "Do you know why? Because it would assuage the Americans' guilt toward the colored people. Electing a Japanese, you see, would be going halfway."

Going halfway, creating a showcase melting pot of races, seeing Daniel Inouye shake hands with James Eastland in the United States Senate, is the dream of Hawaii's liberals. Yet one senses that Burns and many other island whites admire the Japanese because they are super-Americans, exemplifying all the values of self-discipline, political ambition, and the Calvinist work ethic. Burns seems to be less interested in the islands' original people. "Hawaiians . . ." Burns says softly when he is asked about the Polynesians' problems, his voice as tender as it is cynical. "Hawaiian life style . . . fine if you want to be a beachcomber. Work *ukupau* to go *holoholo*. I, too, when I was young, worked *ukupau* to go *holoholo*." "*Ukupau*," in the Governor's lingo, means to get one's work done as fast as possible. "*Holoholo*" means to have a good time. A disgruntled Polynesian-Hawaiian nationalist leader said after a meeting with the Governor, "Burns always treats us like little Hawaiians." Toward the original inhabitants of Hawaii, even the most liberal and farsighted of Caucasians tend to maintain their paternalism.

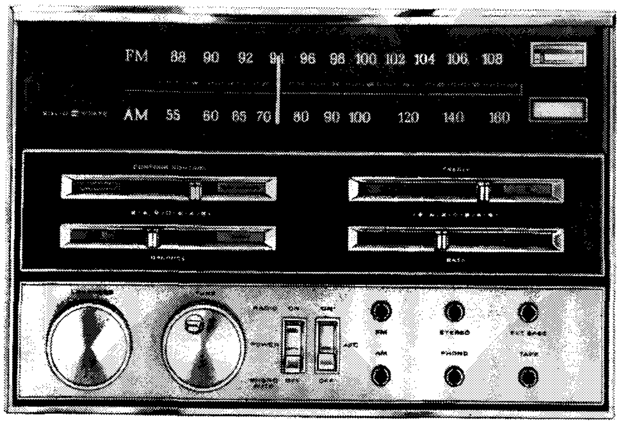
MOST of Hawaii's changes occur in extremes. Under Burns' leadership, an alliance of the Democratic Party and the I.L.W.U. now controls the islands as tightly as did the Republican Big Five in the first half of the century. In the 1968 Presidential election, only two states, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, had a larger percentage of Democratic votes than Hawaii. Daniel Inouye was reëlected to the Senate by a larger margin than any other senatorial candidate in the United States. In Hawaii's state legislature, the Democratic Party enjoys a sixteen-to-nine majority in the Senate and a thirty-four-to-seventeen majority in the House. The only maverick in this Democratic stronghold is the Republican Senator Hiram Fong, who reportedly bailed the I.L.W.U. out of financial trouble years ago and has commanded its loyalty ever since. For the I.L.W.U. is the most important single influence in Hawaiian politics. Made uniquely powerful by the common plantation background of its rank and file, it is said to have greater influence than any other union local in the country. Its leaders present a very different image from the nattily dressed, limousine-riding labor leaders of the mainland. The Hawaiian I.L.W.U.'s two top men, Robert McElrath and David Thompson, are plainspoken but formidably erudite former leftists who go about in shirtsleeves, and they run a tight, efficient shop. "Hawaii's a small town; it's easy to know your people," McElrath says. "I'm not saying that we can elect *anybody*, but we can certainly defeat anybody or keep anybody from running. We asked Patsy Mink not to run for the Senate against Hiram Fong in the last election, and that's why she didn't run." Commenting on Hiram Fong's very narrow margin in his 1970 senatorial race against a dark horse, Cecil Heftel, McElrath made it clear that Fong had almost lost because he did not heed the I.L.W.U.'s advice. "We told Hiram to run a low-key campaign, relax on his record, not come out swinging."



Today, the I.L.W.U., the Democratic Party, and Governor John Burns are all notably more conservative after two decades in power. They have the support of much big business on the island, frequently accommodating large corporations, for instance, in their bids for construction contracts. One of the islands' leading Republican politicians, Samuel P. King, a descendant of a Massachusetts sailor who jumped ship in Honolulu in 1798, sees absolutely no hope for the Republican Party to recapture its constituency. "We lost our power base when it became more profitable for big business to go with labor than to buck it," says King, whose father served a term as governor of Hawaii. "The way they play ball here, there's an even greater collusion between labor and big business than there is on the mainland."

The transformations in Hawaii's big business have been as dramatic as any other change in the islands. The Big Five have become multinational corporations, more than half of whose revenues now come from Pacific areas outside the state. Beginning in the nineteen-fifties, sugar and pineapple profits began to decline sharply, owing to greatly increased competition in the world market. Hawaii began its change from an agricultural, goods-producing economy to a service-oriented one. The Big Five were faced with the problem of how to maintain profits in a place that was unlikely to develop any extensive manufacturing—for the islands have few natural resources (low-quality bauxite is their only indigenous mineral), are burdened with high transportation costs, and pay some of the highest union wages in the world. Hawaii's businessmen began to look to the mainland and, even more, to the underdeveloped countries of the Pacific. Castle & Cooke, then the most aggressive and innovative of the firms, started the Big Five's process of diversification by buying controlling ownership of Columbia River Packers, an Oregon canning firm, which was later renamed Bumble Bee Seafoods. This was the first time in Hawaiian history that a Hawaiian company had acquired majority ownership in a mainland interest. Castle & Cooke proceeded to branch out into all areas of the Pacific. "We were all dressed up with a lot of money to go," explains Malcolm MacNaughton, who presides over Castle & Cooke on the twenty-second floor of a gleaming skyscraper in the heart of the Financial Plaza of the Pacific, in Honolulu's business district. "We saw Standard Fruit & Steamship Co. on the horizon—the world's second-largest producer and distributor of bananas. We now own it entirely, and our plantations in Honduras and Costa

The moment you activate Zenith's "Instant Touch" control panel, you take control of one of the world's finest stereo sound systems.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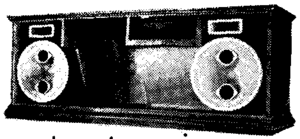

To capture the most subtle variations of AM and FM stereo broadcasting, Zenith's solid state tuner features 14 transistors and 22 tuned circuits, AFC for virtually drift-free tuning, built-in FM/AM antennas, and a series of advanced circuit designs to give you purer reception and greater stereo separation.

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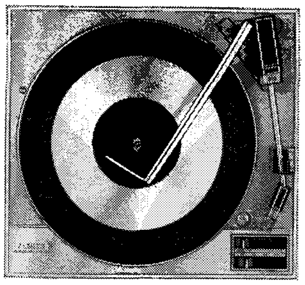

All these superb components are controlled by you with six mode selection switches and separate controls for bass, treble, balance and contour. So when your listening requirements change, Zenith responds precisely.

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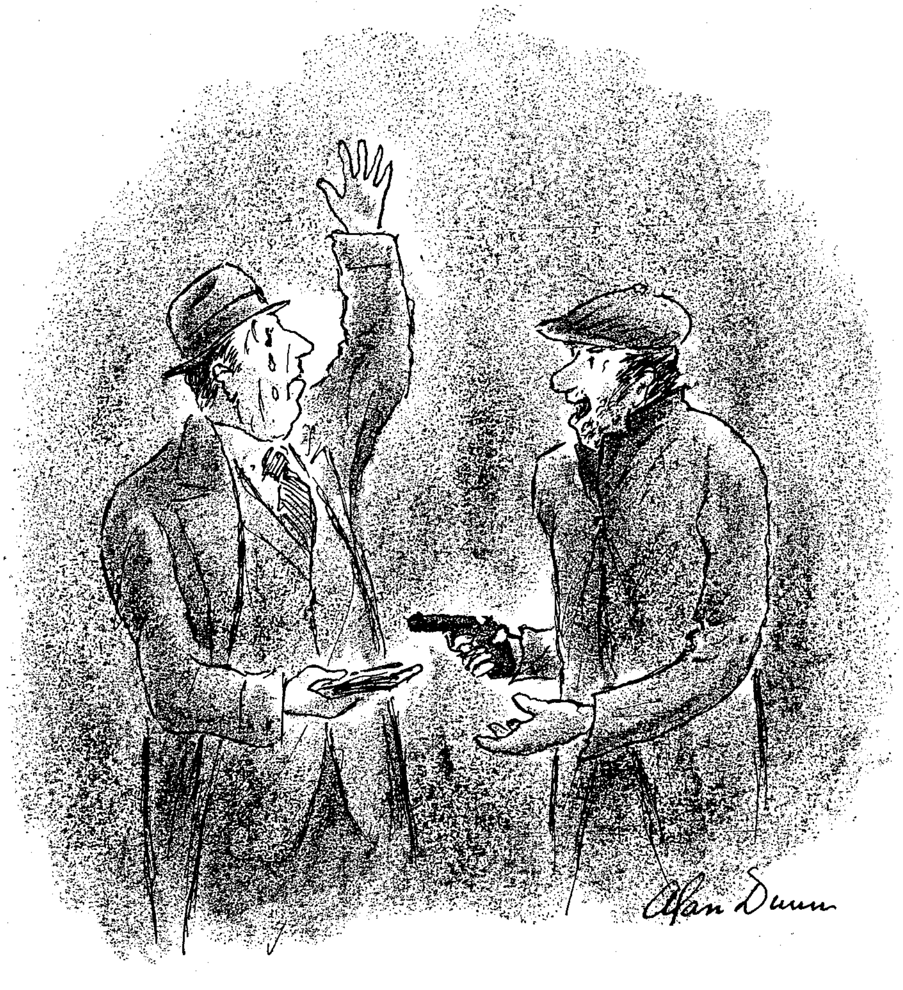
Besides all this, Castle & Cooke controls two hundred and eight thousand acres of Hawaii's land and, through its ownership of the Dole Company, about forty per cent of the United States pineapple market. It owns the world's largest producer of macadamia nuts, and it builds hotels and condominiums in various areas of the Pacific. Its ventures into underdeveloped Asian nations like Thailand and Malaysia, where wages still hover around a dollar or two a day, have helped convert it into an international firm and to raise its revenues from some ten million dollars in 1947 to more than half a billion in 1972. Only four thousand of Castle & Cooke's nineteen thousand shareholders now live in Hawaii. The rest are mainlanders. It is a far cry from the maniacal fear of mainland encroachment that possessed the Big Five before the Second World War.

Amfac has diversified with equal vigor and still greater success. It is a service-oriented conglomerate, whose revenues have tripled in the past five years—to more than a billion dollars in 1971. Amfac still owns seventy-two thousand acres of Hawaiian land, holds long-term leases on ninety-four thousand more, and produces one-fourth of Hawaii's sugar crop. Over the past decade, it has also acquired the state's largest hotel chain, Island Holidays Resorts, and the retail-store group Liberty House. Among its mainland assets are the Fred Harvey chain of restaurants, pharmaceutical and electrical-equipment concerns, several West Coast mortgage- and consumer-loan companies, a dozen California hotels, and two retail groups, Joseph Magnin Company and Rhodes Western, consisting of some fifty stores.



“Oh, cheer up. I bet taxes take a bigger bite out of you than I do.”

Hawaii's trade with Asian countries and other Pacific nations has quintupled since statehood. The lion's share of it is with Japan, and these days Hawaii's major financial decisions are as likely to be made in Tokyo as in Honolulu. Henry Walker, Jr., the genial and brilliant president of Amfac, has the obsessive admiration for the Japanese that is typical of many Hawaiian executives looking more and more to that country for trade. “No firm in Hawaii can function without being aware of what's going on in Japan,” he says. “We're increasingly going into business ventures with the Japanese. They're so efficient it's depressing. They've invented a car battery so small they'll soon be producing the first electronic car. Toshiba has just patented a machine that might make mailmen obsolete. As for our own business boom, it's in good part created by our Japanese-Hawaiian consumers. The Japanese ladies all have jobs—which gives Hawaii the largest female working force in the nation and generates a great purchasing income. Oriental women have a tradition of working on plantations alongside their husbands or of running the family store; they never had that Caucasian nonsense about woman's place being in the home. Thanks to them, Liberty House is the most profitable retail store in the country. The Orientals are more law-abiding than we are; our stores have the lowest rate of shoplifting in the United States. The Japanese never go bankrupt, and they pay their bills much more punctually than the haoles [the whites of mainland origin]. They're our best security risk.”

Walker's admiration is augmented by concrete plans for the growth of business with Japan, “particularly in the field of advanced consumerism—creative, distinguished know-how in all aspects of retailing, such as merchandise display.” He predicts that Hawaii will increasingly provide a channel for consulting and wholesaling contracts between Japan and the United States; it has the lead over other states, because of Hawaii's numerous past dealings with Japanese firms, and because of the ethnic and linguistic ties that exist between Japanese and Japanese-Hawaiian businessmen. (Since the islands' population includes more than fifty-two thousand persons of Chinese descent, there is also a special demand for Chinese imports, so Hawaii seems likely to be one of the earliest and most enthusiastic recipients of Chinese goods.)

By tradition suffused with aggressive optimism, the islands' businessmen and politicians tend to have

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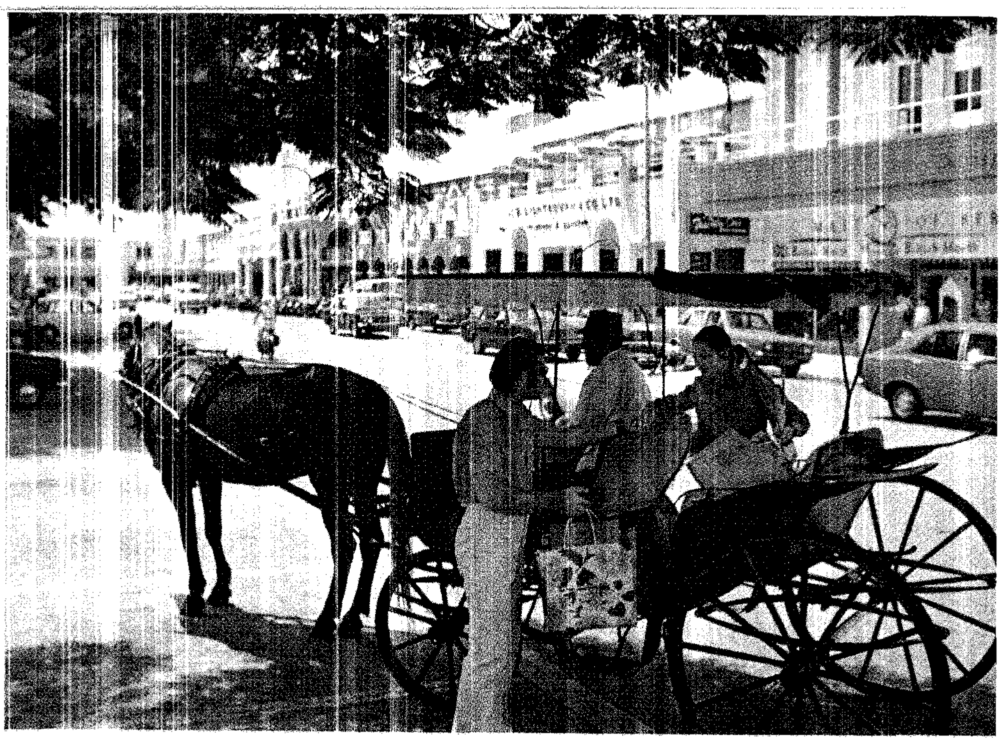

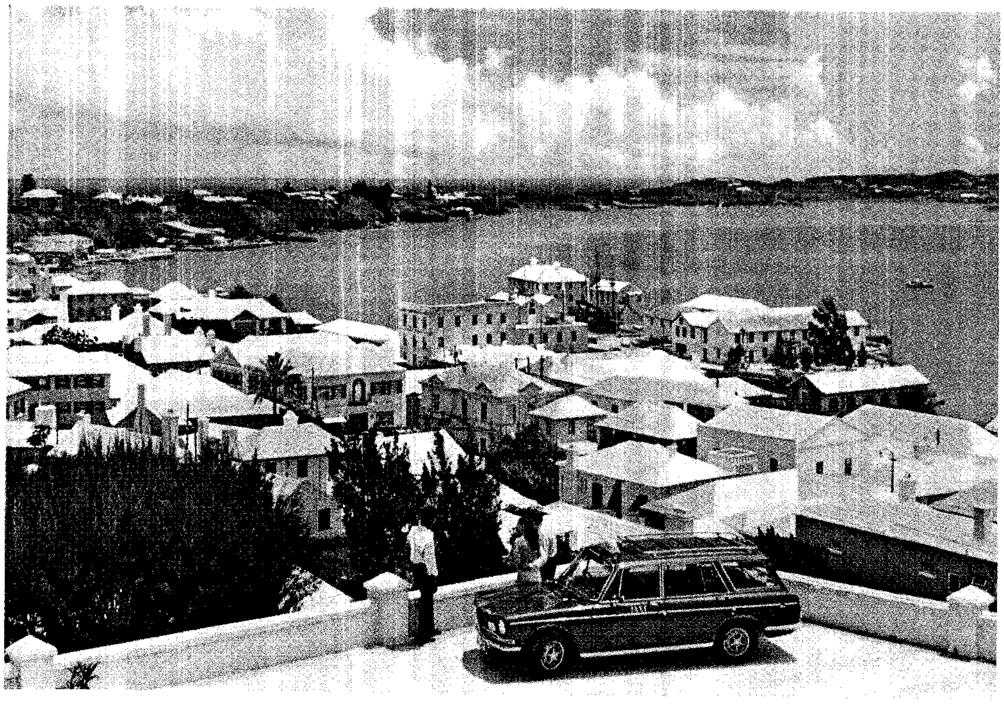

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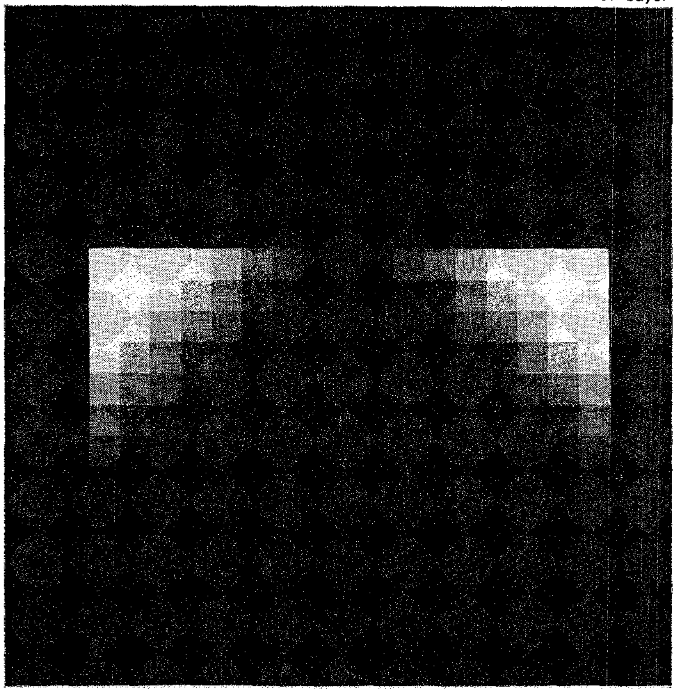
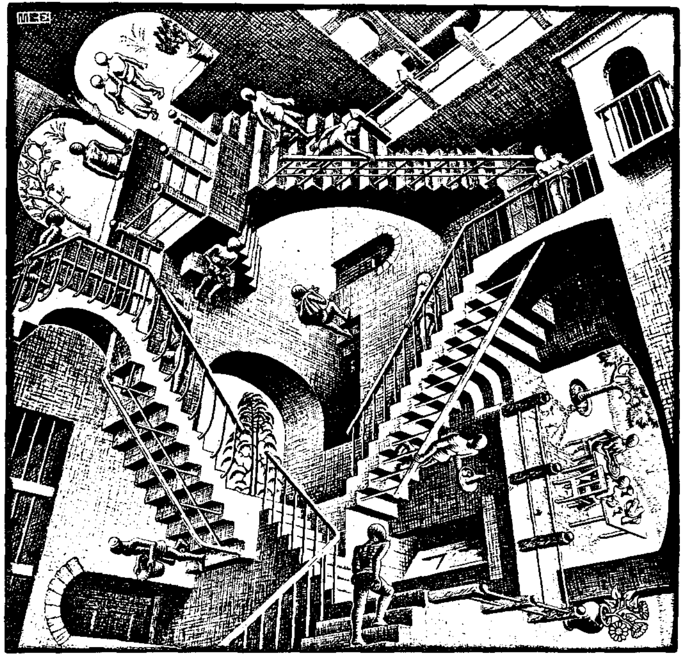
artist: bayer



marlborough gallery

artist: escher



The real
Segments of society tend to pursue specific *goals with narrow perspective, often putting* one on a collision course with another.

Achieving national goals requires a balanced effort. We must continue to seek new ways to reduce air and water pollution . . . raise the standard of living of men and women whose potential contribution to society is not being realized . . . and maintain a sound economy, which will be necessary to achieve environmental and social goals.

Above all, we must broaden our perspective to weigh all our goals in making decisions. For these goals are interrelated. We cannot afford to pursue any one of them at the cost of another.

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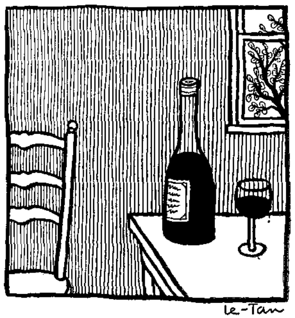
a grandiose, messianic vision of Hawaii's role in the Pacific. There is much pompous talk in Honolulu about the twenty-first century's being the century of the Pacific, with Honolulu as its nucleus. Some of Governor Burns' aides envision their state as the hub of business and banking for the countries on the perimeter of the Pacific Ocean—the Pacific Rim—within which Honolulu would become "the Geneva of the Pacific," a center for multinational corporations that would lead to the establishment of an independent Pacific Stock Exchange. In this projection, Honolulu is seen as the center of heavy investment for the whole Pacific area. Its commerce would focus on exporting skills and know-how to Pacific markets, its stock exchange would play an intermediary role between the financial markets of Tokyo, Hong Kong, Sydney, Singapore, and San Francisco. However inflated these ambitions may be, it is certain that Hawaii will continue to provide a spearhead for the United States' growing economic investments in Asia. Hawaiian businessmen have been most enterprising in exploiting the vast natural resources and the low wages of the underdeveloped countries bordering the Pacific Ocean. More than a hundred and sixty Honolulu firms already have investments in the continent of Asia and elsewhere in the Pacific. The "Pacific Rim strategy" is a popular phrase in Honolulu. It was officially enunciated by Rudolph Peterson, a former president of the Bank of Hawaii and a former director of the Dillingham Corporation, which has been one of the most aggressive of the Hawaiian firms in expanding into the Pacific. "When I speak of the Pacific Rim," Peterson said in a 1968 speech to a California businessmen's group, "I am putting the broadest possible construction on the term—the western coasts of South America and of our own continent, and extending beyond Australia and the Far East to India. There is no more vast or rich area for resource development or trade growth in the world today than this immense region, and it is virtually in our front yard. . . . Were we businessmen to play a more dramatic role in helping trade development in the Pacific Rim, we would have giant, hungry new markets for our products and vast new profit potential for our firms."

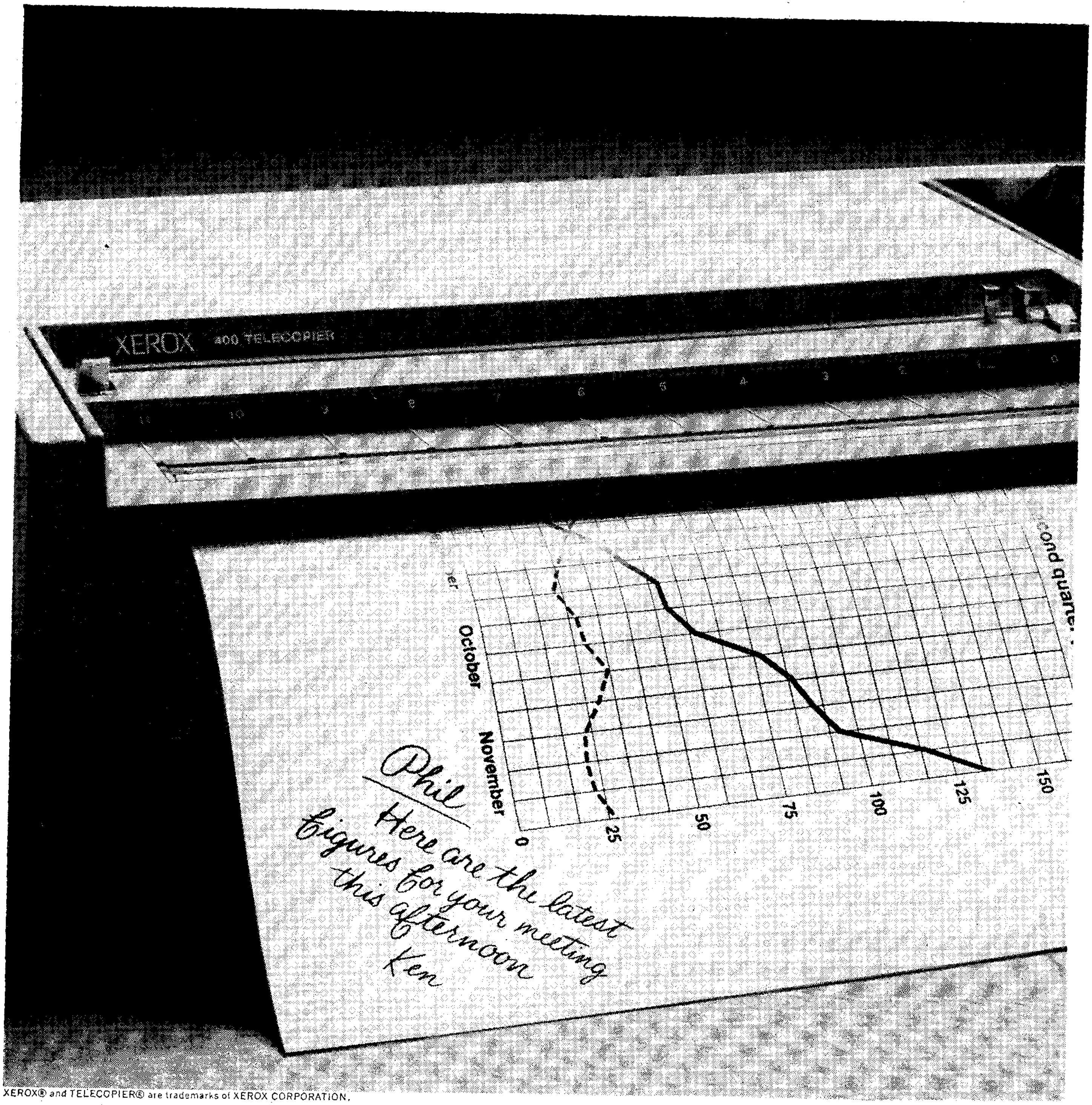
The success of Castle & Cooke and the Dillingham Corporation exemplify the potential of the Pacific Rim strategy. And Dillingham's heavy stress on military contracts typifies the close alliance of financial investment and political influence in client countries of the United States. Dillingham has a contract for a water-treatment plant in Vietnam, and has built condominiums and power plants in Korea, harbor facilities in Singapore, underwater pipelines and ship berths in Thailand. It has undertaken construction work in Guam and Micronesia, dredging operations in Colombia and Guatemala, mineral explorations in Malaysia, Thailand, and Australia, transport and construction work in Papua and Australia. In the Philippines, it has built a multi-million-dollar steel mill and the Manila Hilton Hotel. Two of its recent contracts have been for a hundred-and-forty-million-dollar naval airbase in Thailand and an equally large naval base in the Philippines.

"Follow the Hawaiian Way": A neo-colonial, Big Brother attitude toward the underdeveloped people of the Pacific has grown up among Hawaii's politicians and entrepreneurs. As Amfac begins to plan the first large resort complex in Fiji, the Fiji Tourist Bureau is modelling itself on its Hawaiian counterpart. ("One, two, three, many Waikikis" is the ironic motto used by some Hawaiians for their state's impact on other Pacific islands.) The Bank of Hawaii already operates branches in Guam, Wake, Midway, Kwajalein, Bangkok, and Micronesia. The High Commissioner of the Trust Territory of Micronesia is the former chairman of the Republican Party of Hawaii, and Micronesia's Attorney General is a Hawaiian nisei. Ramming its capital and its administrative skills into fairly primitive island societies, Hawaii is helping to spread precisely the ills with which American capitalists infected it during the past century—foreign control of industries and resources, erosion of the indigenous cultural and social fabric, overgrowth of tourism, and relegation of the local people to a servant class. The development of Micronesia and of other Pacific island groups is the story of Hawaii all over again. "The caste system is breaking down," says the manager of the Bank of Hawaii on the Micronesian island of Yap, where ancient stone money is still accepted as collateral for dollar loans. "The coming of the Coast Guard and Seabees has brought widespread venereal disease. Guam, for instance, no longer has a culture. You can no longer find an old Guamanian song or dance. We take a Guamanian, yank him out from under his coconut tree, kick him in the rear end, and put him behind a desk for twenty years so that he can retire to sit under his coconut tree. It's crazy. How can you conceivably bring an individual through a hundred years of development in ten years?"



One of the most poignant evidences of Hawaii's disruptive impact on primitive Pacific islanders has been the recent influx of some twelve thousand Samoans into the state—the largest single migratory wave of the past decade. The presence of the American military in Samoa during the Second World War created a desire for Western goods there, and the Samoans travelled to Hawaii in the hope of acquiring jobs, television sets, and cars. Uprooted from their communal tribal ways, they are frequently arrested for petit larceny in the slums of Honolulu because of their failure to comprehend Western concepts of private property, and they constitute the second-largest welfare-supported group in the state. The Polynesian Hawaiians are the largest.

ALTHOUGH it is inciting other Pacific islands to follow the Hawaiian way, Hawaii is suffering acute anxiety about the future of its own economy. This anxiety is caused by the fragile, fluctuating bases of the islands' income, which traditionally has been regulated by international decisions beyond the islanders' control. As Hawaii completes its transformation from a goods-producing economy to a service-oriented one, the threat of total dependence on the military and on the unpredictable tourist business haunts many of its leaders. In a task-force report prepared by a flock of Hawaiian dignitaries for the so-called Governor's Conference on the Year 2000, held in Honolulu in 1970, it was suggested that Hawaii's hotel business, vastly overbuilt and recently in decline, might be given new life in the next decades by being turned into a "creative-leisure industry." Adjusting their operation to the prolonged leisure predicted for the society of the future, when citizens will take vacations lasting months or years, Hawaii's hotels could become "creative-leisure complexes," staffed not by desk clerks and bellhops (whose functions would be automated) but by highly trained specialists in art, music, and psychology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recruited from the local university. Travellers would come for fun, sun, and Hawaii's unique brand of pop culture. "The industry will be a magnet for students, professionals, and government officials from all over the Pacific who will want to study it in order to build up their own industries back home," the report gushes. "Following the pattern set in Hawaii, other creative-leisure complexes will be built throughout the Pacific, forming a Pacific or worldwide integrated leisure . . . system with Hawaii as its operational headquarters." An equally sinister projection, made by Dr. James Dator, a popular futurist at the University of Hawaii, which prides itself on its "futuristics" department, was that the fiftieth state could become a center for "retraining" or "retooling" lower-middle-class American workers in preparation for the future shock of the leisure age. The lower middle class, Dr. Dator suggests, could travel to Hawaii's creative-leisure complexes to bathe away their traditional work ethic, become less heavily work-oriented, and learn to enjoy themselves in the playland of the twenty-first century.

Another prediction for the year 2000 was that Hawaii could stabilize its economy by becoming a center for such "clean" industries as large insurance companies, or legal firms specializing in multinational law, or research-and-development industries of the kind that cluster around the Boston or Palo Alto areas. And still another futuristic projection—the most ominous of all—is a vast Pacific Educational Community, which would ultimately extend Hawaii's state-community-college system to Samoa, Guam, Micronesia, and other islands in Polynesia and Melanesia. In this scenario, based on economic anguish but pregnant with cultural imperialism, education would become Hawaii's major crop. Such an educational system would eventually include a satellite transpacific educational network, based in Honolulu, which would provide multichannel audio-visual communication to all major educational centers throughout the Pacific basin. The network would enable telerama sets, equipped with self-contained satellite receivers and computer units and each accompanied by a technician, to be flown to the most isolated island communities. "The portable telerama-computer unit and technician," the Year 2000 report stated in total earnestness, "may replace the hard-pressed and fast-disappearing missionary." Thus, in a sublime bout of electronic messianism, Hawaii proposes to spread the American gospel to the Pacific's most isolated atolls. With its tentacles reaching into the vast Pacific Third World that is beginning to awaken to self-determination, Hawaii could become a very efficient bastion of intellectual and political counterinsurgency for the United States. In fact, a climate of counterinsurgency and colonialism has already prevailed for a decade at the University of Hawaii's East-West Center, which is funded by the State Department and was inaugurated with great fanfare in 1961 by Lyndon B. Johnson.

It is ironic that Hawaii, which in the economic sense remains very much a colony of the United States, should have such grandiose colonial aspirations of its own. As a way of consoling themselves for their extreme isolation, the people of Hawaii have often fancied themselves to be the center of the Pacific community. The ambitions of Hawaii's élite are as vast and romantic as those of King Kalakaua, one of the islands' last monarchs, who in the late nineteenth century dreamed of a Pan-Pacific community with Honolulu at its center. They are also probably as unrealistic. For it seems quite possible that Hawaii's tourist haven will soon be bypassed by Americans and Japanese seeking bra-less natives and more genuine South Seas oblivion in less spoiled Pacific islands. Even Fiji is a more likely location for multinational corporations than Hawaii, because of its greater proximity to Pacific markets and its lower cost of living. And Hawaii's hedonistic climate is hardly suited to the think-tank industries, which have traditionally clustered near great universities, like Harvard, M.I.T., and the University of California at Berkeley. The creation of similar institutions is a remote eventuality for Hawaii, which still basks in the eighteenth-century notion that Pacific islands are blessed because they enable man and nature to achieve a perfect balance in the absence of civilization.

Alongside the aggressively expansionist attitude of the islands' new élite there remains among much of the white aristocracy a great nostalgia for the quiet insularism of the old Hawaii. It is apt to express itself in the most outlandish forms of paternalism. An official of the Campbell Estates, a real-estate trust that is the seventh-largest private landowner in the islands, was recently asked what he missed most about the good old days. "Well, in the old times we used to put a bottle of whiskey out on the windowsill and the Hawaiians would serenade us well into

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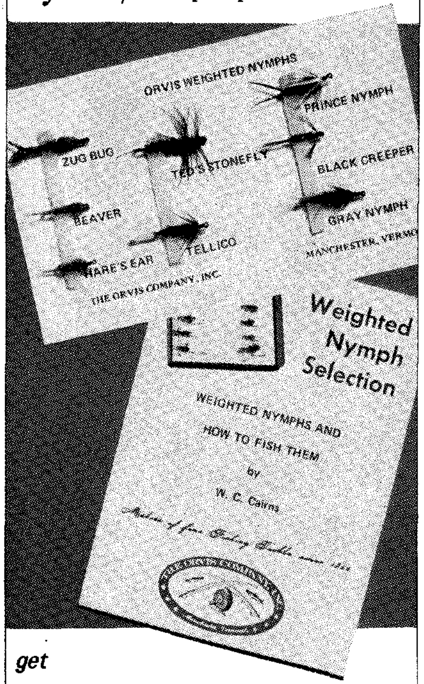

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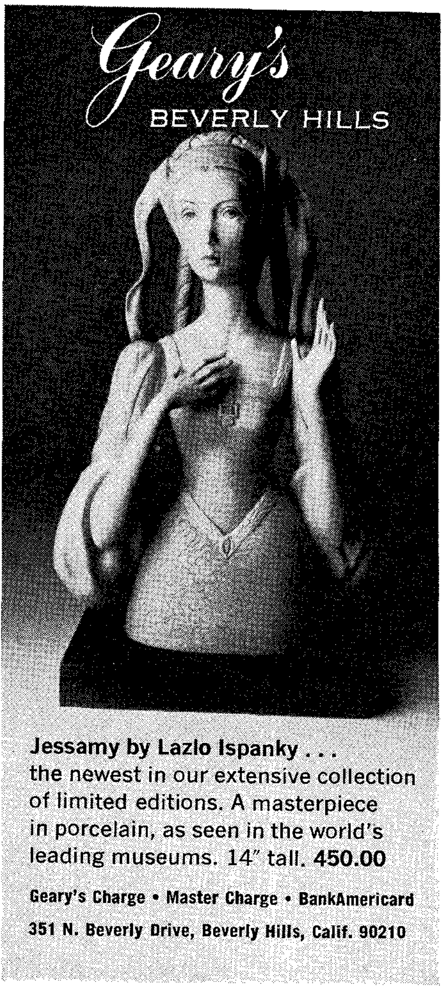
the night," he answered dreamily. "Those good times are gone."

IN 1931, Thalia Massie, the wife of an American naval officer, alleged that she had been attacked and raped near Ala Moana Road, outside Waikiki, by five local youths of dark skin. The young men—two Japanese, two Hawaiians, and a Chinese Hawaiian—were apprehended and tried but were not convicted; the jury, which was also racially mixed, could not agree on a verdict. Although the testimony of Mrs. Massie was confused and vague, a large segment of Hawaii's haole population was persuaded that the five young men were guilty. The case came to have enormous racist overtones. The Honolulu *Advertiser* called them "fiends" who had kidnapped and maltreated "a white woman of refinement and culture." Many of Hawaii's whites were pleased when Thalia Massie's husband, in the company of her mother and of two young American sailors, kidnapped and murdered one of the young Hawaiians while the youths were waiting for a new trial. In spite of an eloquent defense by Clarence Darrow, Lieutenant Massie and his accomplices were found guilty of manslaughter, and were sentenced to ten years at hard labor. But they never went to jail. A few minutes after being sentenced, they walked across the street to the offices of the governor of the territory, Lawrence Judd. There, under the pressure of the U.S. Navy's Pearl Harbor Command, Governor Judd commuted the sentences to one hour, which the murderers served pleasantly in the custody of the high sheriff. The Massie case has remained a symbol of the deep-seated racial tensions that exist in Hawaii's much touted melting pot, and of the profound alienation between the islands' civilian and military populations.

A prediction made in 1893 by the naval historian Alfred T. Mahan that Hawaii would serve as "the Gibraltar of the Pacific" had come spectacularly true. Oahu's Schofield Barracks was already the biggest United States Army post, in the years of disarmament between the two world wars, when some fifteen to twenty thousand men remained stationed in Hawaii. In 1941, the Japanese confirmed Hawaii's strategic importance when they made the destruction of Pearl Harbor their first objective. In the succeeding years, Hawaii became the staging area for all United States operations in the Pacific; more than half a million soldiers were billeted there at the war's height. After the fall



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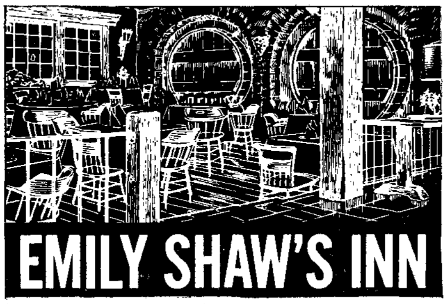

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of China and the onset of the Cold War, Hawaii grew to be the Pentagon of the Pacific as well as its Gibraltar. Defense expenditures in Hawaii doubled between 1950 and 1956, vastly exceeding the islands' income from sugar and pineapple exports, and became the No. 1 item in its economy. In 1957, all Pacific armed forces were placed under one centralized command, CINCPAC (Commander-in-Chief, Pacific), which is based a few miles outside Honolulu, and which became the largest military command in the world, covering forty per cent of the planet's surface. It was at CINCPAC that several of the contingency plans for Vietnam disclosed by the Pentagon Papers were formulated. Having further increased in numbers since the beginning of the Vietnam war, the United States military today controls more than a quarter of the usable land on the island of Oahu and employs a greater proportion of civilians (some eight per cent) than any other state in the Union.

One of the state's eight major islands, Kahoolawe, which was once arable and inhabited, is now a wasteland used exclusively for military bombing practice. Another brutal consequence of the military presence, which is almost totally concentrated on overcrowded Oahu, is its impact on housing. More than one-sixth of Oahu's population—some one hundred thousand out of a census of some six hundred and thirty thousand—consists of military personnel and their dependents. In 1969, only two-thirds of them were provided with military housing. The rest competed with Hawaii's low-income residents for public housing and rent subsidies. It is a source of great bitterness to the landless islanders that in some years a third of the recipients of aid under the Hawaiian State Rent Program have been mainland servicemen, while many local families have been left unprovided for. It is also a source of unease that the number of military personnel in Hawaii is predicted to grow in the next few years as troops are withdrawn from Okinawa, Vietnam, and Korea. For if the United States defense perimeter is pulled back from Asia, the fiftieth state may become an even more crucial forward post than it is now. As inevitable fallback points from Asian bases, Hawaii and Micronesia will be on the front line of defense, bastions of increased importance.

The enormous military presence in Hawaii is made all the more disturbing by the fact that it is barely visible. Because of the traditional tensions sym-

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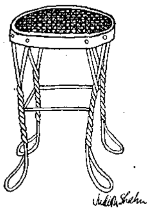
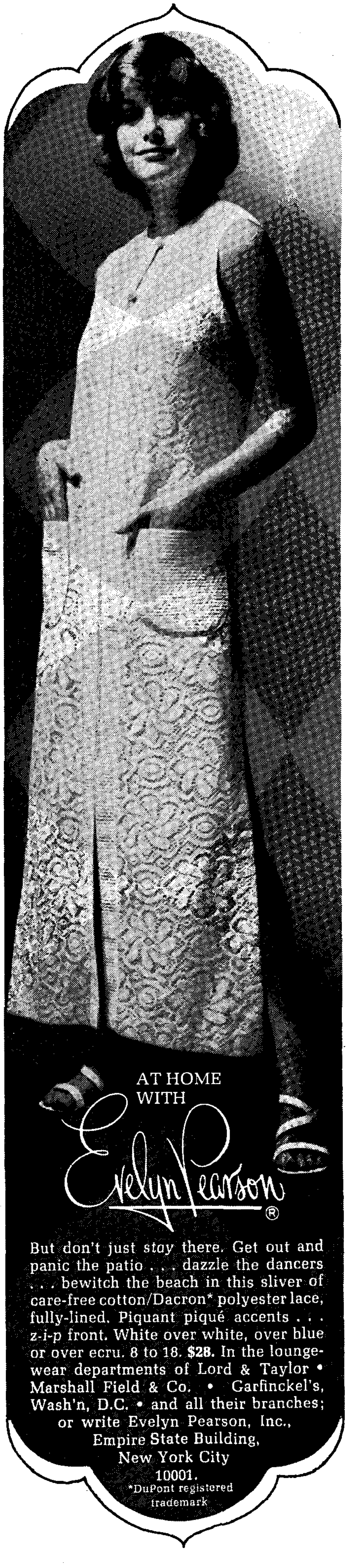
bolized by the Massie case and by such island institutions as the Kill a Haole Day pranks, in which high-school gangs beat up American servicemen, G.I.s have been under orders since a directive issued by Eisenhower never to leave base in uniform. Snubbed by the clannish haole élite, they live in Hawaii in enormous military ghettos, playing golf at military country clubs, swimming at military beaches, buying their food at the PXs, sending their children to schools on base. Wandering through the honky-tonk section of Waikiki with their wives and children, they are indistinguishable from the crewcut transients in pineapple-print shorts who have come to the islands on holiday. "The military in our state," a young Hawaiian remarks, "is like the green slime in some science-fiction movie."

NO state more clearly exemplifies the gigantic stranglehold of the military upon American society than Hawaii. Yet in few states is the consciousness of military domination less developed. Agitation against the military in Hawaii is restricted to a small, fervent group of young radicals. For there is a deep ambivalence in the islanders' feelings. The military are snubbed by most, hated by some. But they are often one's employers, and are largely responsible for the enormous economic boom Hawaii has enjoyed for the last two decades. It is perhaps because of this ambivalence that the outstanding political issues in the state never focus on the military presence but lean instead on the problems of ecology, tourism, and uncurbed growth. In the thirteen years since statehood, Hawaii's population has increased by a hundred and thirty-seven thousand, and construction in the islands has nearly trebled. As for Honolulu, its population has grown more rapidly in the past fifty years than that of any other city in the nation with the exception of Miami, quadrupling since the First World War. The population density of Oahu is now greater than that of Japan. The number of tourists is predicted to rise to two million in 1972 if it continues to grow at its present rate. The numerous mainland firms developing the islands, and the eight major airline companies that serve Hawaii, recruit most of their executives from the mainland, and are in part responsible for the enormous flow of immigration to the islands. Hawaii's boom, though momentarily pausing, has brought some benefits—the lowest unemployment rate in the nation, and an enormous increase in personal income. It has also brought the nation's most severe housing shortage, huge increases in land prices, growing environmental pollution, and the highest cost of living next to Alaska's. Housing prices have soared to forty per cent above the mainland average, and food prices to twenty per cent. Even a tin of Dole pineapple—grown and canned in the islands—costs a few cents more in Hawaii than it does on the mainland, which provides Hawaii with most of its fresh produce. There is some agitation on the part of the more progressive islanders to increase vegetable- and fruit-growing in the state. But the stranglehold of the big corporations on the islands' scarce arable land—originated by the early concentration of land into vast sugar plantations—forbids any sizable diversification of crops. Such gigantic landowners as Amfac and the Bishop Estate inevitably profit more by encouraging the building of resort or residential complexes on their terrain, contributing to the increasing ravage of one of the world's most beautiful landscapes.



The rape of any paradise is a melancholy prospect, and Hawaii still offers some of the most paradisical scenery on earth. The dormant volcano Haleakala, on the island of Maui, is a majestic bowl of copper, black, and purple volcanic matter, punctuated by monumental cinder cones. Traversed by swaths of clouds that alternate swiftly with a blinding sapphire sky, the crater's sombre surface is speckled, in summer, with the gigantic violet flowers of the rare silversword plant. Larger than Manhattan Island, lying in awesome stillness ten thousand feet above sea level, its air made dizzying by altitude, Haleakala crater was a pilgrimage place for the ancient Hawaiians, a site for meditation and revelation. It retains the magic and sublime aura of the world's great sacred spaces: Delphi, Olympia, Chichén Itzá. Descending from Haleakala, one crosses stands of the now rare, red-berried sandalwood tree, forests of pine and eucalyptus, vast grassy pasturelands, sienna-red pineapple fields pierced with the matte bluish spikes of the growing fruit.

Hawaii's scenery is as varied as it is majestic. On the southeast of Maui, in valleys of the Hana coast surmounted by tropical rain forests, emerald expanses of taro fields alternate in checker pattern with glistening paddy fields. Soaring waterfalls proliferate in these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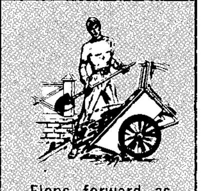
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islands cleft by volcanic eruptions. Some are narrow, diaphanous, feminine effervescences of spume; others are broad and vigorously masculine torrents bounding out of dark ravines of black rock. They cascade into pools fringed with gigantic ferns, wild lantana, bamboo, mango, banana, pandanus, avocado, and breadfruit trees, their vapor creating innumerable rainbows in air redolent with ginger and frangipani.

The island of Hawaii is still being created by the eruptions of Kilauea crater. The volcano erupts every few years, forging new coastlines, cloaking the island with miles of lava that solidifies into a brilliant, brittle crust of metallic blue-black hue. At Kilauea, there are chains of bubbling, hissing craters exhaling clouds of sulphur—vast Dantesque landscapes streaked with the vapors of the earth's belly. Walking through Hawaii's volcanic areas, one is thrust back to the world's beginnings: lichens, mosses, tree ferns—the planet's earliest vegetation—sprout from fields of lava barely cool to the touch and still pierced by vents of sizzling steam. From the edge of the volcano, fields of papaya trees and orchid-infested ferns stretch out to beaches of onyx-black volcanic sand fringed by treacherous, white-crested emerald surf. In addition to its variety and majesty, the landscape of the island of Hawaii is the richest in historical memories. On its northeast coast, near the tender green, cliff-surmounted Waipio Valley, one can see waves breaking on the beaches where the great King Kamehameha I is said to have surfed as a child. To the west, on the hot and dry Kona coast, groves of fragrant, crimson-berried coffee trees stretch down to the cobalt bay where Captain Cook was killed—and where the native boy Opukahaia swam out to sea to begin his fateful Christian education on a New England ship. On the dusty plateau in the center of the island, under the snow-covered peak of Mauna Kea, cattle graze the pastures of the hundred-and-eighty-six-thousand-acre Parker Ranch, the second-largest cattle ranch in the United States, its lands originally granted by Kamehameha to one of his Caucasian advisers.

On Kauai, the so-called garden island, the tall cane fields are as vast as inland seas. On its roadless northern coast, there are thousand-foot-high amethyst cliffs plummeting down to a sapphire ocean, cobalt cliffs plunging to viridian bays. The palm-fringed white sand beaches of Kauai's Hanalei coast are so paradisical that they were chosen

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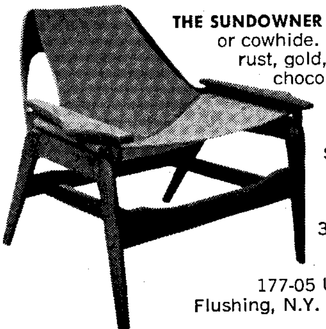

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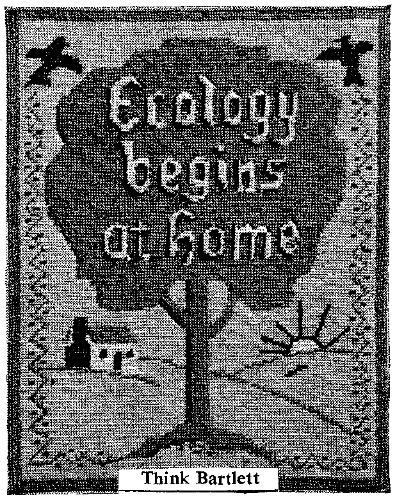

Think Bartlett

for the site of the movie version of "South Pacific." The three-thousand-foot-deep Waimea Canyon, which changes from russet to violet according to the whims of the capricious Hawaiian sky, is fringed by groves of the scarlet-spiked lehua tree, sacred to Pele, goddess of volcanoes—a tree that many people of Hawaiian blood still dare not touch.

In its natural state, the landscape of Oahu—the island on which Honolulu is situated—is as superb as that of any of the outer islands: a precipitously steep terrain, whose lush, mist-swathed mountains recall Chinese landscape paintings of the Sung Dynasty. And even the combined efforts of Western and Eastern man have not spoiled it altogether. The city of Honolulu is glimmering with newness, its modern buildings standing like gigantic loaves of white sugar by the Pacific Ocean. Honolulu is still relatively free of smog and traffic, and has a grace and ease of living not equalled in any other large American city. Its more pleasant areas are interspersed with tropical parks, laced with scents of tropical flowers and Oriental cooking; its wide and clean streets are filled with individuals of a dozen mixed races of great physical beauty. Children attend school in bare feet, and, except in the homes of the more conservative white élite, visitors shed their shoes at their host's doorstep, as in Japan. Separated from downtown by brief suburbs in the Tokyo-Mamaroneck style, the rain forest is ten minutes from the city's core, shimmering with rubber and monkeypod trees choked with giant philodendron vines, redolent of eucalyptus and guava. It is a city in which tension and bitterness are assuaged by Oriental courtesy and hidden by a floral curtain. Blankets of bougainvillaea and hibiscus shield the poverty of the Polynesian Hawaiians' ghettos at the city's edges. A float of the Washington, D.C., Capitol made entirely of white chrysanthemums flanks platoons of parading Marines at the yearly Aloha Week parade. Political candidates campaign in garlands of jasmine and carnations. And some former militants of Hawaii's labor movement—polite nisei who were the nucleus of the islands' Communist Party—have retired to run flower shops in Waikiki.

And yet one is seeing the waning of a dream, the increasing threat to paradise. Some of Oahu's scenery has become a nightmare of every institution the mainlander would come to Hawaii to avoid—sprawling concrete shopping centers, fried-chicken stands, hot-dog

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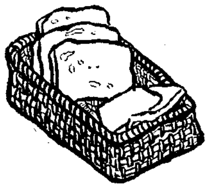
and hamburger palaces, drive-in theatres, automobile dumps, heaps of refuse washed up on beaches, foully polluted streams and shores. Forests of condominiums—mostly housing mainland executives and retired military—obstruct the view of Diamond Head from many areas of Honolulu. The greed of both local and mainland developers is at fault for the growing urban sprawl, with mainlanders bearing most of the responsibility. The outer islands, until recently in a virgin state, are not exempt from the rape tactics of entrepreneurs. On the big island of Hawaii, the Rockefeller-owned Olohana Corporation is developing four thousand acres of land, with long-term options on an additional twelve thousand, into a resort-residential complex. Some miles down the coast is the thirty-one-thousand-acre resort being developed by another mainland firm, Boise Cascade. The Signal Oil and Gas Company has leased eighteen thousand acres of big-island land from the Bishop Estate for another resort, and has options to buy thirty-six thousand additional acres from the Parker Ranch. On Maui, beach resorts are being built by the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company. And on Kauai still another mainland firm, the Eagle County Development Corporation, has started to develop eleven thousand acres as a "total resort community." Like the other enterprises, it will be a complex of hotels, shopping centers, and condominium apartments planned as vacation homes for wealthy mainlanders.

Although much of the mainland capital is going to the neighbor islands because of their cheaper acreage, Oahu continues to be developed by mainland firms, notwithstanding the exorbitant price of its land. Connecticut General Insurance Corporation is one of the partners in building twin forty-story residential towers a few blocks away from the huge Ala Moana shopping center. The Del E. Webb Corporation and the Prudential Insurance Company of America are developing a resort area on Oahu's north shore—one of the few unspoiled stretches of the island. Honolulu's monstrous new Ala Moana Hotel is a joint venture of American Airlines and the Dillingham Corporation. (Dillingham's sky-blue construction cranes are referred to as "the state bird of Hawaii.") The new Waikiki Beachcomber Hotel was built by United Airlines and Amfac. An estimated forty-five out of every one hundred dollars earned by Hawaii's tourist industry goes back to the mainland. Thus, Hawaii reaps all the disadvantages of statehood and pitifully few of its benefits. Ever since Captain Cook's time, the Hawaiian Islands have been singularly vulnerable to outside forces and incapable of combatting their disastrous effects.



SHOULD Hawaii continue its current rate of expansion and become a society increasingly dependent on decisions made on the mainland? Or should tourism be curbed, immigration limited, and more effective control established? An increasing number of islanders have lately been voicing the second opinion. Their fears center on the growth of pollution, which has greater political repercussions in Hawaii than in any other state. In March of 1971, the publication of a report on pollution in Hawaii compiled by one of Nader's Raiders made headlines in Honolulu's papers nearly as large as those following the Sunday of Pearl Harbor. The report pointed out that most of the untreated sewage of Honolulu was being dumped into the Pacific less than four miles from Waikiki Beach, spewing forth at the rate of some fifty-five million gallons a day. Its blunt but accurate conclusion was that Waikiki, where swimmers have been catching an increasing number of staphylococcus infections in the past year, is not safe anymore. The only item of the report that pleased Hawaii's environmentalists was its prediction that fewer and fewer tourists will desire to return to Hawaii. According to the report, visitors complained of the islands' overcommercialization and overcrowding and their outlandish cost of living. The state's tourist industry threatens to kill itself by its own growth, like some culture in a microbial jar. And Hawaii's hotel complexes, planned with thoughtless optimism—"a monument to stupidity," as one nisei state legislator calls them—are proving to be an extremely unstable part of the Hawaiian economy. Owing in part to tenuous financial conditions on the mainland, only a little more than sixty per cent of Hawaii's hotel rooms were filled in 1971. The state's tourist industry would have foundered if it had not had the support of the military's Rest and Recuperation program, which is decreasing in scale with the withdrawal of troops from Vietnam. It is currently being rescued by the increasing influx of Japanese tourists—some two hundred and seventy thousand are predicted for 1972 alone—who politely flock to Hawaii to

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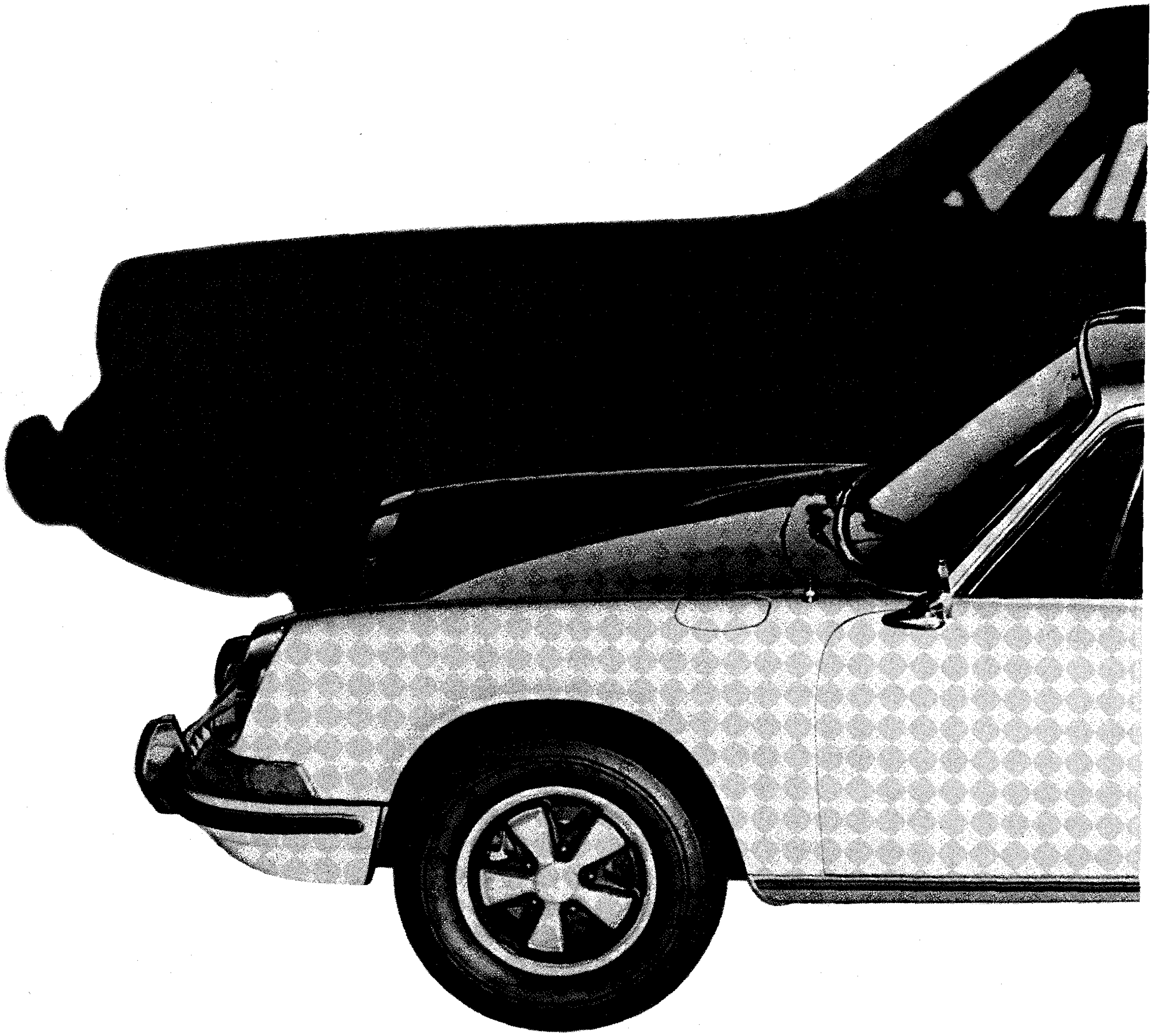

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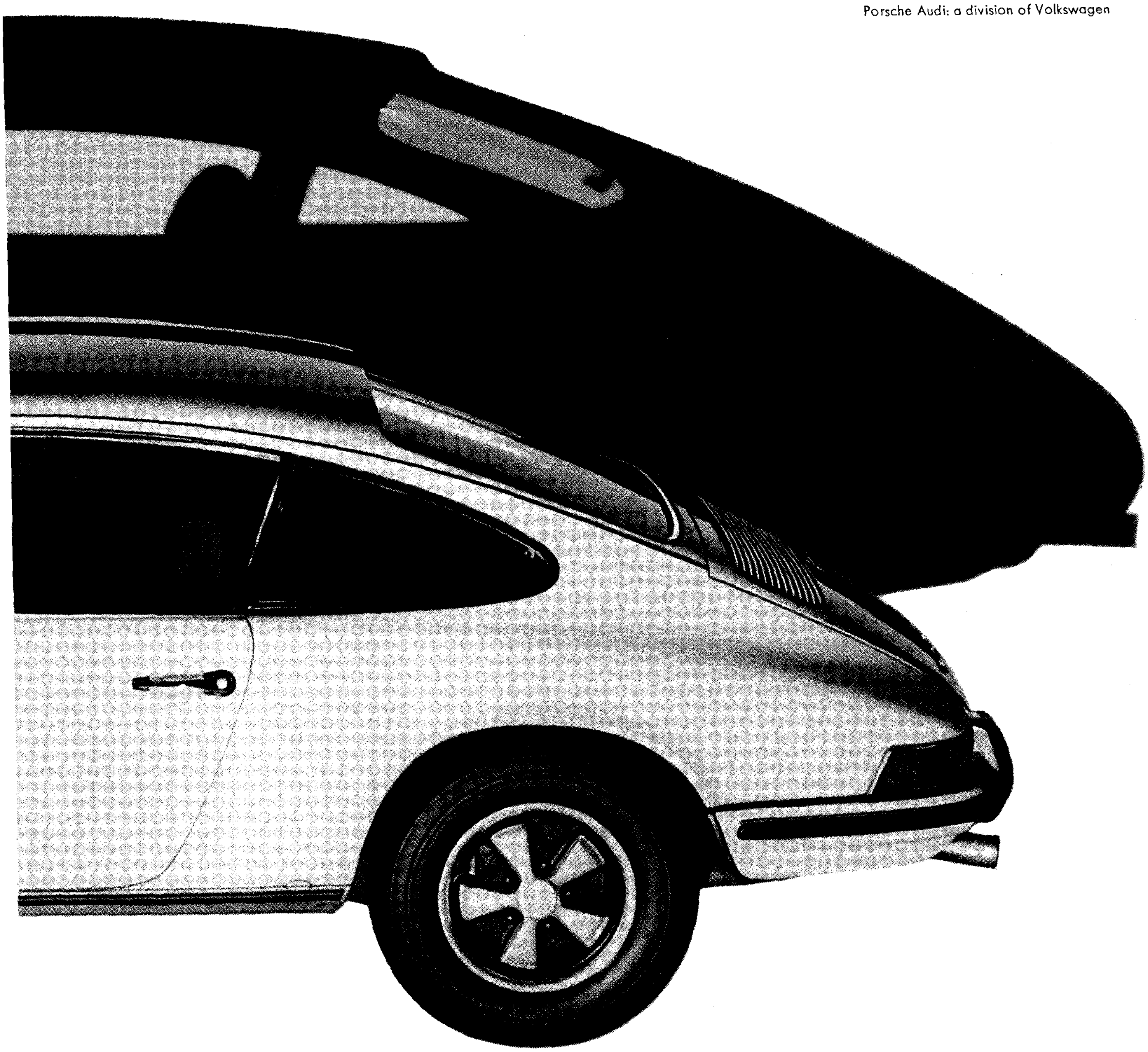

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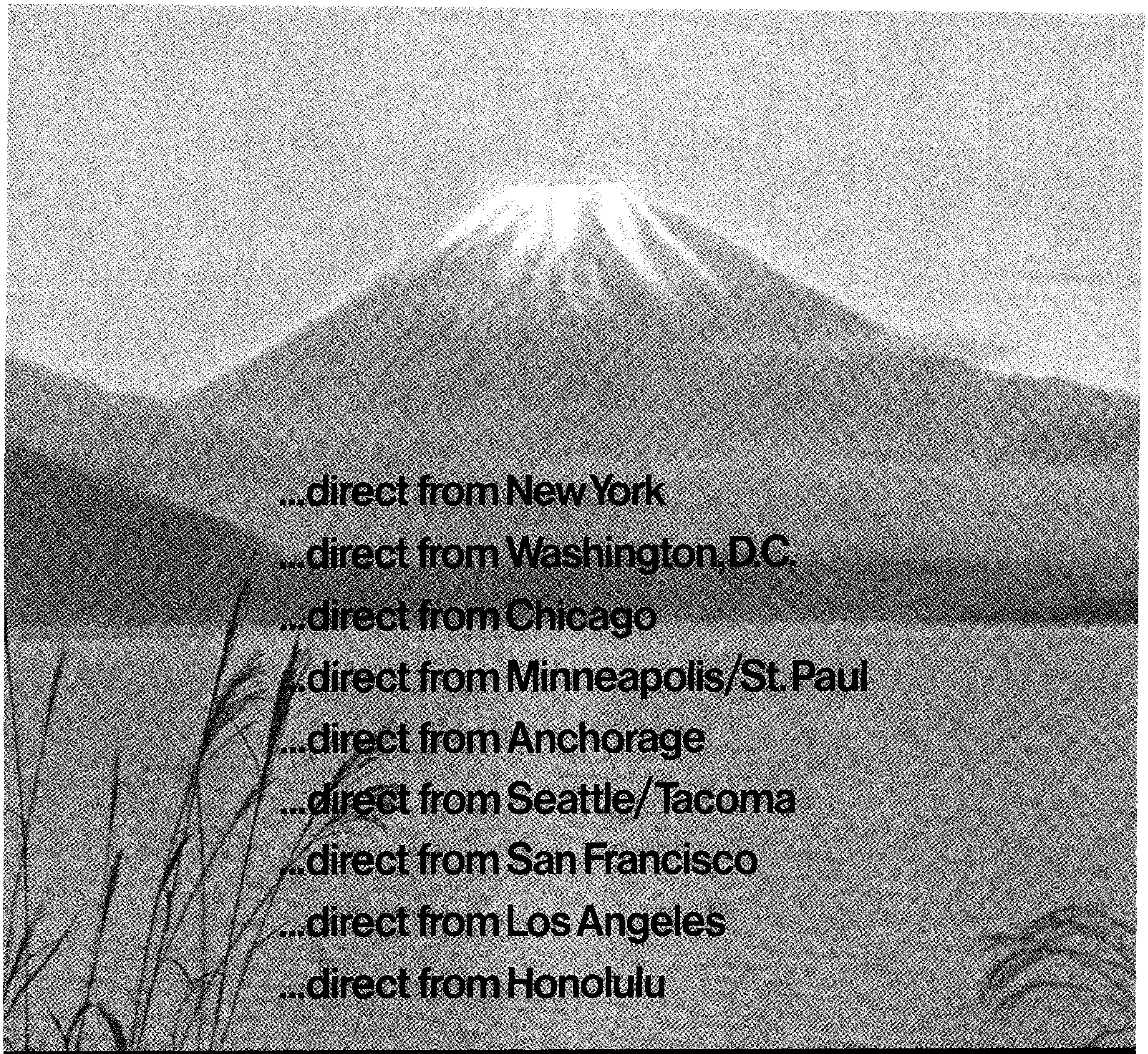
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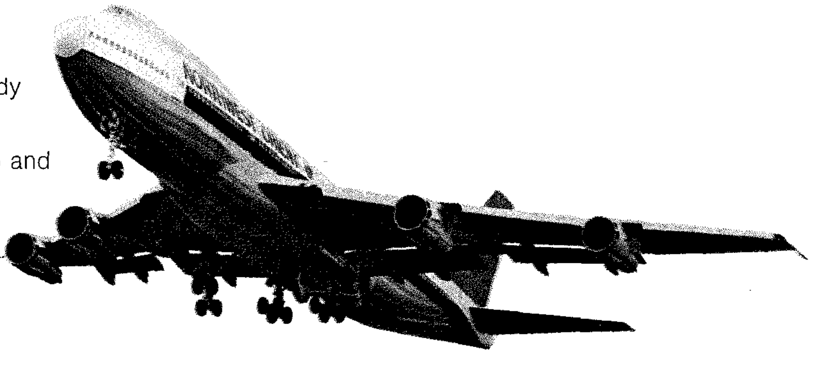

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sit on its beaches and reverently take pictures of Pearl Harbor.

In the past year, a strong desire to restrict mainland encroachment has spread through all levels of Hawaiian society. Though not taken as a serious possibility, the radical motion for secession passed by Hawaii's Youth Congress has become a euphoric fantasy for some of the state's most conservative citizens, and the motto "Don't Visit Hawaii" is widely taken to heart.

"If I were running for governor," says Allen C. Wilcox, Jr., the aristocratic, part-Hawaiian president of the Big Five firm of Alexander & Baldwin, "I'd have it as a plank in my platform to send everyone back who hasn't been here for fifteen years."

"If someone doesn't stop the military from retiring in Hawaii," grumbles a University of Hawaii historian, "in twenty years half of the state's population will be living in condominiums, with German shepherds and armed guards in the foyer."

"It's impossible in a democracy," says Atherton Richards, a former president of Dole Company and one of the doyens of Honolulu society, "to get those proper laws on restriction of tourism that you could have carried out in an oligarchy."

"Each time a tourist gets in my cab and says, 'Aloha,' " a Waikiki cab-driver roars, "I turn around and say, 'And the hell with you, too.' "

Even the task-force report on Governor Burns' Conference on the Year 2000 ended with a wishful prediction that the United States Congress might someday grant Hawaii special status as an "international state," with extra-Constitutional privileges. The new resentment toward tourists and immigrants was also expressed by an extremely select group of Honolulu society women who, upon being read the students' motion for secession, exclaimed, "Secede, secede, it's the only answer!" They included a daughter-in-law of a former Republican governor, and the wife of an executive of the Dillingham Corporation. Over lunch at the Hilton, they discussed the delights of immigration quotas and limited tourist visas which secession would provide.

HAWAII'S radical young nationalist movement, which began in the summer of 1970, exhibits a strident, exaggerated version of a concern expressed by Hawaiians of all ages and ideologies. The movement is based not only upon a powerful new sense of cultural identity and of economic deprivation but also upon a grave ecological anxiety that may be typical of threatened islanders. In few places has the American ideal of unlimited growth, of an endlessly receding frontier, wrought more havoc than in Hawaii's narrow ecosystem. And the harm brought to these exquisitely beautiful islands is not likely to be stopped unless drastic measures are taken—immigration laws and state energy-level legislation, or county laws designed to limit and qualify speculative development such as the one engineered by the remarkable young mayor of the island of Hawaii, Shunichi Kimura. After two decades of urbanization and internationalization, Hawaiians are entering a renewed cycle of insularism, guardedness, and hostility toward the outside world. The Aloha Spirit is facing extinction. It had been, in good part, an invention of the tourist trade, as false as its distortion of the complex Hawaiian character, which is mercurially intelligent and humorous—but also proud, aloof, circuitous, and brooding.

The ecological obsessions that suffuse our fiftieth state have been called a case of "rock fever"—the term that describes the claustrophobic anxiety some islanders suffer from being bounded by water. Obsessed by the fragile metabolism of island resources, Hawaii's ecologists readily accept Paul Ehrlich's population-bomb theories, and their pessimism can become apocalyptic. Dr. Jan Newhouse, a popular professor of general science at the University of Hawaii, starts taking his daily five-grain dosage of Valium at seven in the morning to allay his anxiety that the world, and most particularly Hawaii, will not make it to 1980. He foresees a worldwide famine in several years, which will be accompanied by severe repressive measures that will turn the world into an armed camp. Newhouse, to insure his own survival, plans eventually to leave for an island in the Pacific—he will not disclose which—where he has bought some meadowland. He has assembled an extensive survival kit that includes essential medicines, birth-control devices, and rudimentary tools. Newhouse and his wife have electively had their appendixes and gall bladders removed and all their teeth pulled, in order to prevent future need for such basic medical services. Newhouse is one of nine teaching fellows in science at the University of Hawaii who researched the problems of Hawaii's survival in the light of its fast-growing population. According to him, in the

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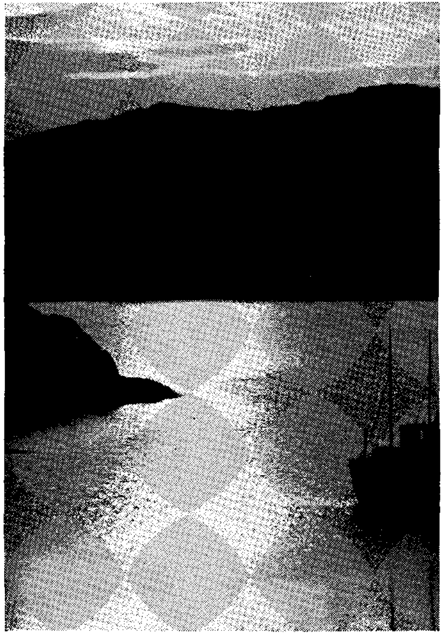

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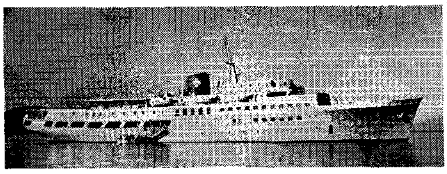

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course of their research eight of the nine scientists grew to need psychiatric care. The ninth, who resisted therapy, drove his car to the top of Mount Tantalus and smashed it to pieces with a sledgehammer. Their anxiety was caused by their conclusion that Hawaii was the very worst place to live in the light of the general ecological crisis. "There are three kinds of societies which have the best chance of survival," Newhouse explains. "Agrarian societies, those with low population densities, and those least dependent on the outside. Hawaii is devoid of all these qualifications. The food supply on this island is limited to about two weeks." Newhouse compares Hawaii's acute ecological anxiety to the adrenaline pumped into an animal by extreme surprise. "It would be hard to find any place on the planet that has changed faster in twenty years. Any organism is put into a state of shock by that rapid a change."

However legitimate, the environmental issue sadly obscures most other national and international problems in a society in which racial resentment is of a covert variety; in which the poverty of such underprivileged groups as the Polynesian Hawaiians is masked or assuaged by good climate and the availability of the sea; and to which the Vietnam war, though twice closer than it is to the mainland, has brought unprecedented prosperity. An AWOL soldier who had deserted from the Army's Rest and Recuperation center met for two nights in a row with several dozen intellectuals who were among the most progressive in the state. He announced his deserter's status in the middle of a heated debate on environmental control and Hawaii's ecological crisis. After his talk, the group, which had been assembled to "do something" about the Vietnam war, immediately resumed its discussion of how to preserve Hawaii's scenic splendor. There was neither anger nor sympathy for the deserter's plight—nothing but a flat uninterestedness, a combination of tolerance and apathy endemic to this most amiable and complacent state of the Union. "I might as well have announced to an audience in Idaho," the deserter said, "that I had received a Good Conduct Medal."

Only in Hawaii could a protest group be called Save Our Surf. ("S.O.S." is a bumper sticker frequently seen on Hawaiian cars.) It is led by a Marxist-oriented surfer and body cultist, John Kelly, who has agitated for years with admirable stamina against the gradual closing off of public beaches by hotels and residential complexes. A demonstration of hundreds of barefoot, bikini-clad S.O.S. members at the state legislature, holding surfboards under their arms, is a totally normal occurrence in Honolulu. Kelly has put together a slide show, which he has shown to tens of thousands of Hawaiian residents, and which simplistically but triumphantly links the closing of beaches to capitalistic entrepreneurism, to the pollution caused by uncurbed profit-making, to the imperialistic suppression of Polynesian culture, and to the Vietnam war. "Who do our beaches belong to?" John Kelly asks his acolytes after his slide show. "The people!" roars the extremely young audience (the median age of Hawaiian surfers is eighteen). "Who does the surf belong to?" "The people!" they roar again, as in a tribal catechism. And one out of eighty of them, if Kelly succeeds, might go on to picket against the Vietnam war. Issues of beach and surf, Kelly has found, might be the best way to politicize a society that, until the advent of a very grave threat, will remain profoundly hedonistic and provincial, an autistic Eden, a plastic paradise in which the militarism and racism of the American empire are cloaked by a deceptive veil of sunshine and flowers.

ON a sunny, hot afternoon in the winter of 1970, a tiny group of Hawaiian nationalists—some twenty of them—were picketing the state legislature in Honolulu to ask for more land for the Polynesians of Hawaii. Specifically, they were protesting the "rip-off" of Kalama Valley, one of the few places left on Oahu's south shore where Hawaiians could still make their living as small farmers, raising pigs, sheep, or vegetables on small plots of leased land. Kalama Valley belongs to the Bishop Estate. It was being cleared to make way for a new thirty-thousand-person housing development that, as the protesters stressed, would only serve the growing numbers of upper-income mainlanders settling in Honolulu. A few families had already been evicted from their homes in the valley. And the Bishop Estate, whose revenues had been willed to the well-being of the Hawaiian people, was threatening to bulldoze the homes of the remaining families. The protesters, who called themselves Kokua Kalama ("*kokua*" means "help"), had come to the legislature to see Governor Burns and ask for a moratorium on the housing development. They car-

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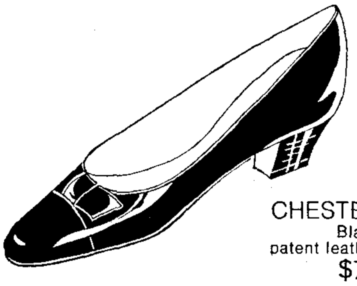

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ried signs that said "*Imua*" ("Forward"), "Hawaii for Hawaiians," and "Where Have All Our People Gone?"

The protesters received the same response they had received during their few previous demonstrations. John Burns was busy, or away, and one of his aides, a polite nisei in a bright floral shirt, came down to say that the Governor could not receive them. As the group disbanded, its oldest member, a resident of Kalama Valley, clenched his fist and muttered, "*Imua Kamehameha!*" One of his young fellow-protesters, Kalani Ohelo, angrily shook the old Hawaiian's shoulder and retorted, "No! Not Kamehameha! *Imua Liliuokalani!*"

The response was symbolic of the shift of consciousness that was making the new Hawaiian nationalism possible. The adulation of the demigod King Kamehameha, whose burial place remains unknown, was eroding. Kamehameha, to many young radicals of Kalani Ohelo's generation, was symbolic of the chiefly caste of ancient Hawaii that had been responsible for the white man's takeover. And Queen Liliuokalani, who had drafted a constitution that would have restricted the vote to the Polynesian Hawaiians, was symbolic of her people's attempt to regain the islands. "Kamehameha, much honored by statues and holidays nowadays," Kalani Ohelo has written in an issue of the nationalist paper, the *Hawaii Free People's Press*, "wasn't really fighting for the people. He was fighting the people for his own greed, so that he could rule Hawaii and make all of it his own domain, giving spoils to his 'haole' military advisers. . . . This unifying of rule later made it easier for land to be taken away from Hawaiians by phony 'maheles' [divisions of land], and eventually for the whole kingdom to be stolen by foreigners."

There was an instinctive historical revisionism in Kalani Ohelo's words, as there is in the rhetoric of many other nationalist movements throughout the world. But what was unique about the Polynesian Hawaiians' movement was that for the first time they were ceasing to blame the white man or the Orientals for their fate, as they had for the past century and a half. They were putting the blame squarely on the shoulders of their own ruling class. "It is our own chiefs who sold us down the river." "The Maori chiefs stayed sober and fought back against the whites, and their people kept their lands." These are some of the comments frequently heard from the new nationalists. By

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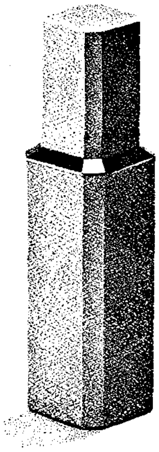

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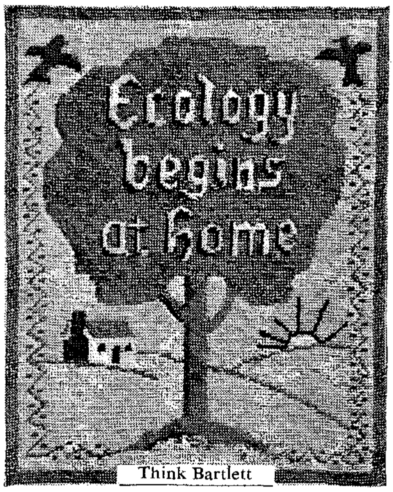

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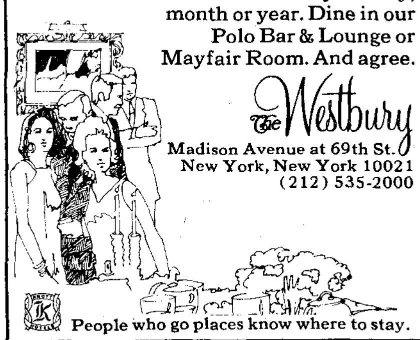
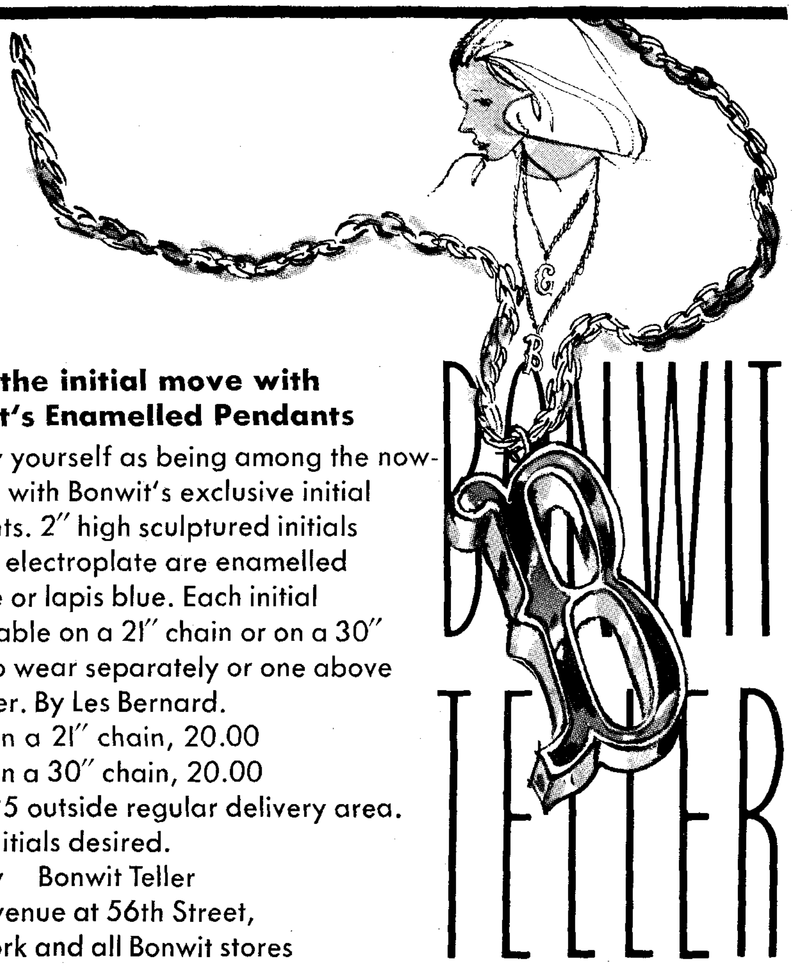


ceasing to adulate their traditional chiefs and heroes, by undertaking a class analysis for the first time, these young islanders were putting an end to the docile feudalism of their minds. In a sense, they were completing the abolition of the *kapu* (taboo) and caste system that had been only half abolished in 1819. And by focussing on Hawaii's severe land problems the new nationalists were making an important Third World analysis of the state's power structure. Hawaii is a society made extremely deceptive by the superficial racial equality and relative power of some non-white groups—the wealthy Chinese, the politically dominant Japanese. But even such Oriental magnates as Senator Hiram Fong and the real-estate entrepreneur Chinn Ho are no more than middlemen playing a colonial role for the white élite. Composed of a handful of corporations and trusts, it is the white élite that continues to have a monopoly on the state's land—and therefore on its true source of wealth and power. In the words of former Lieutenant Governor Tom Gill, a liberal Democrat who has long worked for land reform in the islands, "The basic problem is that centralized and concentrated control of land gives you both economic and political control in a society." The Big Five, after all, still control one-fifth of Hawaii's acreage. Hawaii's young nationalists are slowly helping the islanders to understand that the building of a truly humanitarian society in Hawaii would require measures as Draconian as those needed to preserve its environment: a radical overhaul of its tax structure, zoning, and landholding practices, legislation providing for communally held land, a massive reclaiming of military-controlled land for civilian use, and a much larger degree of autonomy from the mainland.

The nationalist movement will grow in numbers and in identity. It has adopted as one of its maxims a saying of the Royalists who opposed Hawaii's annexation to the United States in the last decade of the nineteenth century: "When the evil-hearted messenger comes with his greedy document of extortion, no one will fix a signature to the paper of the enemy." Kokua—which soon after its founding called itself Kokua Hawaii—has been active in pioneering ethnic-studies programs and community study groups in Hawaiian land problems. By reëvaluating the events of Hawaiian history and reawakening interest in their islands' rich cultural heritage, its members have begun creating a new histori-



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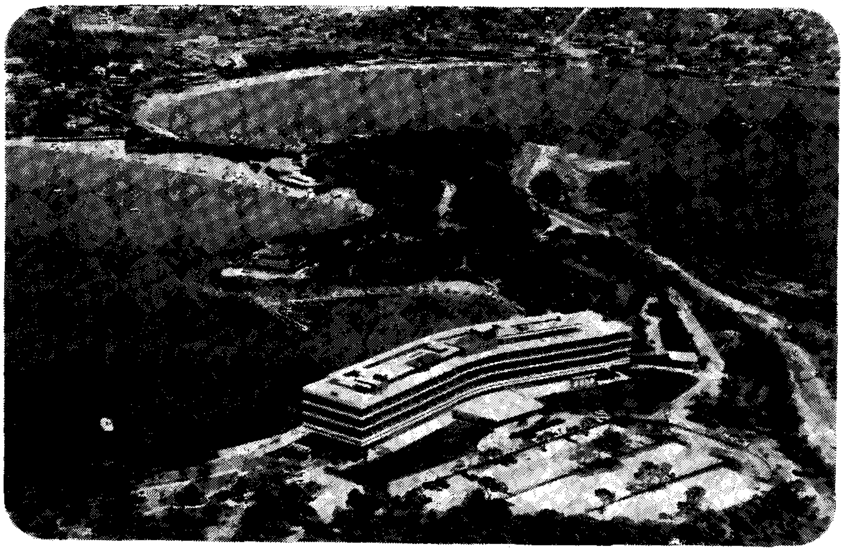

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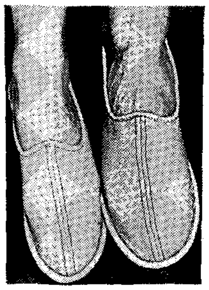

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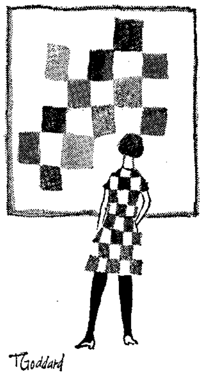
cal consciousness essential to any people's struggle for decolonization. In the school year of 1971-72, some one thousand students signed up for the University of Hawaii's ethnic-studies courses—triple the enrollment of the previous year—many of them in Hawaiian language and culture. And the Department of Education has resumed teaching Hawaiian in the state's public schools. The new consciousness has begun to lead to political action. In 1971, Kokua had a large civil-disobedience group of its own, the Kalama Valley 32, a group of citizens who sat down in front of bulldozers to protest the eviction of the last residents of Kalama Valley. Kokua rallies now easily draw a few thousand people to demonstrate in the courtyard of Honolulu's State Capitol. "Scores of legislators who watched from the three levels of balconies above," the Honolulu *Advertiser* said of one such rally, with a typically Hawaiian sense of priorities, "heard demands outlined on ecology, surfing, the preservation of Hawaii, and the Vietnam war."

A special issue of the *Hawaii Free People's Press* bore the following dedication: "To all those people and institutions that made this necessary," mentioning, among others, the Dillingham Corporation, the Kaiser Hawaii-Kai Development Corporation, the Aetna Life Insurance Company, Boise Cascade, "and other rip-off artists; Sanford B. Dole, Charles M. Cooke, Samuel Damon . . . the Committee of Public Safety . . . Governor John A. Burns, Captain James Cook, Tom Hamilton and the Hawaii Visitors Bureau, Admiral McCain [Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet] . . . and other cruds who by their wanton acts define themselves as 'part of the problem.' " But sharing the page with this vituperative preface was another dedication, which read, "To the Hawaiian People for Their Beauty. To Kalama Valley for Its Innocence. . . . To you, dear reader, for *within your soul and body you have* the power to right social wrongs."



In view of the Janus-faces of sweetness and fierceness in the Polynesian character, and its tragic tendency to docility, it is hard to predict how far any radical movement can spread in the islands. And however admirable its instincts, Kokua has sometimes been hampered by its provincial politics of nostalgia, its simplistic yearning for the agricultural, tribal life style that Captain Cook found in Hawaii. Most nationalist Third World movements have been based on an idealization of a historical past, but it would be hard to find a more extreme idealization of history than that held by some romantic Kokua members. Would these young nationalists really have enjoyed living under the oppressive oligarchic taboo system of pre-Cook Hawaii? In Hawaii, as elsewhere, a cult of primitivism, a defensive and escapist attitude toward the challenges of modernity, seems to be essential to the struggle for decolonization.

An equally fervent nationalist group, also based on land problems, sprang up in the fiftieth state in 1970. It called itself simply the Hawaiians. It restricted itself specifically to the reform of a pitiful institution called the Hawaiian Homes Commission. The H.H.C. had been established in 1920 by vote of the U.S. Congress. It had set aside some two hundred thousand acres of public lands for long-term rentals, at nominal prices, for persons with at least one-half Hawaiian blood. Although the H.H.C. had been started in a spirit of homesteading, to redevelop independent farming and return the destitute Polynesian Hawaiian to the soil, it had become clear over the years that most of its lands were in areas so arid, dusty, or steep that they were absolutely unsuitable for settlement. An official state report issued by the H.H.C.'s director declares that only two per cent of the lands assigned to it could be properly developed by individual farmers. And the white man's encroachment on the H.H.C.'s lands began soon after its existence had been signed into law. By the nineteen-thirties, the H.H.C. was leasing half its lands to American corporations or non-Hawaiian individuals—sugar companies, pineapple growers, and the military among them. And Hawaiian families who qualified for a homesite waited six, ten, fifteen years for the land that was theirs by law. One family is on record as having waited twenty-seven years. It is to the correction of some of these ills that the organization called the Hawaiians—which grew to have a membership of some seven thousand islanders by 1971—addresses itself, in language as nostalgic as Kokua's but more gentle. "We the people of Hawaii have journeyed a long and dark road together," one of its statements reads, "a road which grew smaller, rougher, and more painful to us. It was only our spirit and love for our homeland, for our great mother Hawaii, that lightened the darkness like a flickering candle. . . . Let us stop cursing the darkness of extinction, disunity, and poverty. Let us each light a candle of love to help our homeland and our people . . . don't let us go back to being the SLEEPY HAWAIIANS." But even this most nationalist of island groups is not devoid of mainland influences. When asked how he came to start his movement, Pae Galdeira, the part-Portuguese, part-Polynesian leader of the Hawaiians, looked sheepish and answered, "A haole mainlander suggested it. At first, when he started pushing and prodding me to start this protest movement about our land, I said to myself, 'Oh-oh, here comes another haole trying to exploit me.' But, as we got to talking, I began to trust him, and he helped me to get confidence in myself. Because that's what we Hawaiians need most: self-confidence."

One of the most ironic phenomena of Hawaii's last decade has been the arrival of reverse missionaries—the progressive mainlanders who, instead of instilling docility as haoles had for a century and a half, are suddenly goading the Hawaiians to militancy and self-determination. And the new Hawaiian nationalism is a provincial microcosm of some mainland movements of the nineteen-sixties, permeated with the same ambivalence toward radical whites as the mainland's black-liberation movement. To what degree should one enjoin the help of the white radical, who brings in valuable skills and suggestions? To what degree should one exclude the white man and build on ethnic pride and identity? Pae Galdeira's group restricts itself to the H.H.C. issue, limits it membership to persons of Hawaiian blood, and is extremely wary of Kokua Hawaii's radical mainland-style rhetoric. Kokua purged whites from its ranks in 1971. Based on a Third World rationale, it admits any non-Caucasian into its membership, and sometimes labels Galdeira's Hawaiians Uncle Toms for shirking Third World ideology. (Uncle Tomism, in the islands, has a variety of appellations. A Polynesian Uncle Tom is called an Oreo, for having a white man's soul under a brown skin; the Chinese Uncle Tom is labelled a Banana; and Uncle Tomosato is a Japanese.)

But the average Hawaiian has remained cautious and apolitical throughout these new manifestations. He avoids any divisive issue that might upset the unity of his tribe. He tends to look with amusement and cynicism upon any political militancy, and with

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particular distrust upon Kokua's acute Third World ideology, which is difficult to grasp in a society where non-Caucasians—Japanese and Chinese—have token control over politics and finances. A black mainland radical, dressed to kill in skintight pants and a black leather jacket, once addressed a group of Hawaiians on a beach about the need to join the Third World movement. "You must help to overthrow," he preached, "that white minority of the world who are oppressing you underprivileged non-whites." The Hawaiians were lying about the sand, looking gently amused. At the end of the mainlander's peroration, one of them rose, handed him a bottle of Primo beer, and said, "Brudda, you're coming on just like those 1820 missionaries."

THE Hawaiians have a proverb about themselves. They say they are like crabs in a basket; as soon as one crab tries to climb out, the others pull him back in. The lack of professional achievement on the part of this gifted race has puzzled observers of Hawaii for decades, as has their large degree of social deviance. For in past years almost forty per cent of Hawaii's juvenile delinquents and a disproportionately high percentage of its school dropouts and prison population have been of Polynesian or part-Polynesian blood. In 1968, the first scientific case study of the Polynesian Hawaiian was completed by a group of social anthropologists and published by the Bishop Museum. Called "Na Makamaka O Nanakuli," it is a hundred-and-forty-eight-page study of the town of Nanakuli, a lower-income community some twenty-five miles west of Honolulu. This report on the Hawaiians' life style has drawn the same criticism from Hawaiians that Daniel Patrick Moynihan received from the mainland blacks when he published his study of the black family structure. But it was the first serious study of its kind and has triggered much reflection on the problems of Hawaiians.

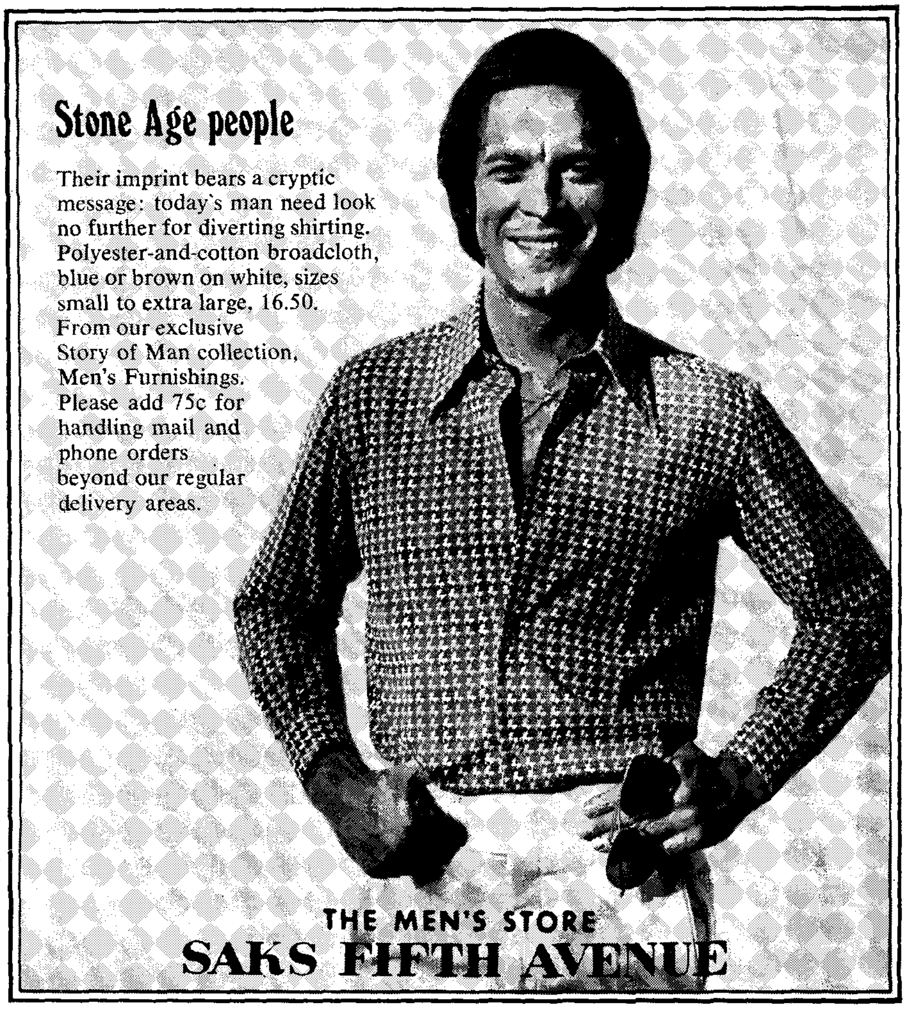
The Polynesian's lack of competitiveness, his desire to retain tribal harmony at the cost of all personal achievement, is traced by psychologists to the earliest grades of school. Observing the study habits of Polynesian-Hawaiian schoolchildren, researchers note that one of the best ways to improve their performances was to grade them in groups of four or five. Whereas they made no effort to attain a high score for individual achievement, as would an Oriental or Caucasian child, the young Polynesian Hawaiians' performances soared when they were graded as a group.

The Polynesian's love for young children has always been proverbial. ("I'm going to limit my family," the Hawaiian says. "I'm only going to have nine kids.") And the passion for children, the Nanakuli researchers indicate, makes Hawaiian parents much more permissive about their teen-agers' sexual mores than any other group in the islands. In the community where the Nanakuli report was researched, not a single woman was found who had not been pregnant at the time of marriage. Hawaiian girls tend to start going steady when they reach the age of fourteen, and to plan marriage when they learn that they are pregnant. There is an amazing willingness on the part of Hawaiian males to marry young. ("Hawaiians can't stand being alone," one girl explains, "and they don't have a career to look forward to anyway.") Parents tend to accept a daughter's pregnancy with great happiness. The prospective father often moves into his girlfriend's house. And the wedding, accompanied by the traditional luau of roast pork, poi, and much beer, is not necessarily performed before the child is born; it is just as likely to be timed in honor of a relative's birthday. The Hawaiian's exultation at the prospect of another birth is ironic in the light of the state's highly progressive abortion law. Hawaiians are the group most reluctant to use birth-control methods or abortion, showing the deep instinctual drive of a race that has been much depleted. Hawaiians and part-Hawaiians have such a continuingly high birth rate that some demographers predict they might again become the single largest ethnic group in the islands by 1980.

Polynesian Hawaiians, anthropologists note, are the only twentieth-century people on record whose family size rises with their income. However large the size of their own family, Hawaiian parents increase it further through the islands' ancient *hanai* tradition of adopting the children of friends and relatives. Their adopted children are often given preferential treatment over their own children, and it is quite impossible to tell what the blood relations are in the tribal Hawaiian family. "Kealoha is my brother's child," says a woman, talking about her adopted daughter. "Of course, my brother isn't really my brother, as both he and I are adopted children of my father. I guess my father isn't really my father, is he? I know who my real mother is, but I don't like her and I never see her. My adopted brother is half-Hawaiian and I am pure Hawaiian. We aren't really any blood relation, I guess, but I always think of him as my brother. . . . I think maybe Papa [her adoptive father] is really my grandfather's brother. I am not sure, as we never asked such things."

In the sociologists' jargon, the Hawaiian adult continues to be affiliation-oriented, as he was in pre-Cook times, as against achievement-oriented. He works in a spirit of helpfulness toward his community rather than from a desire for personal recognition or gain. He chooses to honor a commitment to a friend rather than benefit his own fortunes. Whereas residents of Honolulu's Japanese districts salute each other according to the delicate hierarchy of their motorcar status—the fashionableness of their Datsuns, Toyotas, or Buicks—the Hawaiian tends to find greater pleasure in spending weeks remodelling a 1958 Ford with his friends and relatives. Formidably skillful at handling machinery, the Hawaiian will put forth gigantic amounts of labor if he is allowed to work with a group of peers and set his own pace. One of the most interesting institutions of island life is the *ukupau* ("work till you're finished") system pioneered by the garbage collectors' union, which is more than half Hawaiian. Under its terms, the workers are free as soon as they have finished an assigned route, whatever amount of hours they may have put into it. Garbage in Hawaii is collected with prodigious efficiency, neatness, and speed. The garbage collectors are often through by noon, and think the rest of the world is mad for working any other way.

Some months after the Nanakuli report had been published, one of the psychologists who had prepared it, Dr. Ronald Gallimore, sat in his office, looking quizzical. "I can't for the world figure out," he said, "what the Hawaiians want." He paused for a second and added, "However, in a few decades we may be on our knees begging the Hawaiians to teach us how to live." It is clear to readers of the Nanakuli report that what the Hawaiians want most is more of each other, and that their refusal to compete in the white man's world with the white man's tools has been their only way, to date, of retaining a Hawaiian identity that was threatened and scorned by the white man's values and the white man's schools. It has



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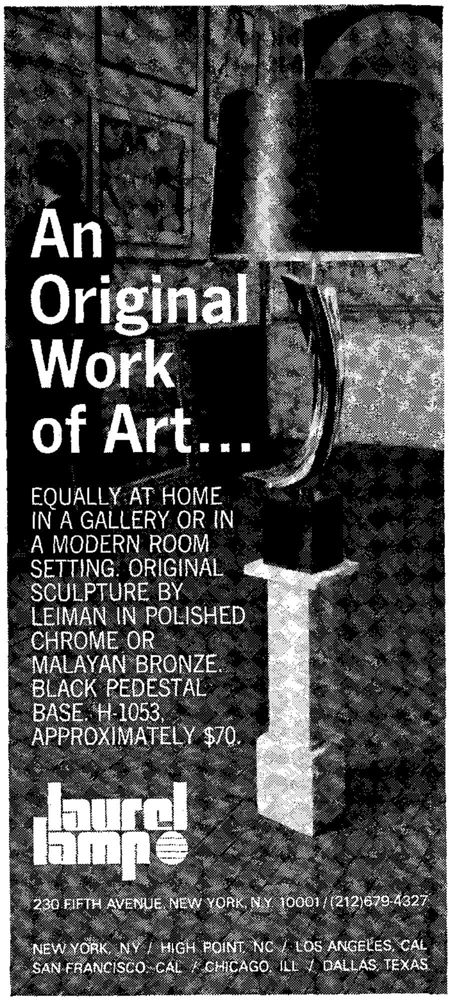

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been their only way of resisting total colonization. Never tainted by the Calvinist work ethic, devoid of the individualistic, profit-making drives that have brought our world to the edge of disaster, enjoying his leisure without guilt, living in tribal communes that have been traditional to him for centuries, the Polynesian Hawaiian incorporates many of the values of the contemporary youth culture. He may be providing a prophetic clue for the way of life of the twenty-first century.

A QUEST for identity will continue to pervade the new Hawaiian nationalism. What does it mean to be Hawaiian in this ethnic alphabet soup that is our fiftieth state? There are fewer than eight thousand persons of pure Hawaiian blood left in the islands, but there are over a hundred and forty thousand part-Hawaiians. In a society in which the original Polynesian stock has intermarried with so many other nationalities, Hawaiianness, like Jewishness, can be hidden or asserted, taken for granted or exploited, with varying degrees of militancy. To be Hawaiian can be a choice, a sentiment, a sense of nostalgia, a set of values. In its more tragic instances, it has been a public-relations venture, a night-club act. Those who take the latter course are referred to bitterly by the younger nationalists as instant Hawaiians, professional Hawaiians, or practicing Hawaiians. "One is born an Episcopalian, but need not call himself one unless he practices his religion," a Hawaiian explains. "Some of the worst of us have chosen to be practicing Hawaiians." The practicing Hawaiian is usually one who has arrived in his vocation—there is a handful in each profession. He is held up to the society as an example that the Hawaiian *can* arrive, and is usually as conservative a man as can be found in the islands. Such as Monsignor Charles Kekumano, who holds a doctorate in canon law from Catholic University in Washington, D.C., and is the leading Catholic prelate in the state. "There isn't one field of vocation," he says proudly, referring to a half-dozen lawyers and doctors, "in which Hawaiians have not arrived." He is a member of Honolulu's Police Board and sees Hawaii as "the last genuine bastion against Communism."

And there are professional Hawaiians like the Reverend Abraham Akaka, who is pastor of the Kawaiahao Church, founded by Hiram Bingham, and who talks in his sermons about "Operation Hawaiian Uplift" but spends much time blessing every insti-

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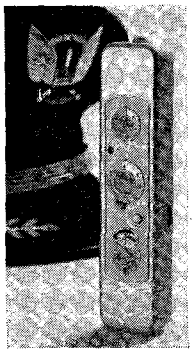

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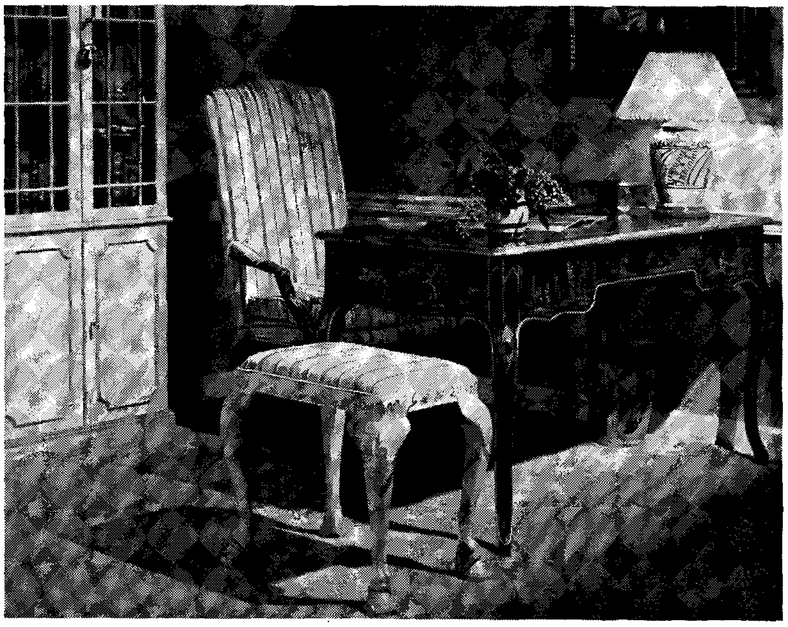
tutional item in the islands—submarines, the latest hotel, the new shipment of tourist guidebooks received in Honolulu's one bookstore. A famous photograph of Akaka shows him carrying the ashes of the great surfer Duke Kahanamoku to sea, a crucifix with a design of two crossed surfboards around his neck. In the past year, the Reverend Akaka has led a courageous, vast, but futile protest against the appointment of a Japanese Hawaiian, former City Councilman Matsuo Takabuki, as a trustee of the Bishop Estate. It is typical of the Hawaiians' self-defeatism that they have submissively accepted, for almost a century, the governing of the Bishop Estate by the Caucasian élite, and that their present demands for a greater voice in the governing of the former crown lands have come decades too late. It is also typical of the islanders' subtle racism, and of the frequent irrationality of the new nationalism, that the Hawaiians should concentrate their frustration and rage concerning the Bishop Estate upon a trustee of Japanese descent. In the character of many professional Hawaiians such as Akaka, the psychology of the victim, of the loser, is buttressed by a fatalistic, primitive, pietistic mystique that the Hawaiian people will be saved if they have enough faith. Akaka mourned the investiture of the new Japanese trustee of the Bishop Estate by ringing his church bell in protest. "The tolling of the bell," he said, "was a proclamation of our Hawaiian people's faith in God, our stand against injustice and oppression of our Hawaiian people . . . our great hope is for the uplift of our people in the coming days and years."

There are other official native sons, like Sammy Amalu, a Hawaiian Jet Setter of a mixed princely line. Amalu makes his living writing a daily column for the Honolulu *Advertiser*, laced with questions of genealogy, sometimes venturing into monstrously flag-waving "my country right or wrong" political diatribes. When faced with the question of the Hawaiians' low income, Amalu will retort that some part-Hawaiians—those who intermarried with the haoles—are the wealthiest men in the islands. As a result of the older Hawaiians' nostalgia for their chiefs and for all genealogy, Amalu's following is so immense that he was given a hero's welcome when he returned to Honolulu in 1970 after serving a six-year term in California's Folsom State Prison for passing bad checks, his third jail sentence. He was met at the airport by throngs of followers, and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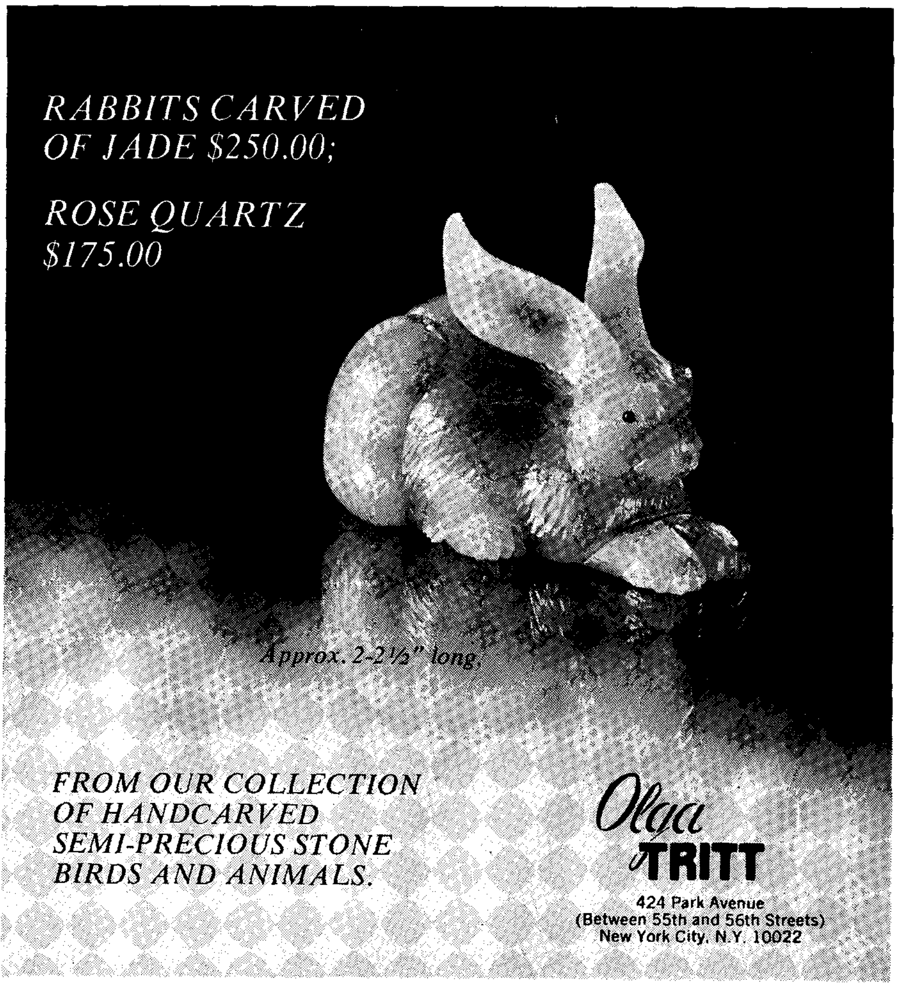
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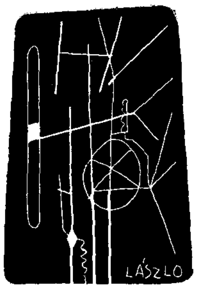
a special service was held for him at Akaka's historic Kawaiahao Church. A pathetic choice of heroes is implicit in the Hawaiians' dispossession.

In the older generation, there is only a handful of talented and genuine Hawaiian nationalists, such as the writer John Dominis Holt, a kinsman of Queen Liliuokalani, whose life has been steeped in bitter nostalgia for the loss of Hawaiian culture. Holt, in the middle of an erudite discussion of Baudelaire's or Mayakowsky's poetry, will still throw his head back and recite the genealogy of his ancestors, stressing the fact that they were descended from the gods.

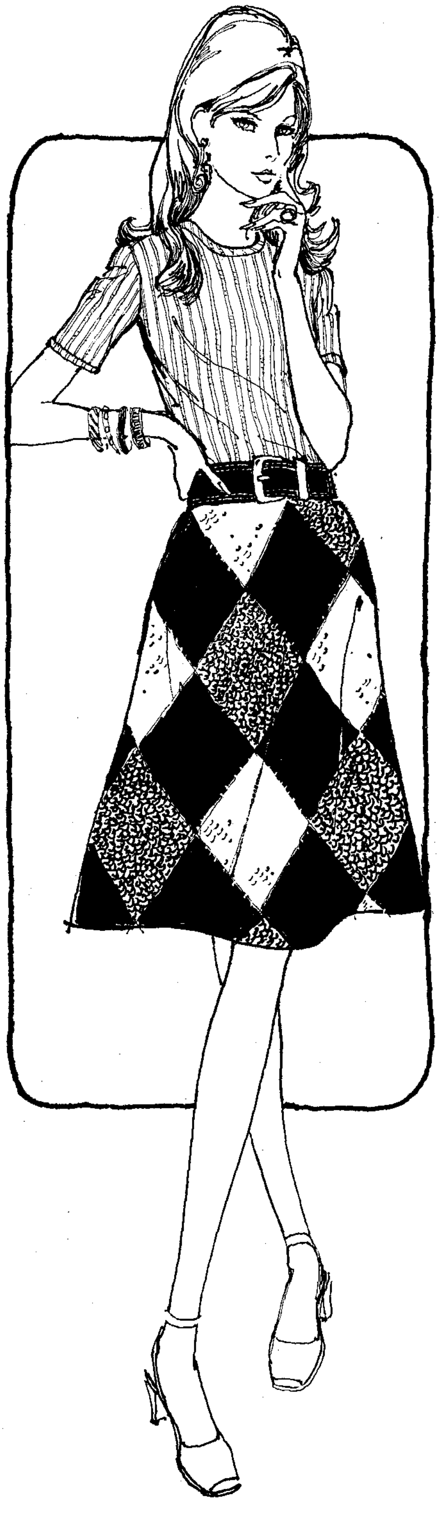
It has been said that Hawaiians are so concerned with where they come from that they do not know where they are going. One must look to the more activist islanders for the uplift of the Polynesian Hawaiians. And even some of the Establishment Hawaiians termed Uncle Toms by the young radicals are beginning to sense the need for this kind of activism. Myron Thompson, a Hawaiian sociologist who has served as Governor Burns' chief legislative aide, squarely accepts the facts of the Hawaiians' underachievement and talks as vituperatively as the radical youths about the fatal impact of the missionaries on his people. "Those cats who arrived here to destroy our culture are the same breed of cats who left England to have religious freedom," he says. "As for our chiefs, they're the ones who sold us down the river. As for our underachievement, it's because we have not been allowed to develop a sense of bi-culturalism. We've bought mainland education lock, stock, and barrel. We'll become achievers again when we have developed school curricula that will develop the ethnic identity of Hawaiians."



Another indication of changing attitudes in the young generation is suggested by a teacher, Fred Cachola. Cachola, when he taught in the public-school system, was one of five of the islands' three hundred and thirty top educational officers having Hawaiian blood. Like Thompson, Cachola believes that Hawaiian children are hampered by a mainland-oriented educational system based on competitive, middle-class values that are as foreign to their ethos as they are to that of the Chicano or the Puerto Rican. In his own school, Cachola is trying to raise students' performances by pioneering educational programs that will stress Hawaiian language and history, and explore new modes of motivation. With all his fierce Hawaiianness, Cachola has an equally fierce nationalistic resistance to the violent tactics advocated by a fringe of the islands' young radicals. "If we resort to guns," he says, "we are playing the white man's game. It would mean that we are using the same tools that conquered us and that we have become totally assimilated."

But then, the majority of Hawaiians might prefer to remain assimilated, or oppressed, or ambivalent. I once spent several hours with a pure-blooded Hawaiian in his forties who was descended from one of the islands' chiefly families. His family name means "the king who has no kingdom." His father, who was descended from one of King Kamehameha's wives, had worked as a mechanic for much of his life. I was struck by the fact that this Hawaiian knew no folklore, no legends, no proverbs in the Hawaiian language other than the state motto inscribed on the Capitol: "The life of the land is preserved in righteousness." He had gone to the Kamehameha School, and reported that half of the classmates he remembers from his school days were in the police department. The others were hotel valets, bartenders, construction workers, night-club bouncers. And yet he defended his old school. "It was like saltpeter," he said. "We Hawaiians need that. We are sexier and more violent than the haoles. We need to be oppressed. Might makes right. It's the ineluctable course of history." He typified the old Hawaii's secretly defiant but passive submissiveness to the white man. "My family brought me up," he said, "with the idea that you might as well not fight the haole system, or you'll be crushed. We prefer to defy your haole world in our inmost heart than succeed within it. You know our saying: 'No make Ass.' Don't make a fool of yourself by rising to eminence. Over the values of succeeding or acquiring or protesting, we Hawaiians have held the much higher value of maintaining the tightness and closeness of the family. As for our aggressions, we worked them out with such institutions as Kill a Haole Day—but we only mugged military men. Note that. The haoles had imposed a military system on us, and that's how we retaliated. It was very satisfying."

He was both radical and conservative; he was strangely contradictory, divided, apolitical. He admired Marxist leaders and reform Democrats but voted Republican because his parents



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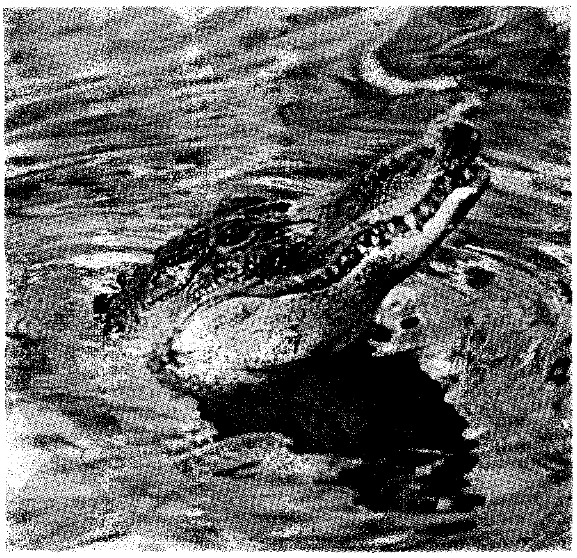

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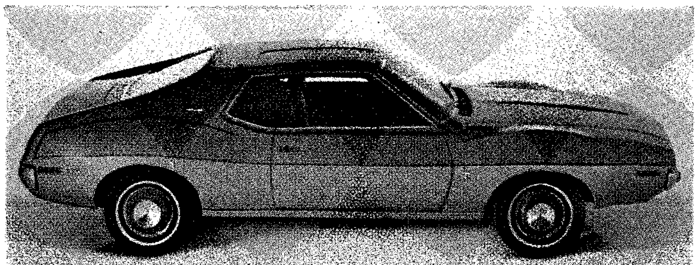

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had always done so. He was torn between the ethos of his parents' generation, who had rejected Hawaiianism, and the radical nostalgia of the young, who desired it again. "I half wish I knew Hawaiian," he ventured. The contradictions, the cleavage in his person, were shielded by his infinite decorum and courtesy, and revealed by the great sadness of his large, dark eyes. Like other Hawaiians, he stressed the violence of his ancestors, as if it was the only racial trait that could offer him an identity. "We Hawaiians are really a very violent race. There is this profound need in the Hawaiian to shed blood. The blood is not flowing enough these days." This was said with glowering eyes, the soft face attempting a resemblance to the masks of the war gods. "We Hawaiians," he quipped, "are at our happiest when we are either oppressing or being oppressed. It is just as well that you haoles are doing the oppressing now. You are less violent."

He was obsessed by the greatness of Japanese culture. He longed for the advent of the twenty-first century, when the rest of the world—this was his prediction—would be taken over by the Japanese. In other words, he looked forward to the advent of still new masters, of a new race of oppressors. In his view, the young Hawaiian nationalists like those of the Kokua group were idiots, the older ones were pretentious fools. "I refuse to be a practicing Hawaiian, or one of these new radical Hawaiians," he said. "That's my solution, and that's also part of my problem."

I have a memory of him then diving into the sea and gambolling in it for hours, frolicking with an animal persistence and a religious veneration. He let himself be tossed and beaten by the surf, his black hair floating on the tide like that of a drowned man, and then he turned around again to court the waves, arms outstretched, with a kind of weary devotion. The vast Pacific Ocean would always remain the islanders' great solace, escape, and nourishment, the amniotic fluid that would keep them hedonistic and aloof, guarded, gentle, and mysterious.

—FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY

(*This is the second of two articles on Hawaii.*)

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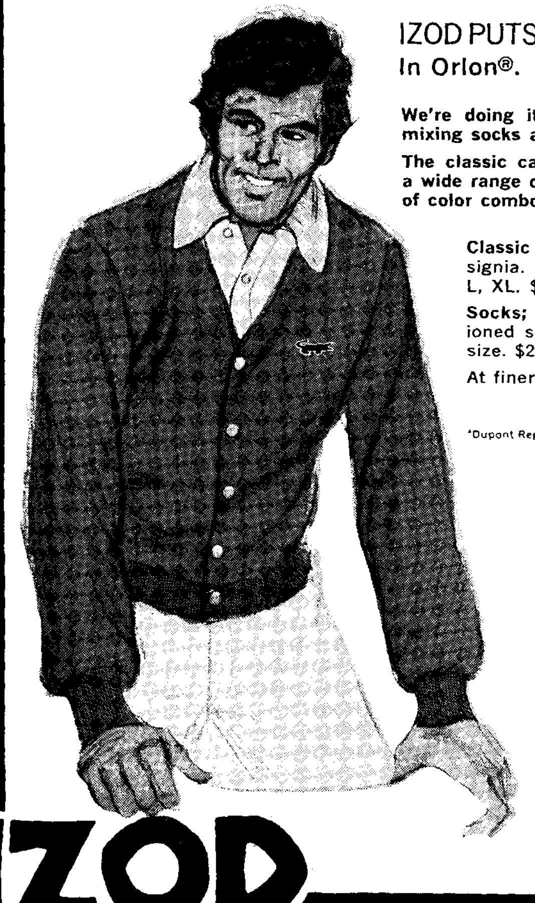


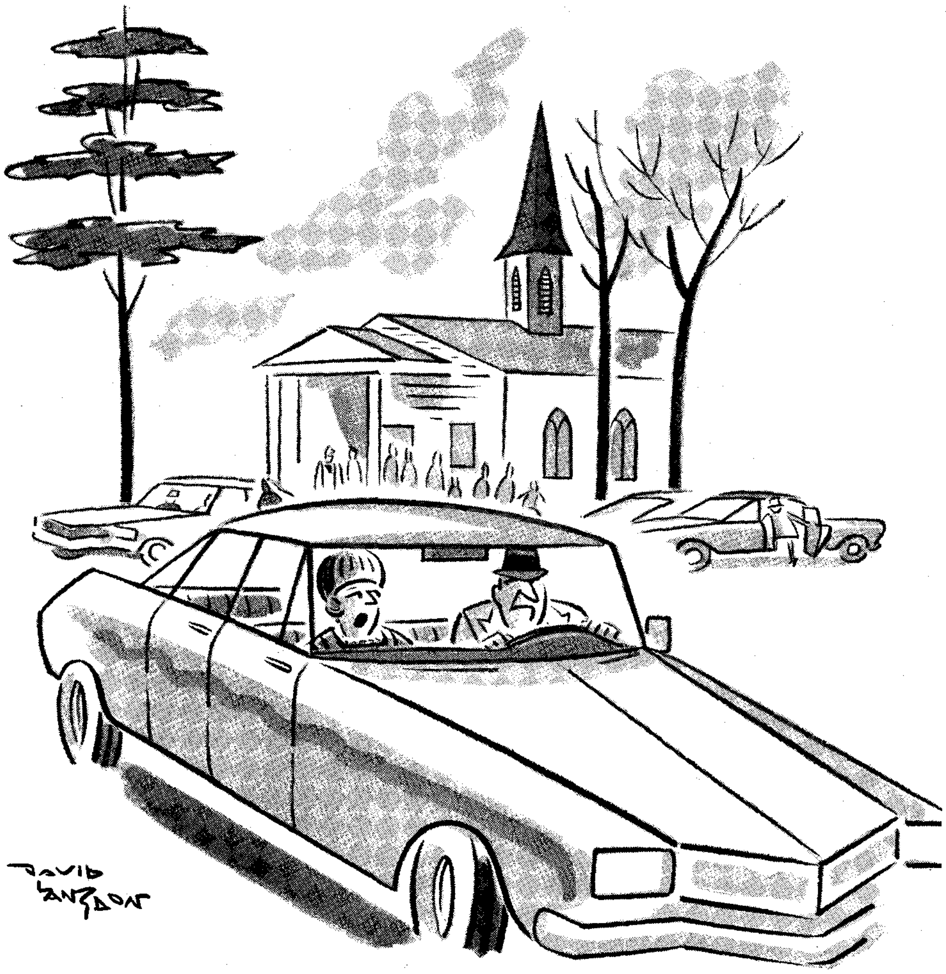
THE THEATRE

REAL PLAY, FALSE PLAY, NO PLAY

THE best theatrical news of the moment is that the New York Shakespeare Festival, alias Tireless Joe Papp, has brought David Rabe's "Sticks and Bones" up from the Public Theatre to the John Golden. The play has enjoyed months of deserved success at the Public, and if it isn't as big a hit On Broadway as it has been Off, then I will be inclined to agree that, as the doomsayers keep telling us, Broadway has indeed blindly chosen to break the Everlasting's canon 'gainst self-slaughter. The play strikes me as being even better now than it was when I saw it last fall; for one thing, the passing back and forth between scenes in the naturalistic mode and scenes that take place in a character's mind and fall outside the ordinary chronological action of the play is much more adroitly managed now than it used to be, and therefore much more affecting; I don't know whether this is because Mr. Rabe has made some useful changes in his text or because the company (all but one of whom are members of the original cast) has formed a wonderfully confident ensemble. Both of these things may have happened; moreover, it is the case with plays as good as this one that we are sure to find something different to admire in every viewing of it. "Sticks and Bones" is a beautiful and harrowing study of American family life and American political life as a double nightmare from which only the most severely mutilated among us struggle to awaken. In the gravity and acuteness of his intelligence and the elegance of his literary skills, Mr. Rabe is already a formidable figure. To think of beginning one's career in the theatre with "The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel" (still enjoying a run at the Public) and "Sticks and Bones"! He is a lucky young man, but his luck is nothing compared to that of his audiences.

The cast of "Sticks and Bones" includes, in alphabetical order, Tom Aldredge, Cliff DeYoung, Hector Elias, Asa Gim, Charles Siebert, Drew Snyder (the neophyte, and he is excellent), and Elizabeth Wilson. The director is Jeff Bleckner, and the hideous, ingenious split-level-ranch-style domestic interior is by Santo Loquasto, who evidently has the strong stomach necessary to his trade.

"NIGHT WATCH," at the Morosco, is a mild and talky little thriller by Lucille Fletcher, and your pleasure in it will depend entirely upon the strictness of your standards of ratiocination in respect to this rather faded genre. In her eagerness to supply a superior last-minute surprise, Miss Fletcher has left lying about the stage a dozen or so loose ends that I find intolerable. Her not very intricate plot appears to have undergone emergency surgery on the way to opening night, but *some*body might have thought to count the clamps and sponges before the patient was sewed up. Perhaps the director, Fred Coe, hoped to keep things moving so briskly that no one would notice the bumpy places; if so, he little knows me and my exacting ilk, whose first principle is that an imperfect puzzle is not worth inventing. The setting, by George Jenkins, represents the interior of a handsome old house in Kips Bay and was obviously intended to share in the dénouement; to that end, its stately walls are trundled about to offer us different angles of vision as the play proceeds. At the final curtain, we must have been intended to catch a glimpse of something truly frightful in the back yard behind the house; as played, we behold nothing whatever. Still, the play is well acted, especially by Joan Hackett as the sorely beset heroine. She is supported by Len Cariou, Elaine Kerr, and Keene Curtis, who lends his gratuitous role as a peeping and prying homosexual neighbor a trifle more gusto than it can afford to carry. Rembrandt's "Night Watch" famously turned out, on being cleaned, to be a day watch; Miss Fletcher's "Night Watch" keeps us in a dark that is no less false. There! Harsh as I must be on her play, I have contrived to couple her name with



"There's a thing or two I'd like to add to that sermon you've just heard."

Rembrandt's; maybe she will take comfort from that.

THE Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center is putting on, at the Vivian Beaumont, a production of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" (not Harry Fenstermacher's "Twelfth Night"). With settings by Douglas W. Schmidt, costumes by Ann Roth, and lighting by John Gleason, it is the most beautiful production I have yet seen at the Beaumont, but, oh, what a tiresome evening it makes! Shakespeare wrote a masque, not a play, and masques, then and now, are best performed in the friendly, candlelit ambience of some great private house or in the blue *allées* of a summer-sweet clipped country garden, on an occasion that celebrates a particular social or historical event; in a theatre, on a night like any other, there is little to mitigate the essential silliness of the tale that "Twelfth Night" tells, and we would gladly abandon it in favor of uninterrupted song and ballet. In the present instance, the production is made much worse by the miscasting of several of the players; Moses Gunn is an ideally unsuitable Orsino, and Cynthia Belgrave, as Maria, squeaks and gibbers in a fashion conspicuously inappropriate to the bawdry of Old England. The single continuous source of delight is Blythe Danner, as Viola. She is not content to be exceptionally pretty of face and body and to bear herself exceptionally well; she makes an effort to speak her lines with a traditional grace and clarity of utterance, and I found her every word enchanting.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Trouble, Trouble

THE hero of Sean O'Casey's beautiful first play, "The Shadow of a Gunman," which was written in 1922 and revived last week at the Sheridan Square, is a nonhero, a day laborer, very like the young O'Casey—Donal Davoren, who spends whatever time he has to himself in a Dublin tenement struggling to become a poet. His roommate, a garrulous peddler awash in his own rhetoric, sees to it that he doesn't have much peace. All the action takes place in their room. The time is May of 1920. The play is a comedy of deception and self-deception which turns tragic because the poet, who is neither deceiver nor self-deceiver, allows himself to deceive anyway. The other tenants suspect that he is an I.R.A. gunman in hiding, and when a pretty girl, Minnie Powell, finds that idea roman-

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tic he does not dissuade her—thereby indirectly causing her death. "What harm can there be in being the shadow of a gunman?" he asks. In the second act, a Black-and-Tan search party, tipped off by one of the tenants, comes at night to raid the tenement. A bag left by a friend and fellow-peddler of the roommate's turns out to be full not of hairpins and tableware but of bombs. The girl hides the bag in her room, but it is found, and she is taken away and shot. The play is composed of any number of funny scenes, as tenants and friends indulge in heroics, strike philosophical poses, act out their dreams of glory, and then cower in terror at the sound of gunfire or collapse at the sight of British soldiers, and these scenes somehow add to the tension rather than relieve it. There is tenderness as well as satire, but there is nothing tender about the satire, any more than there was to be in the satire of O'Casey's masterpieces, "Juno and the Paycock" and "The Plough and the Stars."

Under Philip Minor's firm, understanding direction, "The Shadow of a Gunman" comes through, unimpeded, with its poetry, fire, and humor at least indicated, even though most of the actors are Americans whose Irish speech waxes and wanes, and even though you may have to imagine some Abbey Theatre greatness in performance yourself. Mr. Minor, as he has proved time and again Off Broadway, is one of the few directors around who, when they are given something of high quality, can be trusted.

The evening is Sean O'Casey's. For a while, I thought the play would never take off, and then came a scene in which Paddy Croft, as a talky housewife, brings in her friend Mr. Gallogher (Bernard Frawley) to read aloud a gorgeous, fatuous complaint he has written to the I.R.A. about some noisy neighbors, and suddenly there we were in Dublin. We seldom looked back. Miss Croft and Mr. Frawley (he was, in fact, born in Ireland) would be a credit to any company. Among the others, I admired Jacqueline Coslow as the innocent, ardent Minnie, and James Gallery as a boastful, raucous, craven drunk loyal to the King of England. Lloyd Burlingame's shabby setting is miserably convincing.

—EDITH OLIVER

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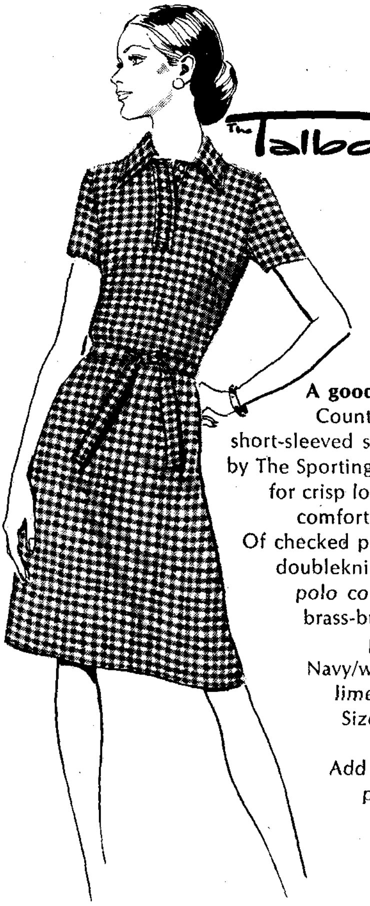

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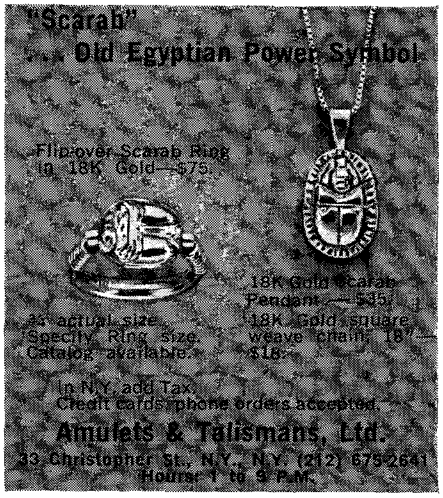

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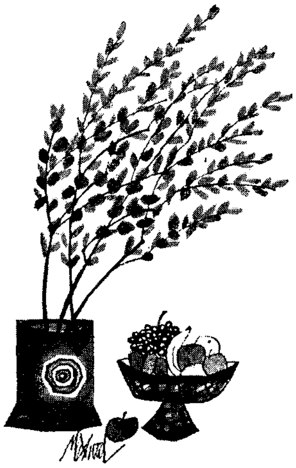
AROUND CITY HALL

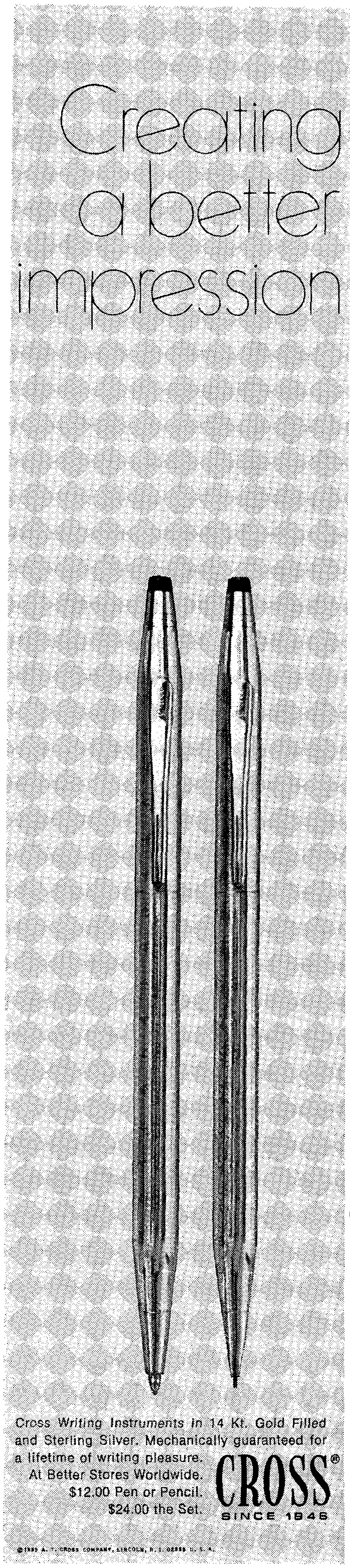
ETHNOLOGY

FORTY-FOUR years ago, the New York City politician who was seeking the Democratic nomination for the Presidency was Al Smith, of whom H. L. Mencken had written, not long before, "He is not only not interested in the great problems that heave and lather the country: he has never heard of them." This may have been unfair to the Happy Warrior. It was Smith, after all, who had said of the revived Ku Klux Klan, then spouting its venom against the religious minorities, "The Catholics of the country can stand it. The Jews can stand it. But the United States of America cannot stand it." In any event, the Mencken charge could never be levelled against the New Yorker currently campaigning for the Democratic nomination—not only because John Lindsay and Smith are such different men but also because so many of the great problems that heave and lather the country today are problems that, though they are spreading outward into the increasingly urban countryside, are still being most dramatically confronted in the inner cities, and therefore would hardly be news to the mayor of New York. Indeed, the argument that a candidate should receive an automatic promotion in the Democratic race because he has engaged in hand-to-hand combat with such crises as soaring welfare rolls and crime rates—as opposed to the comparatively academic involvement of United States senators—is inevitably a favorite Lindsay theme along the trail to the primaries. ("He's seen and felt the wounds we have yet to heal," read flyers that are being handed out on street corners all over Florida and Wisconsin. "Like no other candidate for President in a generation, he's been fighting on the front lines. Maybe it's time we had a fighter as President. Someone who's won some and lost some, who's learned from what he did right and what he did wrong.") It is not clear, of course, whether any substantial number of registered Democrats around the country will reward the Mayor at the polls for having reminded them of the urban horribles that are already upon them or are heading their way, and even those who acknowledge his contribution to the cities' cause may not end up voting for him. "Lindsay is probably the most significant politician in the history of municipal government in doing something for the cities," Mayor Kevin White, of Boston, declared a few weeks ago—and then endorsed Edmund Muskie for the nomination. In a subdued moment before Lindsay surprised many of his political disparagers by winning twenty-four per cent of the delegates and coming in second only to Muskie in the January 29th contest for delegates in Arizona—the kind of feat that he hopes, of course, to approach next Tuesday in Florida—Lindsay himself said, "If I come out of this with nothing else but elevating the status of mayors around the country, I will have served a useful purpose."

If Lindsay's campaign should begin to look like a really serious threat to the other candidates, some of them may get around to arguing that New York—fortunately, perhaps—is *sui generis*, and that serving as its mayor, whether well or badly, has hardly anything to do with governing other Americans, in or out of cities. Possibly, one of them will unearth judgments like that of Mark Sullivan, the old *Collier's* editor and popular historian, who insisted that New York wasn't an American city at all, or Hamlin Garland, the novelist of the prairies, who wrote that, at least in the view of much of the rest of the country, New York was "a city of aliens who know little and care less for American traditions." It seems unlikely that if such naysayers were still alive, they would revise their opinions, because in recent years the children of some of those aliens are often found at the local barricades any time they believe their ethnic interests are threatened, noisily and sometimes violently demonstrating their devotion to such American traditions as freedom of speech and assembly and, on occasion, the right to bear arms.



At the moment, it is quieter in some areas of the city—Manhattan's upper East Side, for instance—than it was last spring, when nearly every evening several hundred members of the Italian-American Civil Rights League, carrying portable floodlights, bullhorns, and twenty-foot poles with signs reading "Italian Power," would pile out of chartered buses in front of the local headquarters of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, at Third Avenue and Sixty-ninth Street, and disturb the peace of the fashionable neighborhood for the next several hours. Doubly confounding the Nixon Administration's widely advertised conviction that urban ethnic groups are part of the Republican silent majority, the league members, led by their founder, Joseph Colombo, would set up an earsplitting chant attacking the President, Attorney General John Mitchell, and F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover ("One-man rule is un-American!") in protest against the alleged persecution of Italian-Americans in general and, in particular, the federal indictments of Colombo and several of his relatives and friends for their involvement in activities of a kind that clamor from the league has persuaded the Justice Department to refer to as "organized crime" rather than as "the Mafia." On many of the same nights, a similar uproar could be heard two blocks south, in front of the Soviet Mission to the United Nations, on Sixty-seventh Street between Third Avenue and Lexington, as members of the Jewish Defense League, led by Rabbi Meir Kahane, milled about, shouting "Let our people go!" and pressing buttons reading "Never Again!" on passersby, and occasionally trying to rough up emerging diplomats in protest against the treatment of Jews in the Soviet Union and against the Soviet government's refusal to allow Jews to emigrate to Israel. When demonstrators from either league attempted to push through the police barricades and were pulled into police cars headed for the nearest station house, cries of "Gestapo!" and "Go back to Hitler!" were hurled in the faces of Police Commissioner Patrick Murphy's men. Last May, after Kahane was indicted by federal authorities for conspiring to transport weapons and explosives across state lines, the leaders of the two leagues (whose members share a conviction that low-income citizens of their ethnic backgrounds are inadequately represented by those more affluent and complaisant Italians and Jews who, one way or another, are in on the Establishment take) announced that they had joined forces to fight harassment from Washington and any other dis-



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crimination against their minority groups. Whether or not the alliance was "unsavory," as the *Times* called it, it presumably put the quietus on generations of mutually derisive ethnic jokes.

As if the leagues' joint activities weren't enough to keep the Manhattan police busy, at two-thirty one morning last June, after a night when both leagues had been out in full cry, members of a newly militant local ethnic group stormed up the steps of the Museum of Natural History, across Central Park, dumped a can of red paint over the head of the bronze statue of Theodore Roosevelt, and spray-painted on the museum's walls such messages as "Fascist Killer." The culprits, six members of the Comanche, Navajo, and Cherokee-Seneca tribes (there are about ten thousand American Indians in New York City), took the action, a spokesman explained, because anybody could see that the statue was racist: Roosevelt is shown fully clothed and on horseback, while the bronze figures on either side of him—one an Indian and the other an African—are on foot, half-naked, and have their heads slightly bowed.

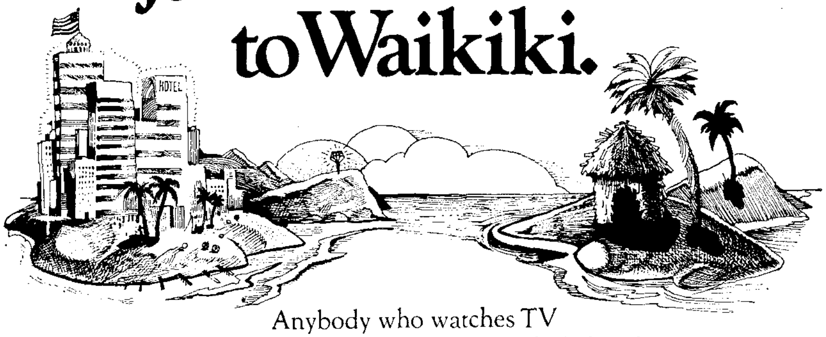
Local Indians haven't repeated their charge on the offending image of the hero of San Juan Hill, and the Italian-American Civil Rights League has, of course, been in some disarray since the shooting that disabled its leader, Colombo, in Columbus Circle last June 28th, just before the start of the league's second annual Unity Day rally. The assassin was a black man who, immediately afterward, was shot dead by an unidentified member of the crowd. The police thought at one time that the bloody event was probably the work of a rival "organized crime" faction, while some league leaders blamed it on the F.B.I., or perhaps the Central Intelligence Agency. One of the noisier league activities in the months since has been a demonstration against "The Godfather Game," a fifteen-dollar item that comes in a box shaped like a violin case with the outline of a submachine gun on its side. A board inside is divided into such Manhattan neighborhoods as Wall Street, Harlem, the lower East Side, and Little Italy. "The object of the game," read the instructions, "is to take control of a racket in as many of the neighborhoods on the board as possible." With the encouragement of the league, Representative Mario Biaggi, of the Bronx, conducted an unsuccessful fight to have the federal government halt distribution of the game as "morally corrupting and prejudicial to Italo-Americans." One of the game's designers countered by saying, "Right at this moment . . . there's a war game being sold in Mr. Biaggi's district that encourages plotting, deviousness, elimination, and territorial conflict. It's called chess." Like any working politician, Mayor Lindsay took the matter a bit more seriously. "New Yorkers have a sense of humor about themselves," he announced, "but insensitivity to any group is against the rules."

SO far, unlike Rabbi Kahane, who has gone on the road to campaign against the Mayor, the remaining leaders of the Italian-American Civil Rights League have not taken a formal position on the contest for the Democratic nomination. When they do caucus, they may award the Mayor some points because his campaign manager is Richard Aurelio, who—like Lindsay, and, for that matter, Nelson Rockefeller—was given an honorary membership in the league over a year ago and has been marshal of Little Italy's annual San Gennaro Festival. Aurelio was also a major force in trying to work out the problems of Italian-Americans in Corona, Queens, whose homes were endangered by city plans, first for a low-income housing project and then for a new high school, and after a *Times* reviewer panned an Italian production of "Orlando Furioso" in Bryant Park, he wrote a letter of angry rebuttal, which he signed "Richard Aurelio (Furioso)." Presumably, local citizens of Irish descent, whose relatives in the old Tammany days used to treat New York politics as nobody's business but their own, have been especially taken aback by local politicians' twists and turns to accommodate the new sense of prerogative of the Italians, who for generations were dismissed as politically passive people, preoccupied with family and neighborhood activities. What may have seemed like the last straw was a revelation in Matthew and Hannah Josephson's 1969 biography of Al Smith, the city's supreme Irish-American political hero. The first Alfred Emanuel Smith, the governor's father, according to the Josephsons' report, used to boast that he didn't have a drop of Irish blood in his veins, claimed kinship with the Bishop of Naples, and was the son of a man who had apparently been assigned the surname of Smith by some immigration agent on arriving here from his birthplace, Genoa.

Last month, eight members of the Italian-American Civil Rights League, including Colombo's former bodyguard, were arrested by F.B.I. agents for giving false information on bank-loan applications, and, according to rumor, the siege of F.B.I. headquarters will be renewed as soon as the cold weather breaks. Meanwhile, the Jewish Defense League may have rejected marching with signs as too tame a form of protest. Rabbi Kahane has denied that his league had any responsibility for January's bombing of the office of Sol Hurok, the leading American importer of Soviet talent, or for the shots fired last October through a window of the Soviet mission from a gun that police say was owned by a Jewish Defense League member. The Rabbi has said that he favors using explosives against the Soviet installations, however, and J.D.L. members often receive rifle training. (One of Kahane's henchmen, pointing out that many Americans carry guns, complained a few months ago, "Why should we Jews have to be more Catholic than the Pope?") Kahane's most recent trip to Israel, in January, didn't work out too well, possibly because the Russians are now allowing so many Jews to leave for Israel that that country, with all its other problems, is having trouble coping with the political and financial complications posed by the new arrivals. Kahane left in a hurry after being refused permission to deliver to the Zionist Congress in Jerusalem a speech urging the exodus of all American Jews to Israel to avoid the anti-Semitic holocaust that he now insists lies just ahead in this country.

Back in New York, he apparently did not renew another of his last year's alliances—that with Dr. Thomas Matthew, the Harlem physician who in 1966 founded the National Economic Growth and Reconstruction Organization, or NEGRO. In previous years, Kahane responded to the suggestion that the enrollment of blacks and Puerto Ricans in the City University should reflect their percentage in New York's high-school population by picketing Shea Stadium to demand that the local ratio of Jews be similarly acknowledged; twenty-six and two-tenths per cent of all new Mets should be Jewish, "regardless of baseball ability." He had also endorsed the view that in this city there are "thirty-seven people running to wipe the nose of a black man when

Hawaii's Outer Islands just moved closer to Waikiki.



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he sneezes," and had brought a small army of J.D.L. members carrying bats, chains, and iron pipes to a Fifth Avenue temple that was threatened with a visit from the black militant James Forman. Nevertheless, after a bloody fight broke out last May between black and Jewish students at Brooklyn College after Kahane had made a speech there, he accepted a proposal by Matthew that they pledge "a brotherhood relationship" and work jointly to prevent such events in the future. The formal pledge of brotherhood, during which they agreed that, contrary to the rhetoric on almost any Harlem street corner, blacks—at least, those allied with NEGRO—were not anti-Semitic and the J.D.L. was not anti-black, took place at a kosher dinner in Harlem, while a phonograph played a Harry Belafonte recording of "Hava Nageela." That day, however, Matthew said that he couldn't go along with the J.D.L.'s attack on Soviet diplomats, "who are guests in our homes—the United States of America." Kahane retorted that it was "reprehensible that South African diplomats are not given the same discourtesy by blacks," but so far, no doubt to the immense relief of Commissioner Murphy, NEGRO hasn't taken the Rabbi up on this suggestion.

In any case, Matthew, who has said that he favors self-help in black neighborhoods rather than government handouts, has been busy shaking up the Harlem community in other ways. Last month, he outlined what he meant by self-help: A dollar a month would be collected by NEGRO from the occupants of each Harlem apartment and between ten and a hundred dollars a month from each Harlem business. The proceeds, estimated at a million two hundred thousand dollars annually, would be used for community improvements sponsored by NEGRO. "Everyone will pay," a NEGRO spokesman announced. "If they don't pay, it will be because they don't understand, and we will stop by and explain things to them." In January, moreover, Matthew entered the now celebrated controversy over Forest Hills, the predominantly Jewish area of Queens where the Lindsay administration, having received approval and funds from Washington, has been digging the foundations for eight hundred and forty units of low-income (meaning largely black) housing. This was the same public-housing development that Italian power and a few other factors had succeeded in having moved away from Corona, which didn't want more poor black neighbors, either. Some Forest Hills

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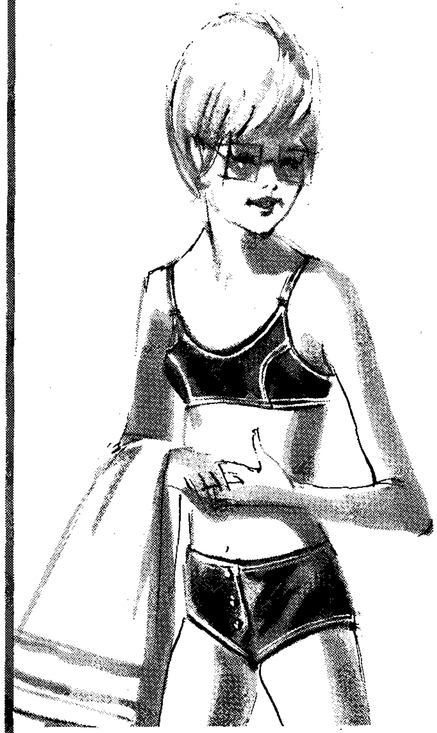

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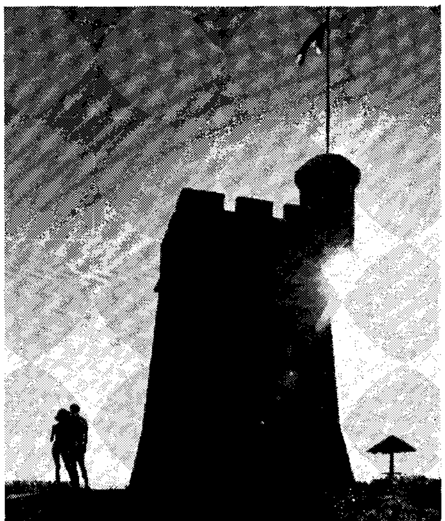

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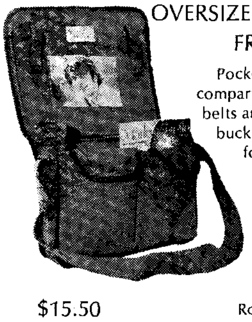

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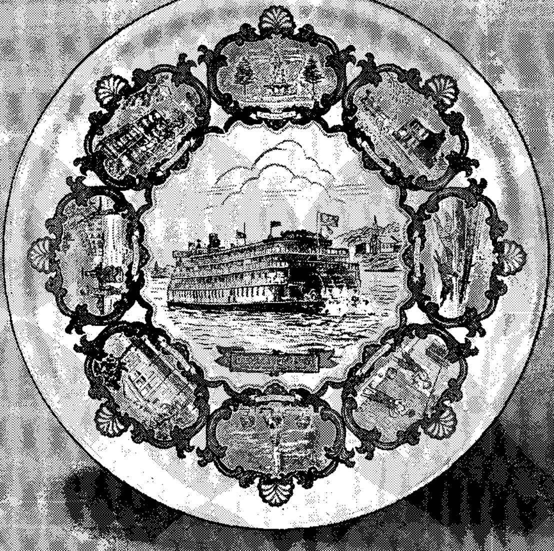
leaders have charged that the men at City Hall were counting on the traditionally liberal-minded and well-behaved Jews not to make a scene as the Italians had. If so, the exhortations of Rabbi Kahane possibly had something to do with the rude surprise that awaited them. It now seems clear that as a symbol of the bitter resistance of middle-class neighborhoods to any substantial influx of refugees from inner-city ghettos, the name Forest Hills will serve as historic shorthand for a complex national crisis, much as Little Rock did in the nineteen-fifties. Forest Hills residents, carrying signs saying "No Project—No Way," have been picketing the site almost daily for three months, and their rage at Lindsay for continuing to support low-income housing there has taken a number of them to Massachusetts and Florida, whose Presidential primaries he has entered, so that they can spread their message to the voters about his insensitivity to the interests of middle-class New Yorkers. A few rocks were thrown and construction equipment was set afire at the start of the Forest Hills demonstrations, and on one occasion Jerry Birbach, the head of the Forest Hills Residents Association (who recently announced his candidacy for the State Senate on an anti-project plank), was misquoted as urging all his neighbors to come to the site with shotguns. Later, he explained that what he had really said was that since Forest Hills has an increasing crime rate, some citizens should keep shotguns or other weapons in their homes. Actually, Forest Hills has one of the lower crime rates in the city; many of its residents would no doubt add that by fending off emigrations from the slums they plan to keep things that way.

A number of other citizens' delegations, black and white (the latter including quite a few Jewish groups), have demonstrated at the site in support of the project. The message on one of their signs was "But Where Are They to Go?"—the perennial question asked by Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, the Board of Estimate's only black member, when armies of witnesses mass at Board hearings to testify against low-income housing in their neighborhoods. Last January, Dr. Matthew led a number of NEGRO associates to the Forest Hills site, where they lined up beside the Birbach forces. The money should be used instead to build housing in black communities, he said, and a NEGRO spokesman denounced the moving of blacks into white neighborhoods as



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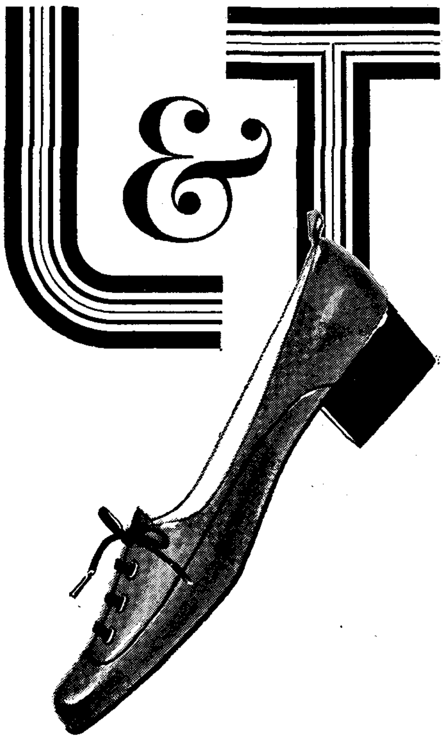

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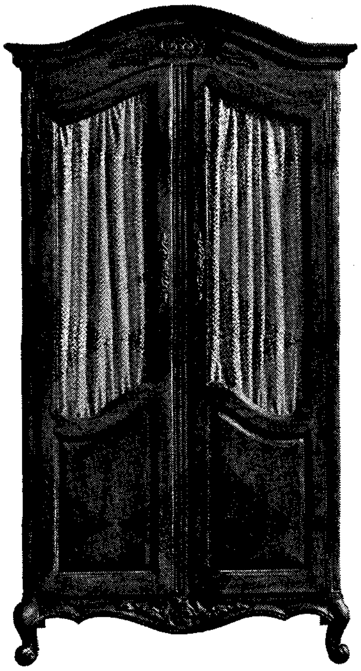

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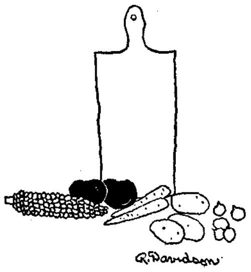
“genocide.” A few weeks later, a NEGRO delegation conducted a nine-hour sit-in at the Manhattan offices of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People—which supports the project—taking over the switchboard, slapping a receptionist, and leaving only when served with a court order. The offices of the Harlem weekly *Amsterdam News*, of which Sutton is part owner, received similar treatment after the paper had run an article favorable to the project by the black civil-rights leader Bayard Rustin (who a short while before had been attacked by Black Muslims for coming out in favor of Russian Jews’ being allowed to emigrate to Israel). The *Amsterdam News* called the NEGRO invasion of its offices, particularly the threatening of reporters on the premises, “reminiscent of the raids on press offices by brown-shirted storm troopers in Hitler’s Germany of the ’30s.”



The same New Yorkers who find such demonstrations of conflicting *Realpolitik* in Harlem too confusing to follow often tend to say “blacks and Puerto Ricans” as if the term were one word, and are astonished to learn that in many areas of the city the two groups, which make up about a third of the city’s population, are in open conflict, some of the bitterest battles being between members of the two elements who are fighting for control of anti-poverty programs. (The quips about all the money being in poverty these days is no joke in the South Bronx and East Harlem.) The Puerto Ricans, who came on the New York political scene more recently than most blacks, have apparently been quick studies. David J. Billings III, the chairman of the city’s Council Against Poverty, who is black, complained a while back that, although Puerto Ricans predominate in only three of the twenty-six communities chosen to receive federal anti-poverty funds, they have managed to win control of ten of the community corporations, and the J.D.L. recently broke up a community-school-board meeting on the lower East Side with rocks and baseball bats in protest against the tactics that Puerto Rican board members had contrived in a successful struggle to outnumber Jewish members of the board. The Puerto Ricans, of course, are no more monolithic than any other New York minority group. The most recent official body to discover this was the United States Commission on Civil Rights, headed by the Reverend Mr. Theodore Hesburgh, the president of Notre Dame. After gathering information and lining up witnesses for half a year, the commission met here last month for a series of public hearings on discrimination against Puerto Ricans in the city. The first day’s session, held in the Brotherhood-in-Action Building, on Seventh Avenue, was repeatedly disrupted by members of the audience, who complained that the commission wasn’t planning to hear any Puerto Ricans except politicians (Representative Herman Badillo was on hand) and “those anti-poverty pimps that don’t represent the community.” Before the meeting was hastily adjourned (the whole set of hearings was cancelled the next day), chairs were thrown, a pepper bomb went off, and someone made a speech that began, “The only solution to eliminate genocide and racism against our people is revolution.” A demonstrator who was head of a Puerto Rican civil-rights organization was asked to describe its aims, and he answered, “We go around disrupting hearings like this one.”

Out on the sidewalk in front of the Brotherhood-in-Action Building, a man in a crumpled panama hat was making an angry speech in Spanish. A bystander, asked what it was all about, said that the speaker was a Dominican; that is, one of the hundred thousand who, almost unnoticed, have entered the country, most of them illegally, from Santo Domingo in the last few years and become the city’s latest substantial immigrant group. Most are desperately poor and are ignorant of the language, and, just as the Jews fresh from steerage replaced second-generation Irishmen a hundred years ago, are willing to take the dirtiest jobs, which the last wave of immigrants—the Puerto Ricans—no longer want. The man in the panama hat, it was explained, was complaining because the commission wasn’t investigating discrimination against Dominicans by Puerto Ricans.

AFTER each of the Presidential primaries that lie ahead, and after the November election itself, political experts will no doubt explain that they knew all along which bitter resentments and fears of various religious and racial groups guaranteed that they would vote the way they did. Some of the Mayor's staff are still playing that game—though not quite the way they played it in Queens in 1969, when Lindsay seemed to be wearing a yarmulke full time. There has been much talk in the city, for example, about the Lindsay forces' being seriously alarmed at the damage done to his Florida prospects by the anti-Lindsay campaign of Forest Hills residents among their Jewish friends in Miami. Discussing the issue with a Washington *Post* reporter a few weeks ago, Aurelio remarked, perhaps indiscreetly, that because of "certain demographics" in Florida the matter didn't worry him at all. The demographics he referred to were statistics indicating that only five per cent of the voters in Florida's Democratic primary were likely to be Jewish, twenty-five per cent of the rest being Catholic, sixty-five per cent Protestant, and five per cent miscellaneous. Of this ninety-five-per-cent majority, a large number, particularly among the Protestants, are inclined to resent the newly arrived Jews, and they certainly wouldn't hold it against a candidate that he was making things inconvenient for the newcomers' friends up North. "On those simple terms, I don't frankly see it as a liability in Florida," Aurelio said of the Forest Hills controversy. "Whether it's an asset, that's really something I wouldn't speculate on at this point."

In Lindsay's recent speech before the Florida legislature in Tallahassee, however, in which he "unequivocally" reaffirmed his support for busing ("I am for busing—even though most Americans dislike it—because the alternative, perpetual racial segregation, is worse, far worse") and expressed a willingness to accept the political consequences, he was possibly engaging in a more becoming kind of speculation: gambling that in the South, as in this city, what stirs an individual citizen may have little to do with the loud promises and threats of the citizen's self-appointed spokesmen among the bullhorns and the television lights.

Anyone who doubts this would do well to read "The Ninth Juror," a factual account of a 1968 murder trial in Manhattan's State Supreme Court, written by Giraud Chester, a television executive, who was the ninth juror to be chosen in the case. The defendants, two young black men from the South Bronx, were charged with having brutally murdered an elderly Jewish dentist in his shabby office on West Twentieth Street after robbing him of twenty-eight dollars and a cheap radio. The lawyers for the black defendants, one

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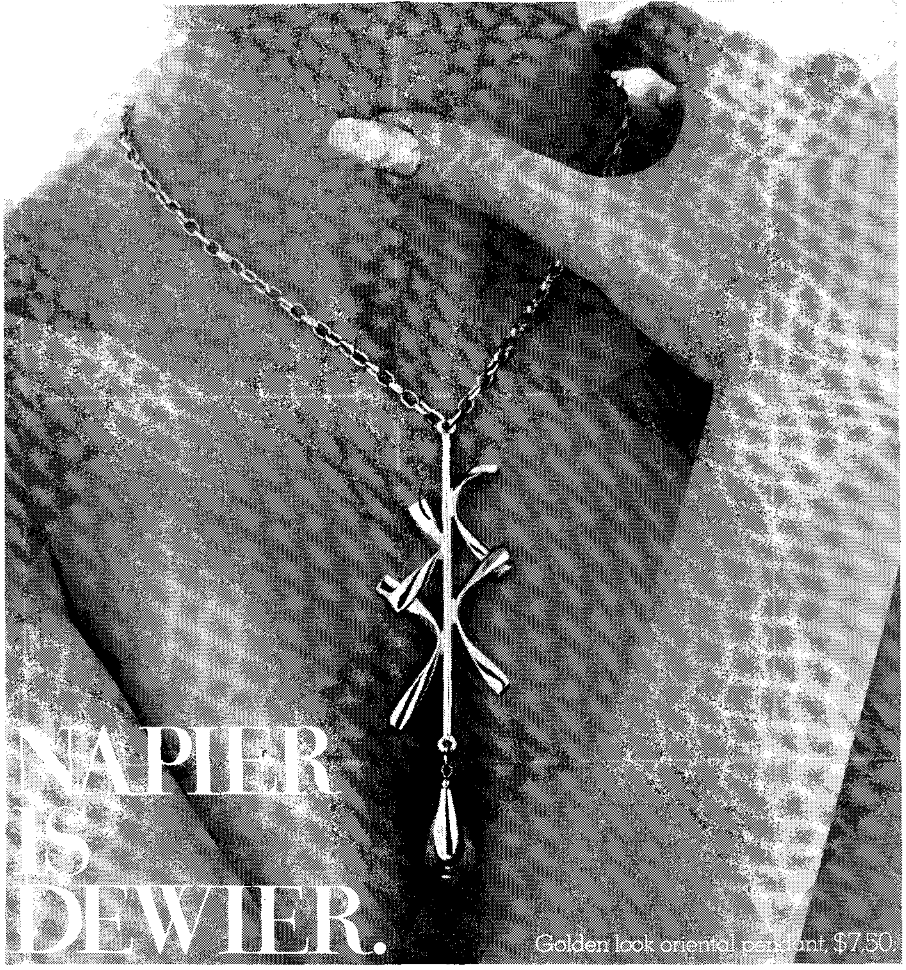

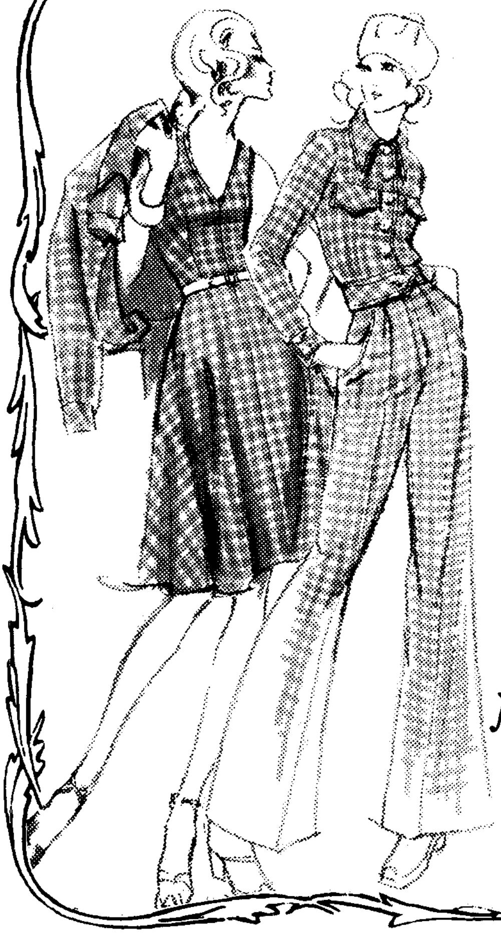

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of whom was a Black Muslim, were Jewish. The assistant district attorney who conducted the prosecution was a fair-skinned black. All the arresting and investigating policemen were Irish. The judge was a Sephardic Jew. The all-male jury, widely varying in affluence and educational background, consisted of four blacks and eight whites, including men of Irish, Italian, Jewish, and WASP heritage. Although the case was regarded as routine, it lasted almost three months. The verdict—guilty of murder in the first degree for both defendants—came only after the jury had been out for over twenty-four hours. In an early poll, four jurors favored acquittal. They were Ernest, a black transit worker; Tony, an Italian-American advertising salesman; Casey, an Irish-born bus driver from the Bronx; and Ira, an elderly Jew who until a few months earlier had been the proprietor of a luncheonette a few blocks south of the murder scene. During the deliberations, Ernest and Tony shifted over to the majority, leaving as holdouts for acquittal Casey and Ira. Of all the jurors, Casey was the most suspicious of the police actions in the case ("I have seen police brutality to end all police brutality") and the most emotional about the plight of the poor black man in a hostile society. Tears rolled down his cheeks after he finally decided to vote with the majority. The final juror to agree to the guilty verdict was Ira, the former luncheonette owner—the man in the group who in background and status most closely resembled the murder victim. He had been the most eloquent of the men in the jury room in insisting that the black men be given the benefit of every doubt and the protection of the latest Supreme Court decisions as the judge had carefully outlined them. One of the lawyers for the defense told Chester later that he had believed that the holdouts must be several of the black men on the jury. Naturally, they had assumed that, from the start, the middle-aged Irishman and the elderly Jew would have led the clamor for the harshest possible penalty for the two young blacks.

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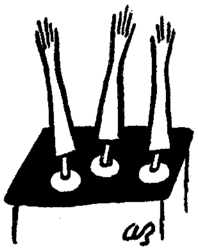
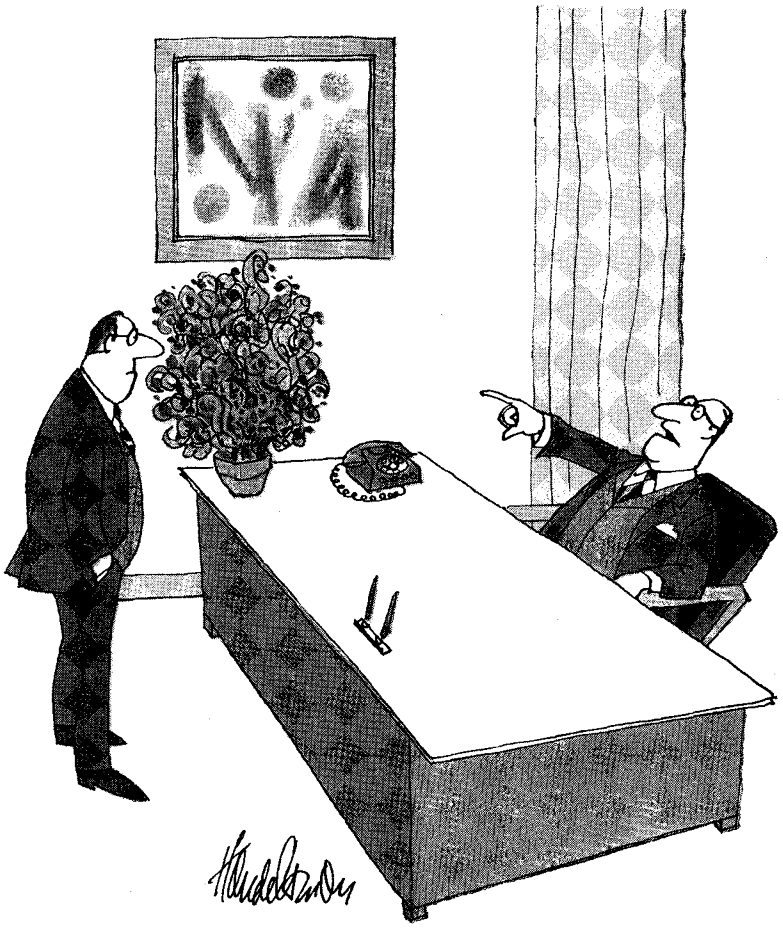


IN order to be fashionable—a state only tenuously connected with propriety or comfort, and one avowedly at odds with contentment—most women out of their teens need to diet and take exercise. The slim woman bent on gastronomic sacrifice is considered a fool and a bore by all but other slender dieters. Yet in her pursuit of muscle tone, even by way of obviously cosmetic calisthenics or systems based on languorous, patented stretches carried out in cozy salons, the sylph has the backing of society. We are schooled to look for litheness in our beauties and leanness in our heroes. Athleticism, or the fantasy of it, forms a part of the national character. In recent years, though, physical fitness has been gaining a new kind of disciple, drawn toward sports and exercise mainly by fashion and the desire to look young. And it is clear that supple clothes that offer no camouflage to middle-aged bulges are in style once and for all. Businessmen are encouraged to stay fit in order to improve their performance and their chances of survival. Sports such as tennis and skiing become more accessible, and bicycle riding comes daily to seem more desirable. These activities demand fitness and increase it. Many of the reasons people turn to fitness—such as vanity, aggression, tension, boredom—turn out to affect both sexes. The subject of sex and its attendant nudity pervades the fashion magazines and the best-seller listings more explicitly than ever, and this prominence leads people with faith in fashionable things to ask whether it isn't more important to create a good impression in the skin than in clothes.

A lot of normal dissatisfied souls have begun to seek in physical self-improvement a satisfaction that intellectual and social ambition appears slow to grant. Those who set off on the quest in the city will find that all strenuous activity seems artificial. They may be led to games-playing, which often proves an expensive pastime, and one fraught with anxiety. They may embark on exercises done on the floor at home, starting the day with a dismal view of the cobwebs festooned beneath the furniture. Or they may venture into one of the thousands of professional exercise establishments, where they must be prepared to encounter fanaticism and, perhaps, develop it. Teachers and pupils of the many forms of exercise in New York resemble the crusaders and converts of a stern religion. They are united in their faith in its truth, but they divide into a mass of sects and schisms, and they love to denigrate one another. Dancers, not unnaturally, see themselves as the aristocrats of the muscular world, even if they are only on their second lesson. In turn, what they consider the plebeian gymnast would curl his lip at the infantile gyrations of the calisthenics class, and the voices raised against the search for perfection through yoga, isometrics, and thrumbling, pummelling machines are legion. Countless establishments specializing in unique methods of attaining fitness, based unfailingly on the movements of the galaxy and taught by skilled Europeans, escape condemnation only because no one outside of the guru and his handful of disciples has ever heard of them.

Any subject that ceases to be the property of jocks and cranks and becomes a fashionable and popular success is bound to get a lot wordier. The world of better bodies now trails a substantial literature of its own and supports a fair section of a public-relations world that was once kept busy selling us a new spring coat and a nice little hat to go with it. A figure salon without a well-publicized "personality" in charge is merely a place where women go to try to rectify the ravages of middle age; a gym without a resident philosopher is grubby, sweaty, and earthbound. Nicholas Kounovsky, the proprietor of the most fashionable gym in the city, is an elder statesman among gymnasts and—as both mystic and celebrated author—a model for the new breed of exercise teachers. His recently published inspirational work, "The Joy of Feeling Fit," combines silhouettes of men and women in graceful poses illustrating the author's exercises, Sixometrics and Gymnaks, with exhortations on the lines of "Don't forget that your most worthwhile goal is not a perfect headstand but to live each moment of life with ease, health, and pleasure." The book makes a compelling case for the religion of the body and renders the idea of physical well-being most seductive. The



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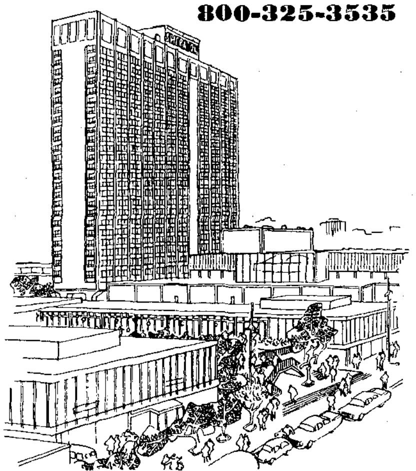

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author's arguments and incantations strengthen the impression that the Kounovsky method is flawless, and that newcomers will be engulfed and carried along in their efforts by such perfection. They need only obey the master and find in themselves a modicum of will.

No exercise teacher can neglect the importance of will. Marjorie Craig, in her contribution to the library of trimness, "Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program," ends her list of equipment ("sponge-rubber ball, ankle weights, full-length mirror") with a quality referred to as "self-determination" ("This only YOU can supply"), which makes the potential exerciser feel rather like a volatile emergent nation, but the firmness of the author's tone leaves readers in no doubt about what virtues they should display. Miss Craig, who has been the resident exercise expert at Elizabeth Arden's New York salon for twenty years, is now, in addition, the dean of that establishment's newly founded university of the body—an undeniably complete service known as Miss Craig's Classes. The course, which costs $250, lasts for two five-day weeks and requires attendance two hours a day. On all ten days, the pupil spends the first hour in fairly strenuous work on will power and muscles, learning Miss Craig's exercise method. For the second hour, the customer attends a seminar in skin care or seasonal wardrobes, or she abandons the effort even of listening and submits to the variously sybaritic ministrations of the house of Arden—hairdressing, massage, manicure, makeup, and so on. Few schemes of bodily improvement will enfold the novice quite as thoroughly as this.

Any adult who begins lessons—particularly when the subject involves new physical skills—finds herself reverting to many of her childhood attitudes. The atmosphere around the powder-pink halls at Elizabeth Arden is strangely redolent of Sunday school or a genteel dancing class. Little knots of women—of all ages, and with very different shapes—scamper past in leotards, giggling as they head for their cornflower-blue exercise mats and another session with the young girl in braids who will put them through their routine. Miss Craig, a crisp and pedagogic blonde, smiles indulgently in the direction of the wriggling forms and observes—above the voice of the teacher calling "Hands-ahup-hands-together-and-over-bounce-bounce-bounce"—that her pupils seem to delight in their lessons in self-improvement. "I spend half an hour with each individual before the start of the

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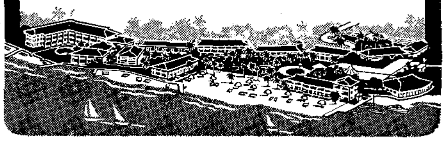

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course, analyzing her figure, hair, skin, nails, clothes, and any other problems," she says. "They listen to all advice avidly. We weigh them in each morning, and take their measurements on the first, sixth, and tenth days. We try to make a little ceremony of it. They get a report card when they graduate, but you may be sure that no one ever flunks!" Posture is, appropriately, close to Miss Craig's heart. (Kounovsky, in his more sweeping style, reveres it, too: "Control of your walk means control of your attitudes," he claims.) And although Miss Craig concedes that since most women first begin to spread in the hips and thighs, special attention is given to these parts of her pupils, she asserts that her exercise is "all-round." She sets store by perseverance and discipline, and insists on a half-hour exercise period every day for the rest of her pupils' lives; among her uncompromising mottoes are "Ears Up. Ribs Up. Shoulders Back and Down." It is the paradox of the course that these rigors are sugared by all the little self-indulgences and pamperings of the salon. Pupils appear to enjoy both the active and the passive parts of the sessions, and both parts are often new experiences. "We have certainly learned a thing or two about the average woman," murmured one member of the Arden staff. "Why, some of the women who signed up had never even had a pedicure."

Like the blurred faces of seated, watching mothers that spin past little girls in dancing class, the out-of-focus images of husbands hover around any women's exercise class. While most classes with overtly cosmetic intentions contain a few young girls and blue-haired matrons, most of those present are in their thirties or early forties, and most of them are, more or less, married. Their husbands are reported—at least by exercise teachers and their publicists—to be bowled over by wives who greet them each evening with a young girl's limberness and zest. It is even claimed that some women embark on bodily restoration at the urging of their husbands. Tantalizing as the marriages behind such enthusiasms and suggestions might initially appear, it turns out that the life a woman leads in anything but her leotard is of very little interest to her exercise companions. Life goes on in the fitness class on a few simple planes. Beyond the purely muscular and visual effects (supine torsos supporting pumping, cycling legs, or bodies formed in rubbery hoops like cards in the Queen of Hearts' croquet game), are only the

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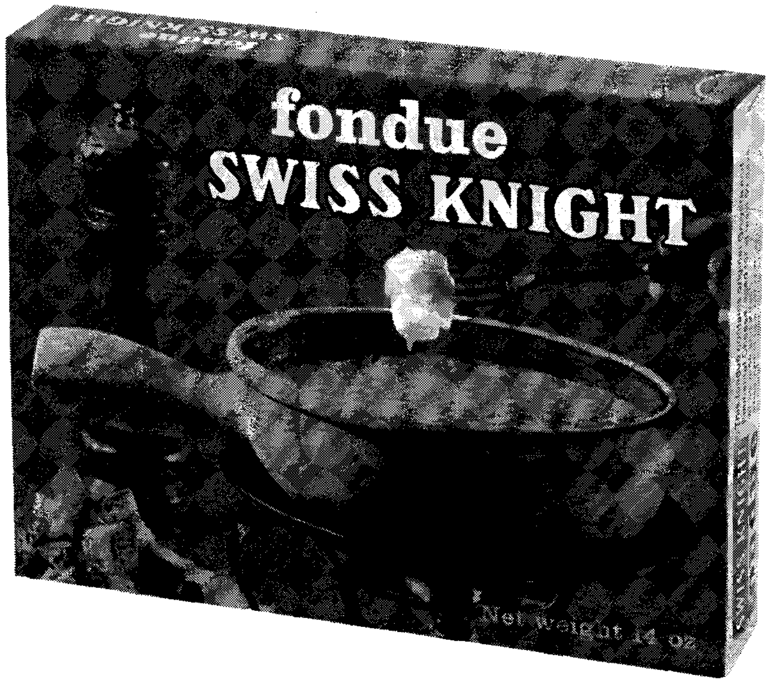

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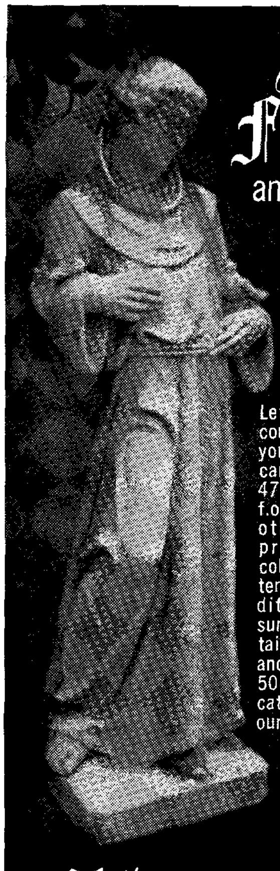
highly stylized ciphers of the schoolroom—star athlete, clown, and well-meaning fatty. Fatties, in fact, are extremely rare in fashionable exercise parlors, which build their reputations largely on people who didn't need much help to start with. Many of the women who attend are maintaining, rather than seeking, what often seems to the outside observer to be taut and slender perfection. The snobbery of the fashionable exercise parlor is based mainly on physique, but—since the idea of sleekness and "good bones" is still associated with wealth and class—it also depends to some extent on what remains of the social standards of the outside world. Exercise salons rarely, if ever, deny rumors that the wives of Chicago millionaires or department-store presidents frequent their halls. Women at their fashionable calisthenics are seen in few dimensions, but some of them have husbands with what their wives' gym teachers think are famous names.

The woman in search of physical improvement has many alternatives before her. Health clubs, of which there is an increasing number, will provide a multitude of services, such as swimming, sauna, yoga, gymnastics, massage, and steam cabinets. These clubs are often patronized more by single people than by women papering over the cracks of age or maternity. But these establishments are highly commercial, and the prospective customer must often resist great pressure to sign away large sums for lengthy subscriptions.

A "serious" gym is another proposition, especially if it is one of those gyms that have recently been putting a dab of scent behind their ears. One such institution has been open for only a short time, but with an experienced staff, at 226 East 54th Street. It is under the management of Gary Novickij, and thus is the latest in a scattering of fashionable gyms opened by former instructors in Kounovsky's gym. The new arrival has been christened simply The Gym, but this unpretentious nomenclature does not preclude classes in judo, jazz dance, Russian folk dancing, and, eventually, yoga in the establishment's bright suite of white-painted rooms, alongside more traditionally gymnastic activities on exercise mats, rings, trapeze, parallel bars, balance beam, and trampoline. Hour-long gym classes—with four beginners or six more proficient pupils and an instructor—cost $6. Here, men are more than unseen cheerleaders and status symbols; they, too, may matriculate, though in separate classes.

Gymnasts like to tell the world that



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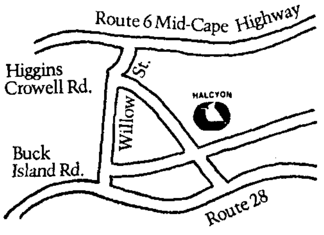

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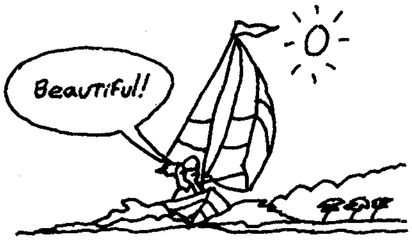

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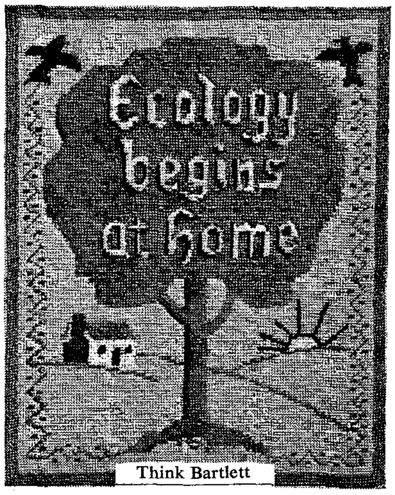

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theirs is the most dignified and human path to physical well-being, and that gymnastics offers complete satisfaction to mind and body both. Mr. Novickij keeps up his philosophical end and demonstrates a fine passion in denouncing exercise programs more specifically feminine than his. "They may work on saggy bottoms and bosoms," he observes, "but we work on backs, and fronts, and feet, and heads. With us, it's total." Amateurs in pursuit of this totality are given to rapturous talk about their gymnastic experiences—of performing impossible feats and delightful tricks, of the sensation of flying through the air, and of learning the feeling of challenge and accomplishment. "Ninety per cent of the people who come are completely unathletic at the start," says Mr. Novickij, in the face of such enthusiasm. "In the end, like any other athletes, the folks who come to gym become fanatics." Like every other exercise teacher, he will hasten to assure his female customers that their workouts will not include any movements that might develop bulging muscles. This assurance tends to be asked for and given more freely in gyms than in figure salons, because gyms aim to transcend and might seem to lose track of the humdrum question of shape. And gyms seem to be associated in the public mind with men. In fact, attendance at women's classes has long been greater than that of men in mixed gyms. Only recently, it appears, has the ordinary, bulgy businessman come to terms with fashion, the frustrations of the sedentary life, and his vanity, and followed his wife to the gym.

—KENNEDY FRASER

◆

There will be a concert of American Black Country Music with Mabel Hillary as guest artist on Friday, Feb. 25, 1972 at 8:00 p.m. at the CUNY Graduate Center, 33 West 42nd Street. Admission is free.

The program: Quintet in E minor for Guitar and Strings, Op. 50, No. 3, Luigi Boccherini; Terzetto for Two Violins and Viola, Op. 74, Antonin Dvorak; Sonata in D major, for Piano, 4 hands, Op. 6, Ludwig van Beethoven; Petite Suite for Piano, 4 hands, Claude Debussy.—*The Paper, City University of New York.*

It's this damned urban sprawl.

◆

"I feel comme ci, comme ca—which means I feel he was better in the Justice Department than he would be in the Citizens for Nixon," Mrs. Mitchell said. —*The Times.*

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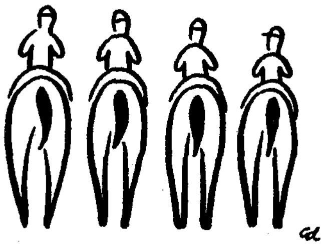
THE RACE TRACK

Open-and-Shut Case

AS had been expected, a strike of the pari-mutuel clerks has closed Aqueduct, which had opened for the season only last Wednesday. Members of the Independent Association of Mutuel Employees, a company union, did not report for work Monday morning, in protest against the laying off of about eighty men by the New York Racing Association. For its part, the racecourse management held that the cuts were necessary because of the steady decline in attendance and wagering, which it attributes to the inroads of off-track betting. Certainly things aren't what they were before the Off-Track Betting Corporation came on the scene. At the end of last year, attendance at the New York tracks was down seventeen per cent and wagering was down thirteen per cent. On Wednesday, the crowd was the smallest for an opening day since 1959. On Saturday, attendance was 35,854 and the handle $3,951,880. (Also, $426,681 was bet with the OTB.) On the first Saturday last year, attendance was 46,076 and the betting $4,944,926. There is also the matter of a new contract—with raises in pay, of course—to be discussed and signed. As this is written, only hours after the walkout, there is no telling how long the strike will last, but every day it does the New York State treasury will lose about $325,000 in revenue from racing. Coincidentally with the closing of Aqueduct, OTB announced that it would take bets on the races at Bowie. (It has, by the way, opened a new shop about half a mile from the Big A.)

On top of everything else, the Pinkertons are unhappy about a cutback in the race-track security force, and are talking strike, too.

MARCH came in like a lamb for the start of the season on Long Island. In contrast to other opening days I remember, there was beautiful spring sunshine that warmed everyone. Just an old traditionalist, I was glad to see the Paumonok Handicap back in its customary place as the main event on the opening card. Seven thoroughbreds ran for it, and Jack Dreyfus, Jr.'s, Duck Dance, a speedster who doesn't have the best of legs, led all the way, winning by half a length from Invested Power, to whom he gave fifteen pounds. Fire Aboard was third, and the six furlongs was run in 1:08⅘—only a fifth of a second off the course record. But weather like that never stays long. On Saturday, snow in the infield and on the barns made the place look like an old-fashioned Christmas card as a somewhat disappointing bunch of three-year-olds came out for the Swift Stakes. Explodent splashed home first through footing like thick soup, with Cool Concept second and Eager Exchange third. I doubt, though, whether we'll see Explodent or any of the others in the classics.



WHILE Riva Ridge, who is rated the top three-year-old, was taking his ease in his stall at Hialeah last week, a stablemate, Upper Case, won the Florida Derby, which wound up things at Gulfstream Park. It was quite an afternoon for Lucien Laurin, their trainer, for he also saddled Roy Anderson's Spanish Riddle, who finished second. The pair went to the post favorites. Spanish Riddle had won his last three starts, including the Hutcheson Stakes, the main public trial, and besides, horseplayers like to have two runners for the price of one mutuel ticket. According to the chart, Upper Case won fair and square, wearing Spanish Riddle down in the stretch and passing the post a length to the good. The Forus Stable's Gentle Smoke was third. It was the first stakes victory for Upper Case, and a good one to start with, for his share of the purse was $107,760. A big bay colt by Round Table out of Bold Experience, who is a daughter of Bold Ruler, he has been lightly raced and wasn't signed up for the Kentucky Derby. When entries for that were being made, Mrs. John Tweedy, who directs the operations of the Meadow Stable for her father, C. T. Chenery, reserved Upper Case for the Preakness and the Belmont Stakes. He is, however, eligible for the Flamingo at Hialeah this weekend.

HIALEAH opened its meeting, which will run through April 29th, with little of the glamour it had in the days of Joe Widener, but plenty of horses were out, and they ran fast. In the

Bahamas Stakes, for three-year-olds, at seven furlongs, New Prospect zipped the distance in 1:21⅗, which is a new course mark, to win from Hold Your Peace, Second Bar, and seven others. One of those others was Key to the Mint, who ran far below expectations. Last Saturday, Executioner preserved his unbeaten record of this season in the Seminole Handicap, at a mile and a furlong, though he was under pressure at the end to beat Good Counsel by half a length. From all accounts, Executioner had complete command till the turn into the stretch, where Good Counsel, who had an advantage of thirteen pounds in the weights, came up with a rush and headed him, and it was nip and tuck from there to the wire. His Majesty, a stablemate of Good Counsel (both are owned by Darby Dan Farm), was third. The Darby Dan pair had arrived only a few days before from Santa Anita, where Good Counsel had finished third in the Charles H. Strub Stakes. No doubt the three will meet again in the Widener Handicap on the twenty-fifth.

TURKISH TROUSERS is still Best in the West. Carrying 125 pounds, she won the Santa Margarita Handicap, Santa Anita's big one for fillies and mares, last Saturday. In passing, she settled a score with Convenience, who had beaten her earlier in the season. Turkish Trousers headed her in a driving photo finish. Typecast, the favorite, was third, a neck behind. As you might expect, it was a fast-run race—the time for the nine furlongs was 1:47⅘. I daresay the way Shoemaker rode Turkish Trousers had a lot to do with her victory. He kept her well placed in the early running and put in one of his strongest finishes in the stretch. She, incidentally, was one of five he brought home in front during the afternoon. Earlier in the week, he rode his five-hundred-and-fifty-fifth stakes winner, Royal Owl, in the San Jacinto Stakes. It took Arcaro thirty-one years to set that riding record, and Shoemaker twenty-three to break it.

—AUDAX MINOR

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THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

MADRAS (AP) — The chairman of India's railway o bard, G. D. Khandelwal, estimates the government-run rail lines rose $12 million in revenue annually as a result of people sneaking aboard trains and riding without tickets.

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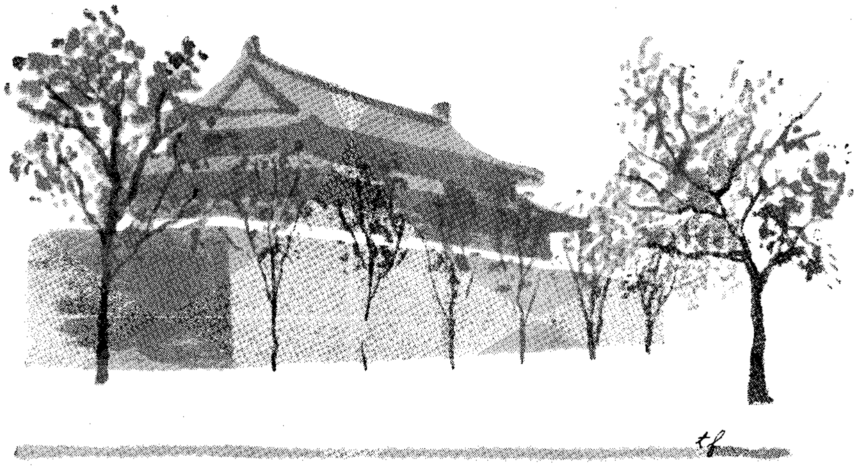
CHINA DIARY



China's Vice-Premier, Li Hsien-nien, told an Egyptian delegation a few weeks ago, "When friends from your country want to visit, we can make arrangements in ten minutes. But it's different with the Americans." Those of us who accompanied President Nixon to China in the fourth week of February had ample reason to know how right Li was. On the American side, incredibly elaborate preparations went into the President's trip. In the end, Mr. Nixon himself was overtrained for the event. Impatient with sightseeing and self-conscious about what sort of figure he was cutting, the President began courting the press, and thus did what he had all along sought to avoid doing—he took steps to raise expectations that were bound to make the actual results seem disappointing. But then the expectations were exaggerated almost from the beginning.

Sunday: The Shanghai airport, where our press plane touches down in China around noon on Sunday, February 20th, twenty-one hours before the President is due, looks like any other airport; its two-story rectangular terminal building, with a face of glass giving on concrete runways, could be in Cleveland. Before we leave the plane, a White House aide comes aboard to tell us that we are guests of the Chinese people, are lucky to be invited, and are in for a rare treat. As we come off the plane, we are greeted by a receiving line made up of a delegation from the Shanghai Municipal Revolutionary Committee. On the ground floor of the terminal, where we check our gear and pick up press credentials and cable cards, there are large pictures of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and—somewhat to my surprise—Stalin. A broad staircase covered in red carpet leads up to the second floor. At the top of the stairs, a huge portrait of Chairman Mao Tse-tung dominates the entire building. After climbing the stairs and browsing at souvenir counters, we are seated at tables for lunch. At each table is a prominent official of some Shanghai institution, who acts as host. The head man at my table is Wang Chin, a shrewd-looking man of about fifty, who wears a green cap and a green Mao jacket. Speaking through an interpreter, he bids us welcome and asks us about our trip. As we dig into our food, Mr. Wang tells us he is a newspaperman himself—an editor of a major Shanghai paper, the *Liberation Army Daily*. He says that, as a colleague, he will be glad to answer our questions and help us in any other way he can. He reminds us that in the old days Shanghai had been known, because of its wide-open permissive atmosphere, as "the paradise of the East," but that now all the prostitutes, thieves, and drug addicts have been reformed. Industrial production has gone up fourteen times. We ask about the effect of the Cultural Revolution, and he says that since the end of that event, production has gone up sixty per cent. One of us asks about two leaders of the Shanghai Revolutionary Committee, Chang Ch'un-ch'iao and Yao Wen-yuan, who had been known as extreme radicals in the Cultural Revolution, linked to the former Defense Minister and sometime heir apparent to Mao Tse-tung, Marshal Lin Piao. Mr. Wang says that both men are busy in Peking. He denies prevalent rumors that Mr. Yao owes his meteoric rise to kinship with Mao Tse-tung and says such reports have been spread about by the Russians to discredit the People's Republic of China. With the talk flowing so easily, I decide to throw in a sensitive question. I ask what has become of Lin Piao. With total composure, Mr. Wang points toward the main dish in the center of the table and says, "Why don't you have some more mandarin fish?"

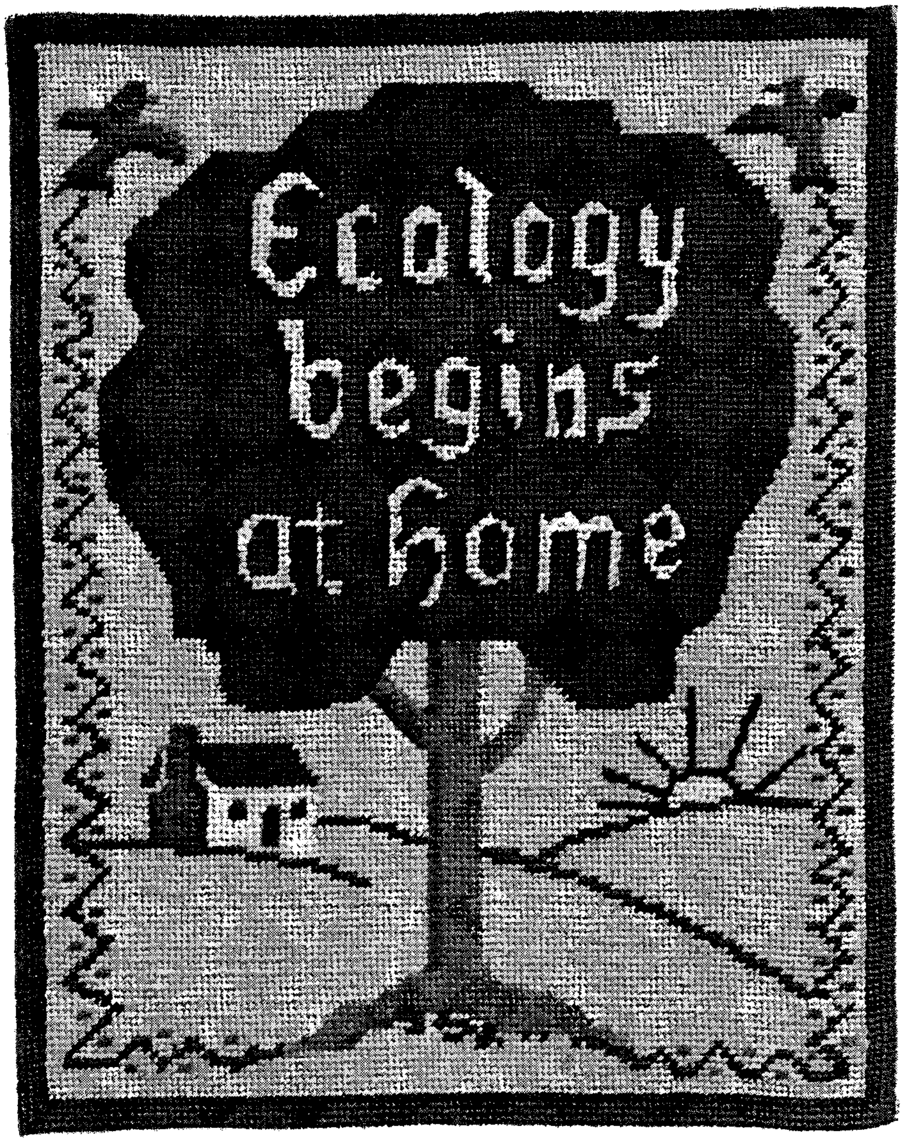
Peking, a couple of hours later, presents the same model airport and the same model receiving line. We are bundled into buses for a twenty-five-mile drive to our hotel, in the main part of town—on the same street as the huge Gate of Heavenly Peace, where the regime stages its big public celebrations. My first impression as we drive into Peking is of a mercantile and industrial town in the Midwest. The countryside is flat, the streets are straight and broad, and the place is landlocked. Factories abut government palaces, and next to the factories are orchards and dairy farms. Walking or cycling, the people on the street do not have what I think of as an urban rhythm. They move slowly—at a countryman's pace. Suffusing the whole atmosphere is the smell of soft coal.

Our hotel, called the Hotel of Nationalities, stands next to a large museum. First, we are all assembled in a wing of the museum that has been set aside as the pressroom, and an official from the Information Department of the Foreign Ministry gives us elaborate data on arrangements for filing cables and making phone calls. An interpreter has been assigned to approximately every two American reporters, and he is also to serve as a guide and general helper—watchman, too, it soon becomes clear. Stanley Karnow, of the Washington *Post*, and I have made prior arrangements to see a certain European ambassador on our first evening in town. We are told that no cars are available. Or taxis. Or buses. Somewhat panicky, we call up the ambassador, who sends a car and driver.

The ambassador is a square-jawed pedant with the looks and enunciation of a schoolteacher, which is what he used to be. Back in 1969, he played a role in setting in motion the events that led to the President's trip, which now interests him passionately. With some disapproval, he asks why the President has seen André Malraux before leaving Washington. He expresses doubt about Malraux's prediction that Chairman Mao would ask the President for economic aid. Mao, he tells us, is interested not in the day-to-day management of affairs but only in broad philosophical questions. The ambassador moves on to the question of Vietnam. He tells us there has been intense traffic between Hanoi and Peking in the past few months: Prime Minister Pham Van Dong, of North Vietnam, has been in Peking; Vice-Premier Li, of China, has been in Hanoi—and so, though there has been no announcement of the fact, has Premier Chou En-lai. He believes that relations between Chou En-lai and Pham Van Dong are very good, and that they had agreed that Pham Van Dong would go to Paris to push the peace negotiations with the United States but that that move had been aborted by the President's speech of January 25th, broaching a new American plan for Vietnam and detailing the history of Henry Kissinger's secret negotiations with Hanoi. The ambassador says that Chou En-lai will tell Nixon just what he has already told Kissinger: that there are two things the United States has to do, one being to withdraw all its troops from Vietnam, and the other to let a neutral government take over in Saigon. The ambassador believes that there is no push for unification of Vietnam right now, because North Vietnam can't bring it off and China doesn't want it.

MONDAY: Early in the morning, we go out to the Peking Airport to watch the arrival ceremonies for the President. All sorts of advance indications point to a cool reception. Back in Washington, many of us were told by an intelligence official that the Chinese Party cadres had been alerted to view the meetings with the Americans through the optic of a directive written by Chairman Mao in August, 1945, on the peace negotiations then going on with Chiang Kai-shek. In that directive, Mao asserted that the Communist aim was to "gain the political initiative . . . win the sympathy of world opinion . . . and a state of peace," and stipulated that there would be only a small quid pro quo on the Communist side: "There are limits to . . . concessions." In the same vein, Chou En-lai had recently mused to a visiting British journalist, "Why shouldn't we negotiate with President Nixon? . . . For instance, in the past we talked with Chiang Kai-shek." Ron Ziegler, the White House Press Secretary, just before we left Hawaii for China, indicated that everything about the trip was up in the air—from the arrival reception to the question of whether there would be a final communiqué.

Despite these warnings, the stiff and cool formality of the reception is startling. In the most populous country in the world, only a few hundred peo-



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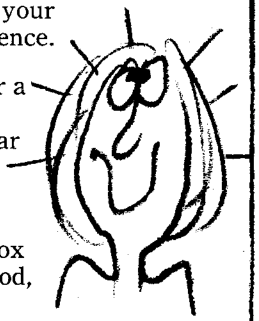

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ple are there to meet the President of the United States. They include a score of officials, led by Premier Chou En-lai; members of his Cabinet; an honor guard of Army, Navy, and Air Force men; and a band. No foreign diplomats have been invited. Ordinary people, even passersby, have been rigorously excluded—a sign of a dead-serious meeting, rather than the fun and games that would serve the President's political interests back home. Discouraging slogans, in white characters on red backgrounds, festoon the airport. One says, "Struggle, fail; struggle again, fail again; struggle until victory: that is the logic of the people." Another says, "Make trouble, fail; make trouble again, fail again; make trouble until doom: that is the logic of the imperialists and reactionaries."

Waiting restlessly in freezing weather, the journalists inevitably lapse into their favorite mode—wisecracking. "This is the best reception Nixon's had since he went to the A.F.L.-C.I.O. meeting," someone says. "When he sees this crowd," says another journalist, "Nixon will change his mind and come out for busing." Just before the plane is due to land, a sententious Chinese official briefs us in English on where everybody is supposed to stand. The honor guard will be here; the band there; the receiving line in a third place; the lesser officials in a fourth place; the American press in a fifth place; other foreign correspondents somewhere else; and so on.

"What about the people?" William Buckley, of the *National Review*, asks. "Where will they be?"

"The what?" the Chinese official replies.

As it happens, the arrival ceremony comes off in fine style. The American flag flies bravely beside the Chinese flag. The band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner" without mishap. The President, smiling, shakes hands with Chou En-lai. As they review the honor guard, Mr. Nixon makes nervous small talk. He mentions the length of the trip. He observes that Premier Chou has made many long trips. The Premier is impassive. Visible evidence that all is not just dandy in *his* government is given by his entourage. The Premier, who is himself seventy-three, is followed by two leaders of even greater age—Marshal Yeh Chien-ying and the writer Kuo Mo-jo, who must be well into his eighties. The toll taken by the leadership fight resulting from the Cultural Revolution is reflected by the number of Acting and Deputy

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Ministers. There is no Minister of Defense, no Minister of State Security, and no Party leader from Peking. All have been recently purged.

The substantive talks were scheduled to begin this afternoon, but the first news is of delay. For unexplained reasons, the President does not show up at the Great Hall of the People, in Tienanmen Square, on time for his meeting with Chou En-lai. Crazy rumors begin to fly. One of the most far-out has it that the President, instead of meeting Chou on schedule, has been called to a session with Chairman Mao. Most of us agree that this is probably ridiculous. And then we learn that the President has indeed met with Chairman Mao. Although the session appears to be largely symbolic, it is the first time in recent years that the Chairman has received any foreign statesman on the first day of a visit.

At the formal banquet in the evening, Chou En-lai seems to speak from the viewpoint of eternity, while Mr. Nixon expresses eagerness to get something in a hurry. Three times, he speaks of the pressures on the negotiators to come up with some agreement. As one reason for action, he points out that "at this very moment, through the wonder of telecommunications, more people are seeing and hearing what we say than on any other such occasion in the whole history of the world." Next, after referring to "my eldest daughter, whose birthday is today," he asks, "What legacy shall we leave our children?" Then he stresses the urgency yet again—in, of all things, a quotation from Chairman Mao: " 'So many deeds cry out to be done, and always urgently. The world rolls on. Time passes. Ten thousand years are too long. Seize the day; seize the hour.' "

TUESDAY: In the morning, instead of seizing the hour, most of the American party, including the President and Mrs. Nixon, rest. As they take their ease, there arrives unmistakable evidence that Chairman Mao has given his blessing to the enterprise. The *People's Daily*, the newspaper of the Party Central Committee, carries eight stories on President Nixon's arrival. There are three pictures on page 1, including two of the President with Chairman Mao. The account of their meeting says the talk was "frank and serious."

I lunch with a group of diplomats from Canada and Great Britain, most of them China experts. They all agree that the President's meeting with Chair-

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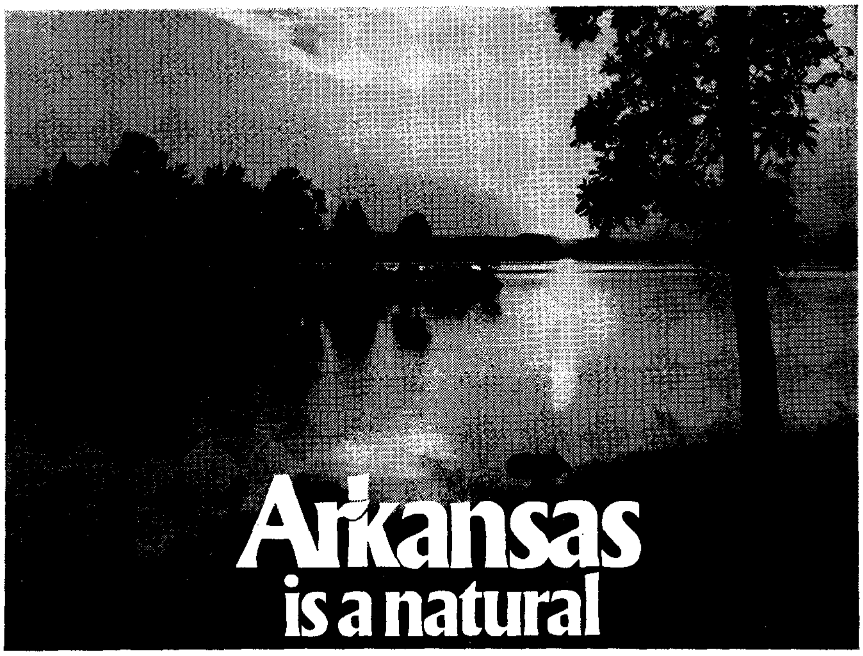

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across the lake,
rather than a cab
across the street?

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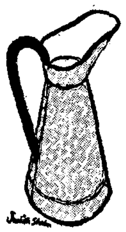
man Mao and the coverage in the *People's Daily* are extraordinary. They insist that the purpose of all this special attention is to line up the Party and the people of China behind whatever results from the meetings with the Americans but certainly there is no indication that China has gone soft on the United States.

After lunch, I visit a military attaché from a European country that is supposed to have a particularly sensitive appreciation of Chinese internal politics. The attaché, a colonel, offers a theory about how internal Chinese politics has recently meshed with foreign policy, particularly in the case of the President's visit. According to his theory, the Army—led by Marshal Lin Piao, with the backing of Chairman Mao and the coöperation of Premier Chou—emerged from the upheavals of the Cultural Revolution as the dominant institution in China. Chou utilized it as the chief instrument of administration, particularly in the provinces, and thus it was supreme over the government and the Party. But while the Army was gaining the foremost role internally, China suffered heavy setbacks in foreign policy. There had formed around China a hostile ring, beginning with Russia and extending through Japan and the American-backed forces in Taiwan and Southeast Asia to India. In August, 1970, at a plenary session of the Central Committee, Mao and Chou, according to the colonel, decided to call a halt to the Army's supremacy. They began rebuilding the Party and the government. They met with resistance from Lin Piao, his radical allies, and some of the top military commanders. In the course of the fight, Mao and Chou began to seek support among the provincial chiefs and the old marshals, many of whom had been attacked in the Cultural Revolution. As part of their assault on Lin Piao, Mao and Chou moved to break the ring around China. A dramatic gesture, they decided, would be to pick up an offer, made last spring by President Nixon, that he visit China. When the Nixon visit was announced last summer, Lin and his followers made it a test of strength. Chou and Mao won a hotly contested victory sometime in September, and Lin was forced out of office, and perhaps even killed.

Some support for the colonel's theory comes on Tuesday night. At a cultural performance for the American party, the hostess is Mao's wife, who ordinarily uses her own name, Chiang Ch'ing. She was known as a radical figure in the Cultural Revolution, hostile to the bureaucracy of the Party and the government, and cordial to the leadership of Lin and his military comrades. According to one Cultural Revolution poster, she charged that the wife of Liu Shao-ch'i, a well-known Party leader, had behaved in a way that was "frivolous and in bad taste for a revolutionary" while acting as hostess during the visit of a foreign dignitary. Though not frivolous or in bad taste, Chiang Ch'ing is, on Tuesday evening, not revolutionary, either. She wears a well-cut black wool suit, and chats amiably with the President and Mrs. Nixon. Most of the American experts present are convinced that the one reason Chiang Ch'ing has come to the performance is that, as one of them puts it, "the old man made her."



The evening reflects a similar softening of attitude. As late as the time of the President's arrival in Peking, it was believed that the Chinese would put on, for the Nixons, a performance of "Shajiabang," a revolutionary opera that ends with a Communist guerrilla raid against troops of the Japanese-run puppet government in the Second World War. The State Department had said of "Shajiabang," in an internal memorandum, "This is a viciously anti-Japanese play, which would probably not be appropriate for viewing by the President and Mrs. Nixon." Instead, the Chinese put on "Red Detachment of Women." It is a ballet drama, danced with many classical steps to modern music largely played by Western instruments, that tells the story of a young servant girl, Wu Ching-hua, who is driven to join the Communists because of the beatings of a cruel master known as the Tyrant of the South, a minion of Chiang Kai-shek's. Eventually, the girl leads a Communist attack that achieves a complete victory over the Tyrant, who is killed, along with the troops who are trying to protect him.

WEDNESDAY: We fan out on various tours arranged by our hosts. With three other journalists, I go to the Dongfang Hong (The East Is Red) automobile plant, housed in a red brick building, on the outskirts of Peking, which looks as if it might have been a school. We are taken through the plant, which is a factory for assembling jeeps, by Ching Ping, the head of the plant's Revolutionary Committee, a handsome man with a wide smile and strong features, who had been an Army battalion commander,

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and his assistant, Fung Ke, an intelligent-looking, angular-faced former municipal official in Peking, who does most of the talking. The basic facts are that the plant turns out ten thousand jeeps a year, each one costing about eleven thousand yuan (some forty-five hundred dollars at the official rate for the yuan, which is about forty-two cents) in labor and material, and selling for about fourteen thousand yuan (about six thousand dollars), with the state raking in the profits. There are eight thousand workers in the plant, a third of them women. They are on the job six days a week and eight hours a day. (Days off are rotated. There is no officially ordained day of rest in Communist China.) Wages are determined on the basis of eight different grades set up by the Revolutionary Committee to measure skill and seniority. The average salary is fifty yuan per month; apprentices get thirty-four yuan per month; and the highest-paid workers take home a hundred and eight yuan a month. Mr. Ching draws a hundred and ninety-six yuan a month, and Mr. Fung receives a hundred and seventy. There are no bonuses. "In the past, we used to have bonuses," Mr. Fung explained. "But during the Cultural Revolution we learned that bonuses were a revisionist device, and so we stopped them."

The work pace seems relatively relaxed. Nobody is standing around idle, but neither is anyone moving very fast. On the walls are numerous injunctions to study the thoughts of Mao, and Mr. Ching indicates that, thanks to such study, production has recently been doubled, from five thousand jeeps per year to ten thousand. I try a couple of times to discover precisely how Mao's thoughts have helped to raise output. On one occasion when I pose the question, I am shown how front-end grilles are picked up by an overhead belt and dipped into a bath of paint. Formerly, it is explained, they were sprayed one by one. When I pose the question again, I am shown a West German machine for making wire. Giving up on that line of research, I ask Mr. Ching what impact the Cultural Revolution had on the plant. He says, "There was an ultra-left tendency in the factory. They claimed that our work rules, and even our safety regulations, were badges of bondage, and they did away with many of them. Production became chaotic and slumped. But now that is over. The good work rules and the good safety regulations have been restored."

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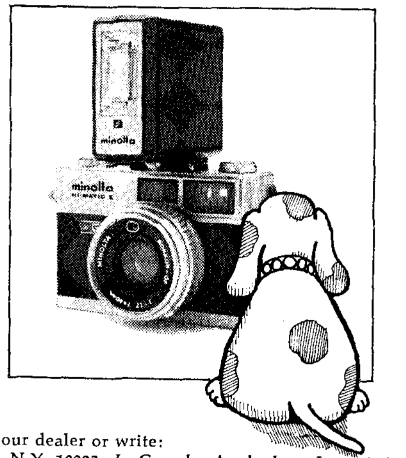

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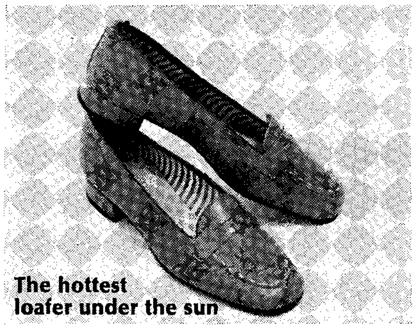

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at a Szechwanese restaurant on Wang Fu Ching Street, the best-known shopping street in Peking. The place has two levels—a cafeteria on the ground floor and a proper restaurant, with waiters, one flight up. My friend tells me that restaurants are the only places where one can meet Chinese people in Peking, because there are no clubs or cafés. At this very spot, he says, he once met some of the leading dancers from "Red Detachment of Women." The food is spicy and excellent, and the cost of the meal is about five yuan (two dollars) for both of us. Afterward, my friend and I visit some of the nearby shops. One is a traditional pharmacy, where the chief product seems to be ground horns of deer, served up in dozens of different varieties as an aphrodisiac. At a second-hand store, a brisk trade is going on in old mandarin coats—sheepskin on the inside, blue cloth outside, decorated with slogans or proverbs in lovely gold lettering. We end up at a modern bookstore. There are some young men buying the works of Mao, Lenin, and Marx, which are sold at one counter, but far more buyers are standing around a counter that displays criticism and history, where two works—a study of Tang Dynasty poetry and a modern history—have just gone on sale for the first time since the Cultural Revolution. They are moving fast.

The evening program for us Americans is a sports spectacle—acrobatics, ping-pong, and so on—and I decide to skip some of this and drop in at the reception honoring Soviet Armed Forces Day at the Soviet Embassy, to which a Russian diplomat I have met on an earlier occasion has offered to escort me. A sadder party there never was. My Russian-diplomat friend points out as we enter that the Chinese have changed the name of the street on which the Soviet Embassy stands from West Legation Street to Anti-Revisionism Road. Only a very few Chinese are on hand, most of them standing in small groups in the far corners of a room that is the size of a football field. The Russians themselves are full of nasty cracks about the Chinese and elaborate suspicions of President Nixon's trip. One Russian points out to me that whereas the Chinese have called Mr. Nixon's visit with Chairman Mao "frank and serious," they called a meeting not long ago between Alexei Kosygin and Chou En-lai just "frank." Another Russian tells me that the Chinese have forgotten how to speak Russian. A North Vietnam-

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ese diplomat is on hand, but when I approach him he tells a Russian who starts to introduce us that he does not want to shake hands with an American. At length, I meet the Soviet Ambassador, Vasily S. Tolstikov, the former Party boss in Leningrad, who is supposed to have lost out in the leadership struggle that brought Kosygin and Brezhnev to the top in 1965. Tolstikov looks the part of an apparatchik. He has a huge head on a short, powerful body. He speaks sparingly. When I tell him I think President Nixon hopes that his visit to Peking will help improve the climate for his Moscow visit, tentatively scheduled for May, Tolstikov stares at me in utter incredulity. "We'll have to see about that," he says.

THURSDAY: Everybody is up early for what is supposed to be the sightseeing high point of the trip—the Great Wall of China. After a forty-mile bus ride, hardly any of us has anything to say about the Wall, least of all the President. He walks up and down, self-consciously shaking hands with a few Chinese, who seem to have been strategically placed for the television cameras. He introduces Barbara Walters, of the "Today" show, to Vice-Premier Li, and tells him about the TV coverage of the sports exhibit the night before. He expresses disbelief and wonder at the building of the Wall: "Imagine climbing all these mountains carrying stones." On the way back to Peking, we stop off to see the famous tombs of the Ming Emperors. Once again, there is the problem of what to say. Mr. Nixon says, "When one sees these tombs, while this does not go back very far in China's history—its history goes back thousands of years rather than hundreds—it is again, of course, a reminder that they are very proud in terms of cultural development and the rest, a rich history of the Chinese people. As I said earlier, it is worth coming sixteen thousand miles to see the Wall, and it is worth coming that far to see this, too." Perhaps because he is bored stiff, Mr. Nixon, for the first time during the trip, suddenly seems eager for questions from the press. He is asked whether he would recommend that Americans apply for tourist visas to China. He replies, "I think it would be very valuable and worthwhile for Americans—and, for that matter, people in all countries—to be able to visit China." Given the total absence of news about the official talks, that comment looks like a hot item. Practically everybody assumes there has been agreement on exchanges

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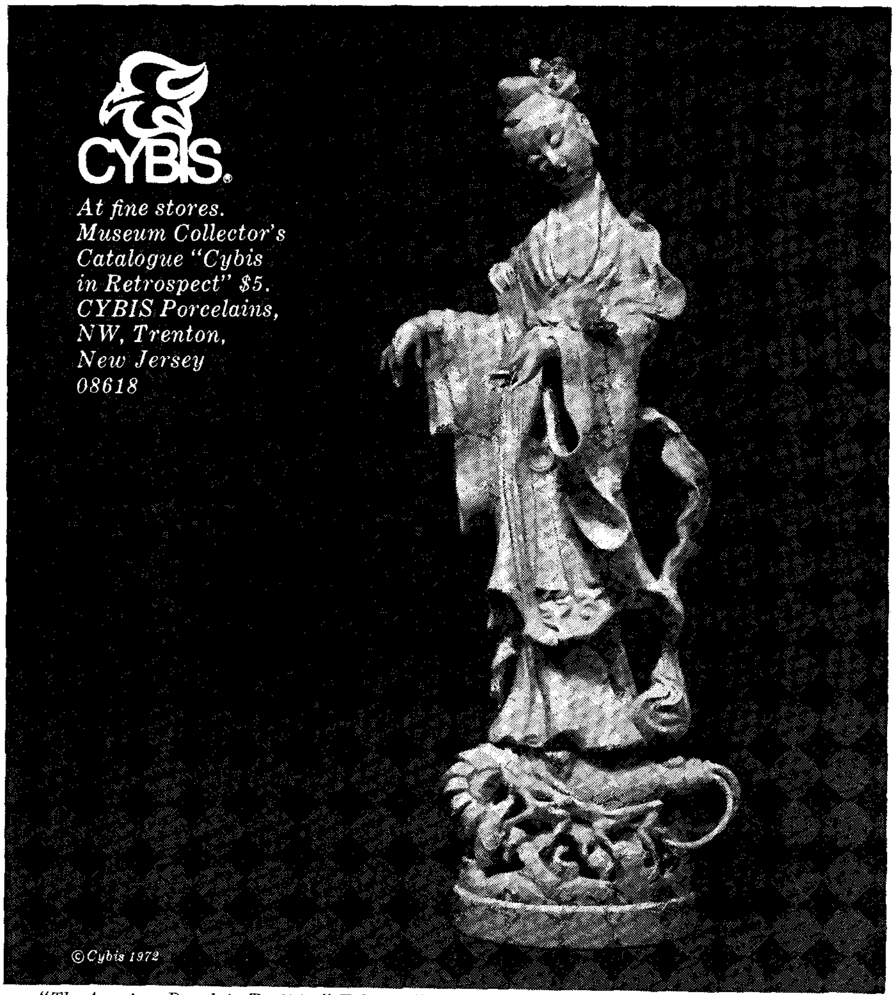

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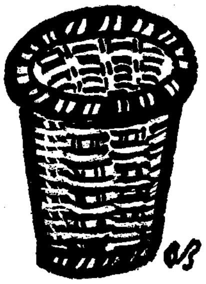
of some kind in the cultural and scientific and touristic fields, at least. Suddenly speculation begins to center on what will be in the final communiqué.

FRIDAY: Mr. Nixon imparts a powerful thrust to the speculation while we tour the old Imperial Palace, known as the Forbidden City. The Forbidden City symbolizes, even more than the Great Wall does, the inward-looking nature of Chinese life and history. It is a series of ornately decorated palaces and courtyards, one leading into the next, until finally one reaches the sanctum—the private rooms of the old emperors. Snow has fallen in the night, and the exterior setting is beautiful. But moving from hall to hall at a breakneck clip soon becomes tedious. Stopping in the Hall of Supreme Harmony, Mrs. Nixon tells us she has spoken that morning to her daughter Julie, in California, and that Julie has reported that the color television of the visit is beautiful.



Our guide, the elderly Marshal Yeh, is himself less than ecstatic. Standing in one of the imperial bedrooms, he says, "They didn't pay much attention to their health when they slept here. The air was not fresh at all." Later, he remarks, "If it were not for the visit of the President, the people here would seldom think of coming to visit the Forbidden City. We do not have time for it."

Now Mr. Nixon has relaxed perceptibly, and he begins introducing various press people to Marshal Yeh. He introduces Courtney R. Sheldon, of the *Christian Science Monitor*, and when Marshal Yeh says he knows of the paper Mr. Nixon reports that Chairman Mao has said he, too, reads the *Monitor*. The President introduces William Buckley with the remark "Buckley is very liberal—sometimes." He presents Aldo Beckman, of the Chicago *Tribune*, saying to Marshal Yeh, "It snows like this in Chicago."

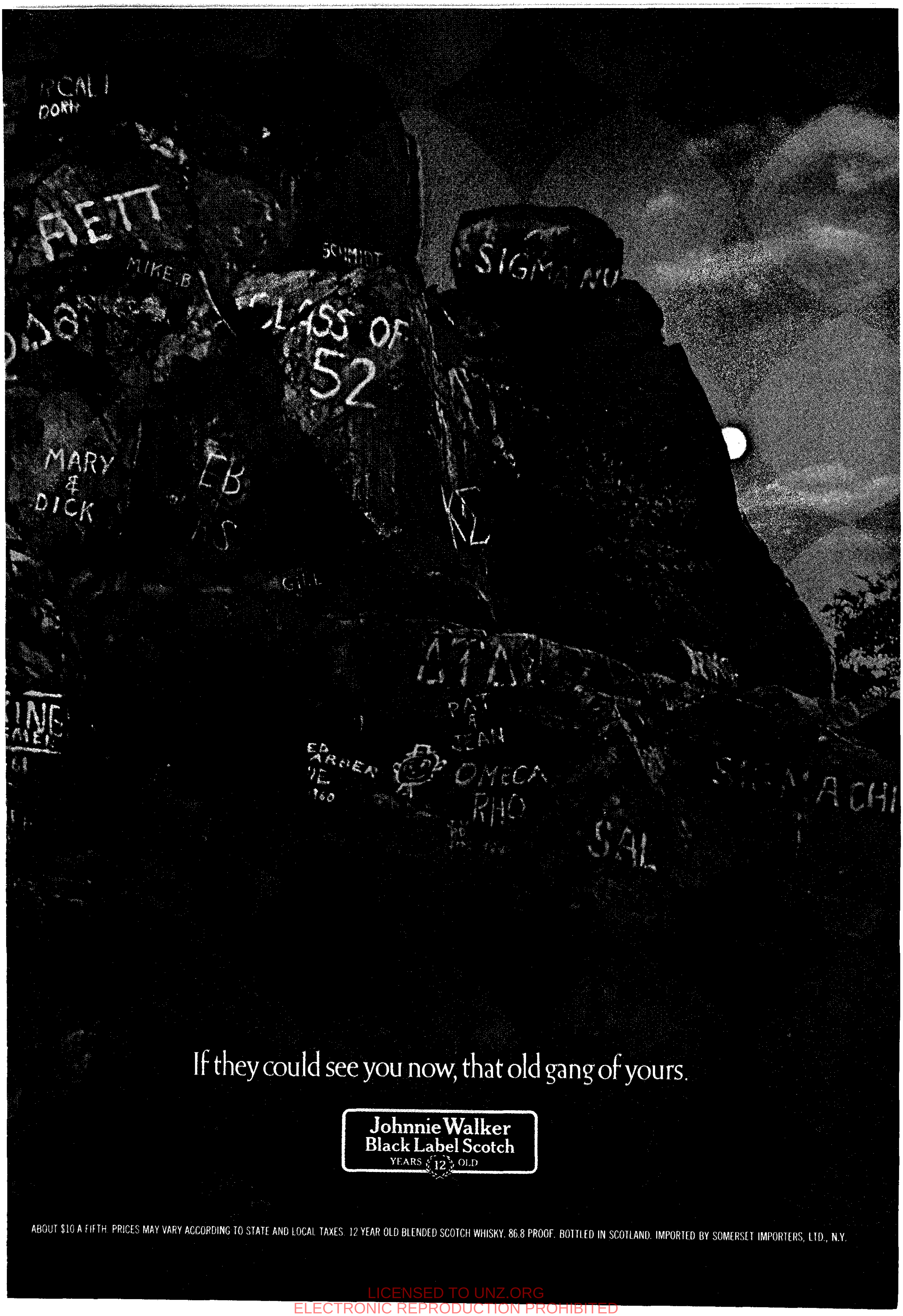
At the end of the tour, after a stop in the palace museum, joy is unconfined. A reporter asks Mr. Nixon how the visit is going. He says he'll have something to say about that in his toast at the dinner tonight. Marshal Yeh says, "It is my hope that people of our two countries and people of the world can enjoy peace and good harmony."

That sanguine comment sends expectations soaring. By banquet time in the evening, it is universally believed that Mr. Nixon has achieved a spectacular breakthrough. "He's got a blockbuster," someone says in the press bus on the way to the banquet.

The blockbuster turns out to be a dud. Mr. Nixon seems preoccupied at dinner. He builds his toast around the visit to the Great Wall. He calls it "a reminder that for almost a generation there has been a wall between the People's Republic of China and the United States of America." He says, "In these past four days, we have begun the long process of removing that wall between us." Except for a cryptic remark that "the general trend of the world is definitely toward light and not darkness," Premier Chou En-lai offers nothing in his toast that points toward agreement, either. The two men leave the Great Hall of the People walking side by side but not speaking. As they go downstairs, Mr. Nixon suddenly sees the TV cameras. He begins moving his lips as though in conversation, but if he is saying anything it does not engage the interpreter.

In the pressroom tonight, the talk is of "deadlock" and "failure." Ron Ziegler moves among the typewriters counselling caution and pointing out that the meetings are not over. He enjoys no great success. "I don't know anything about China but I know a lot about Ziegler," one White House correspondent says. "When he knows something I don't know, he shows it—there's a glint in his eye. There's no glint in his eye now. He doesn't know anything. What we see is what is. It's a deadlock."

SATURDAY: Last night was the long night of the China trip. Henry Kissinger and Ch'iao Kuan-hua, the Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs, who headed the Chinese delegation to the United Nations General Assembly last fall, worked until the early-morning hours blocking out the general elements of a joint communiqué. As they worked, they cleared points with the President and Premier Chou. Mr. Nixon did not go to bed until 5 A.M. Discussion continued this morning, beginning at nine at the Peking Airport, where delegations from the American and Chinese sides have met in a plenary session. There is more talk between Chinese and Americans on the flight from Peking to our next sightseeing stop, Hangchow, aboard a Russian-made Ilyushin 18. During the flight, Secretary of State William Rogers, who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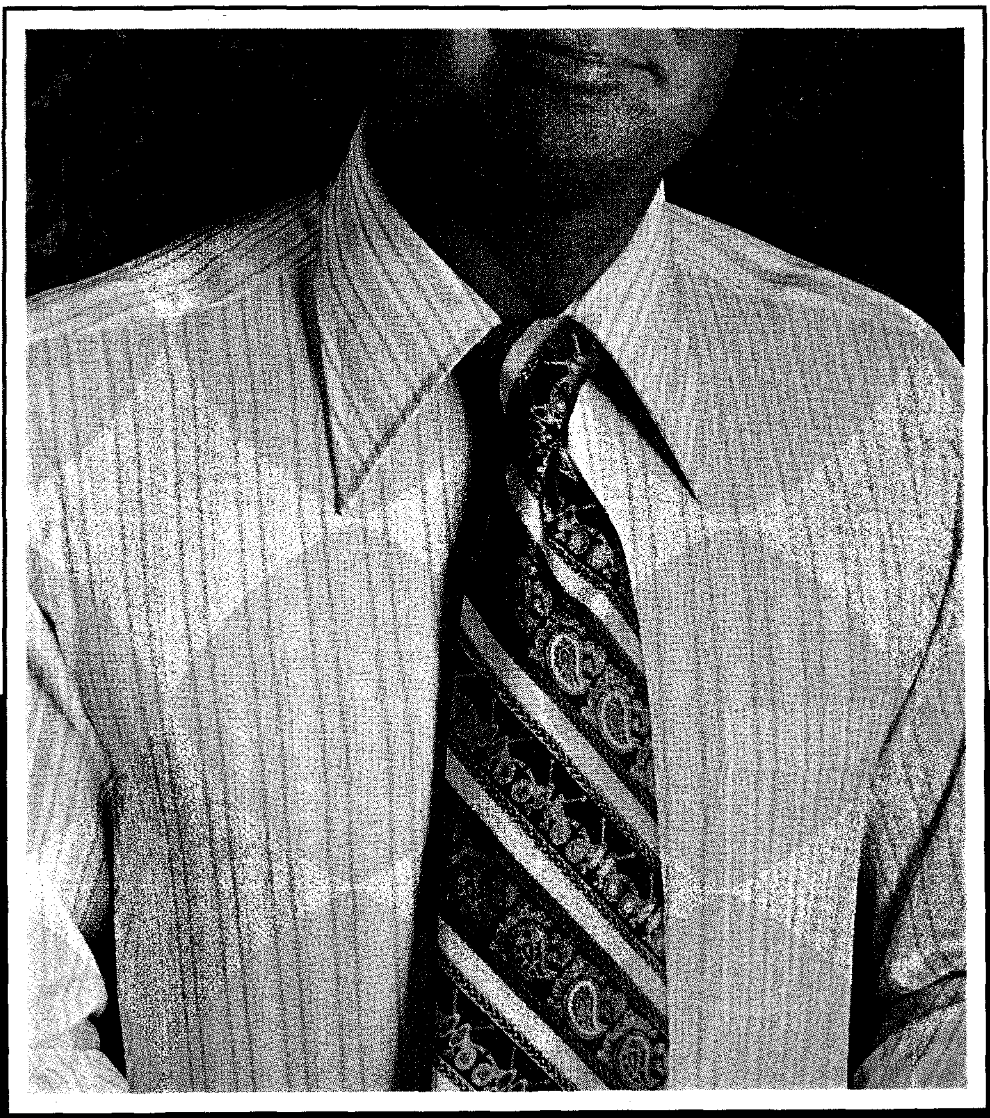

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has been meeting with his opposite number, Foreign Minister Chi P'eng-fei, enters the talks with the President, Chou En-lai, and Henry Kissinger. At one point, the President moves from the conference table in the plane to a forward compartment, where he begins writing on one of the yellow legal pads he favors. A couple of hours after the landing in Hangchow, Ziegler assembles the press and announces that a communiqué will be released tomorrow.

Hangchow is a lovely lake city, renowned as a vacation retreat. Parks and gardens fringe the lakeshore, and there are classic views, some of which have been fixed in Chinese legend as the Ten Scenes. On Saturday afternoon, the official party visits, by boat, a Scene known as Listening to Orioles Among the Willows. Premier Chou and Mr. Nixon stop at a birdhouse called the Pigeon Pavilion and watch a couple of lovebirds. The President observes to the Premier that the Scene "looks like a postcard with those mountains in the background." After the boat ride, the President invites all the members of the press to visit the guesthouse he is occupying by the lake. He poses for a group photograph outside, and then for individual pictures inside. Standing outside, he speaks in impromptu fashion about the role of the press. It is bitter cold, and many of us cough and stomp our feet. Mr. Nixon seems to have lost his voice. Still he talks on. He says he understands our job and its difficulties. He speaks of "the A.M. cycle" and "the P.M. cycle" and "the six-thirty news shows." He tells us he will write our publishers and ask that we get a raise. He says he knows that we like to have "hard news," and that not much has been available on the trip. He says the secrecy has been necessary because of the importance of developing relations between China and the United States. He says, "I had to put first the obligation of nurturing the relationship that is so delicate and that could have been jeopardized."

Though the President's little address is undoubtedly well meant, it offends many of the press people, who find its tone patronizing. Their reaction, however, appears to be lost on Mr. Nixon. At the banquet tonight, the President is in fine fettle. He delivers his toast impromptu, and expresses his appreciation of his interpreter. He reintroduces almost all of us to Chou En-lai. For me, it is the third introduction in four nights. Premier Chou also seems in excellent spirits. The China watchers in the party offer a possible explanation:

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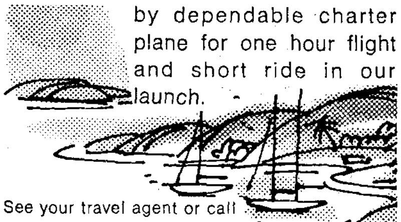
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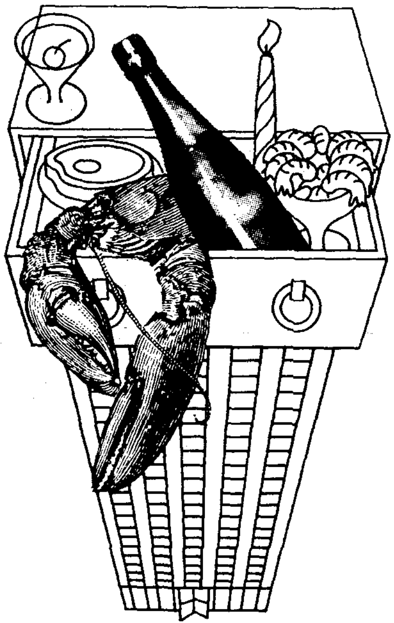
Absent now from the Revolutionary Committee that runs Chekiang Province, of which Hangchow is the capital, are two high-ranking officers—one from the Air Force and one from the Navy—who were known as radical supporters of Lin Piao.

SUNDAY: This is Communiqué Day in Shanghai. After Peking and Hangchow, it is a joy to be back in what most of us consider a *real* city. Noisy crowds throng the sidewalks and bicycles fill the streets near the magnificent waterfront. A touch of lipstick and rouge, plus an occasional bright blouse or kerchief, make the women stand out. There are specialty shops for clothing, cutlery, bicycles, electrical and photographic equipment, toys, wine and liquor, bedding, and food. At the No. 1 Shanghai department store, which looks like Macy's, I check some prices. Hot-water bottles are four yuan; blankets are thirty-two yuan; a bicycle is a hundred yuan; a long-playing record of the music for "Red Detachment of Women" costs nine yuan; a couple of lipsticks are two and a half yuan.

Coming out of the store, I run into Henry Hartzenbusch, an A.P. man, who was born in Shanghai, where his father was a General Motors representative. He suggests that we visit the house where his family lived. It is a two-story stucco affair in what used to be the French Quarter. Some of the windows are broken, the garden is untended, and it is obviously run down. An old woman who seems to be kind of a block boss tells us that six families now occupy the house. She refuses to let us in, and she discourages a young man who seems ready to show us about. Another young man—a teen-ager whom we encounter in the garden—is bolder. He takes us into what used to be the dining room. It contains two large beds, a square table, a bicycle, a bookstand, a violin case, a flute, and a music stand. The young man tells us he lives in the room with his mother, a retired doctor, and his father, an employee of the municipal utility. He himself is in middle school studying chemistry. The books on hand include chemistry texts in Chinese and in Russian. The young man, who is also musical, tells us he plays both the flute and the violin. I ask him what he wants to be when he grows up. He replies, "I want to build Socialism and Communism in China."

At five-thirty in the afternoon, the communiqué is released, at a kind of theatre adjoining the hotel where the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press has been put up for the night. Henry Kissinger is on hand to answer questions, and so is Marshall Green, the Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs, who is due to begin a tour of Asia the next day in order to pass on word about the President's visit to allied governments. The salient passage of the communiqué affirms "the ultimate objective of the withdrawal of all U.S. forces and military installations from Taiwan." In return, the Chinese promise steps to improve relations in the fields of culture and trade, and there is envisaged "the sending of a senior U.S. representative to Peking from time to time for concrete consultations to further the normalization of relations between the two countries."

At the final banquet, Sunday night, Chou En-lai, expansive and chatty, keeps knocking back glasses of the Chinese firewater, *mao tai*. Some of the younger radicals, however, are still shrinking from contact with the United States, it seems. Chang Ch'un-ch'iao, the head of the Shanghai Revolutionary Committee, says of the President's visit in his toast that "we people of Shanghai . . . welcome this positive action," but he emphasizes the point that "in the twenty-three years since the liberation of the city in 1949, fundamental changes have taken place." His chief associate, Yao Wen-yuan—the ideologue of the Cultural Revolution who is said to be related to Chairman Mao—does not show up for the ceremony.

On the American side, Henry Kissinger makes only modest claims for the meetings. At his briefing on Sunday night, he looks tired, and speaks not of immediate results but of "an attempt by two countries . . . to mitigate the consequences of . . . disagreements." President Nixon seems to have no reservations. In his final toast, he says, "This was the week that changed the world."

MONDAY: The exuberant mood holds over as the President leaves from the Shanghai airport. "It was a wonderful trip," he says, waving goodbye. "I hope we can come back."

—JOSEPH KRAFT

•

Among these are loves of George Sand and Chopin, Romeo and Juliet, Marie Antoinette and Napoleon, and Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning.—*Connecticut Motorist*.

Napoleon always did have a yen for older women.

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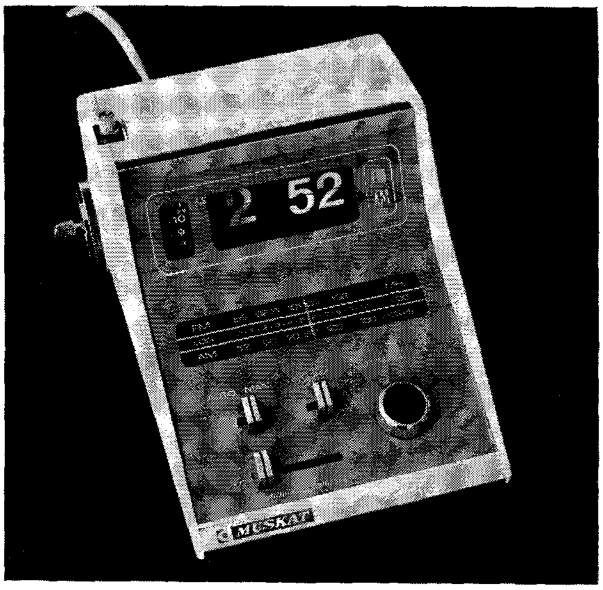

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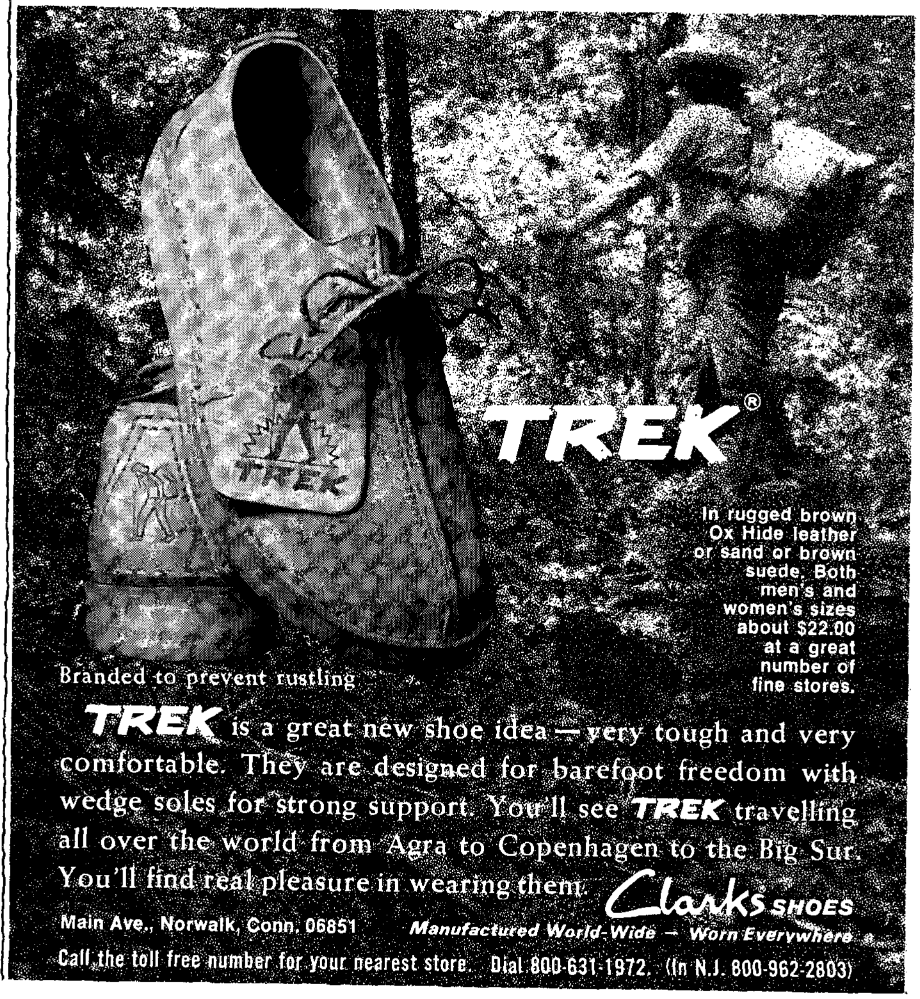

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Visitors from Vienna

LOCAL audiences have been accustomed to an occasional visit by the Vienna Philharmonic, and have admired its beautiful tone and its maturity of style. Last Tuesday night, another Viennese orchestra, the Vienna Symphony, came to Carnegie Hall, under the baton of Josef Krips. It is on the whole a younger orchestra, but it has much the same manner of symphonic performance. The string tone is extraordinarily mellow, the wind instruments are superbly blended, there is never a harsh attack in the orchestra's playing, and the phrasing is refined. Mr. Krips led a transparent and beautifully laid-out reading of Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, and then presented what must be the third or fourth performance we have heard here in the past three weeks of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony. Like many other South Central European orchestras, the Vienna Symphony responds to the baton a moment *after* the initial beat instead of coming in at the instant the baton first descends. Mr. Krips is, naturally, an old Viennese hand, and is quite accustomed to delayed attacks of this sort. The surprising thing is that there is no hesitation about the orchestra's entrance. The musicians all see the baton come down, wait a judicious instant, and then play away with absolute unanimity. Bruckner is, after all, a very Viennese composer and this interpretation of his Seventh Symphony—nowadays the most popular of the lot—could be taken as authoritative. It was an exceedingly polished performance, devoid of mannerisms, clear in detail, and eloquent in its treatment of formal relationships. Mr. Krips used the cymbal crash at the climax of the slow movement, just as Daniel Barenboim had done earlier. It was interesting to compare the Vienna Symphony's version of the work with that of several other orchestras. I had avoided Eugene Ormandy's performance of the week before, because I knew exactly how it would sound—as smooth as butter and full of the Ormandy tone, which is the richest and roundest to be heard anywhere. (Ormandy has been doing this symphony longer than any other conductor in America. Long ago, he made the first recording of it, when he was the maestro of the Minneapolis Symphony, and his interpretation of it is in some respects more brilliant than that of the Viennese.) The diametric opposite of the Viennese is probably the Chicago Symphony under Georg Solti, which gives the work a powerful and in every way a much larger interpretation. Part of this effect is undoubtedly due to the Chicago Symphony's incredibly well-trained and weighty brass section. There is something hypnotic about Solti and the Chicagoans that I missed the other night. But Mr. Krips and his orchestra could give us lessons in elegance and smoothness, and the performance was a memorable one.

LAST Wednesday night, I dropped in on Boito's "Mefistofele," in its familiar production by the New York City Opera at the State Theatre. I went mainly because of a new Mefistofele—new to me, at any rate—and I went hoping that the new singer would have a costume that would make him look more like the Prince of Darkness than like the damaged Easter bunny that Tito Capobianco, a stubborn man, has decreed that Mefistofele should resemble. Well, the idiotic costume was still there, but the singer who wore it, Michael Devlin, turned out to be much larger than Norman Treigle, who had previously done the role. This difference in size gave Mefistofele a more heroic stature—closer to the stature that Boito intended him to have and that every director prior to Mr. Capobianco had dutifully preserved. Mr. Devlin is not quite the cultivated artist that Mr. Treigle is, but he sang lustily and gave the impression that Mefistofele is somebody to be reckoned with—a worthy foe for a strong man like Faust. However, the equally idiotic whistling scene is still there, too; when Mefistofele is supposed to be whistling at God in derision, he cowers instead while somebody (God? No, that would hardly be dignified) whistles at *him*. These small but important points aside, this is, as everybody knows, a very imaginative and theatrically absorbing production—particularly as concerns the cosmic scenic projections that accompany the choruses of the Prologue. Harry Theyard sang especially well as Faust, and Bernard Fitch made a fine Wagner. Julius Rudel, as conductor, managed the difficult Prologue and the rest of the opera impressively.

THE New York Philharmonic, under Pierre Boulez, continued its proselytizing course in Philharmonic Hall last Thursday night, combining the familiar and old with the unfamiliar and not quite so old. The unfamiliar item was Alban Berg's Chamber Concerto, which involved a dozen solo instrumentalists, among them two celebrated ones—the pianist Barenboim and the violinist Pinchas Zukerman. It is an atonal work, and I use the word "atonal" in an exact technical sense (there seems to be a vast confusion about this on the part of Edward Downes, the Philharmonic's program annotator, who stated elsewhere in the program that "we are no longer quite sure that [the word] means anything"). The word "atonal" is not necessarily a pejorative one. Of the three principal composers of the Viennese decadence, Berg, to my mind, was the only genius. If he had not become entangled with Schoenberg, he might have been another Wagner. As it is, even in his serial music, of which the Chamber Concerto is an example, bright coals of romanticism shine through the ashes that are slowly engulfing Viennese music. The rhythmic rhetoric in this work often resembles the rhythmic rhetoric of Chopin or Johann Strauss, and, though I feel that it is a bit lengthy, it is certainly enjoyable for the sophisticated listener. Though there was a large audience that night, the conclusion of the work was greeted by rather thin applause, mingled with a few bravos. It deserved a better reception. Mr. Boulez' interpretation of it had been immaculate.

After the intermission, Mr. Boulez moved back to the chronological center of the Romantic era—this time, thank God, not to Liszt but to Schumann. The "Manfred" Overture was succeeded by the "Rhenish" Symphony (No. 3 in E Flat Major), and Mr. Boulez gave both works sensitive and quite eloquent readings—not readings comparable to those we were accustomed to in the days of Toscanini, but by present standards excellent ones.

LAST Friday night, the Joffrey Ballet trotted out two new works at the City Center. The first was a revised version of Eliot Feld's "Meadowlark," the unrevised version of which I had seen two years ago at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. This revision, which had received its première the previous night, is a wholly lovable experience—a delight of a ballet, with the most intricate and at the same time most natural-looking choreography imaginable. Outstanding among its dozen dancers are the diminutive Rebecca Wright (who is at times treated like a feather tossed into the air), the powerful Paul Sutherland, and the vigorous James Dunne. This was followed by something called "Double Exposure," a New York première, and a ballet that seemed to offer as its moral "Don't ever have your photograph taken posing as Charles Atlas." At any rate, that is what I made of it, though there appeared to be symbols within symbols. The work is said to have been inspired by Oscar Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Gray." As far as I could deduce, it involves a handsome, muscular young man (Dennis Wayne) whose nearly nude picture is taken by a Photographer (Paul Sutherland). This picture, on the wall of the Photographer's studio, much enlarged, becomes the cult object of a gang of Groupies whose Leader (Gary Chryst) is a hashish and cocaine pusher. It all ends very badly, with everybody addicted and the handsome young man confronting his aged body, which is mimed by another dancer. This ballet, choreographed by Joe Layton to Scriabin Preludes interspersed with electronic sounds by Henri Pousseur, has a hallucinatory effect, which is no doubt intended. (The odd scenery and costumes, by John Conklin, and the complicated lighting, by Thomas Skelton, have something to do with this.) But, considering it purely as a work of the dance, I found it disappointing. An atmosphere suggesting the old-fashioned night-club act clung to it, and one was more attracted by the morbid atmosphere of the drama than by the choreography. The evening ended with that rousing best-seller Ruthanna Boris's "Cakewalk."

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ

New York Notes

MARCH 2ND: There have been, since jazz really got itself together fifty years ago, less than a dozen groups that, by building new houses with the best stones their predecessors left behind, have distinctly helped push the music forward. But one of them—the Modern Jazz Quartet—has done even more. In its twenty-year existence, the M.J.Q. has had just two personnel changes, and the last took place seventeen years ago. (It may, in fact, be the oldest permanent musical group in history.) It has unimpeachable taste and a self-charging musical imagination. It is sensitive but not precious, subtle but powerful, controlled but swinging, stirring but not sentimental. Far from having ossified, it is more resilient and adventurous than when it was formed. In many ways, it is the finest of all jazz groups, and it is certainly one of the

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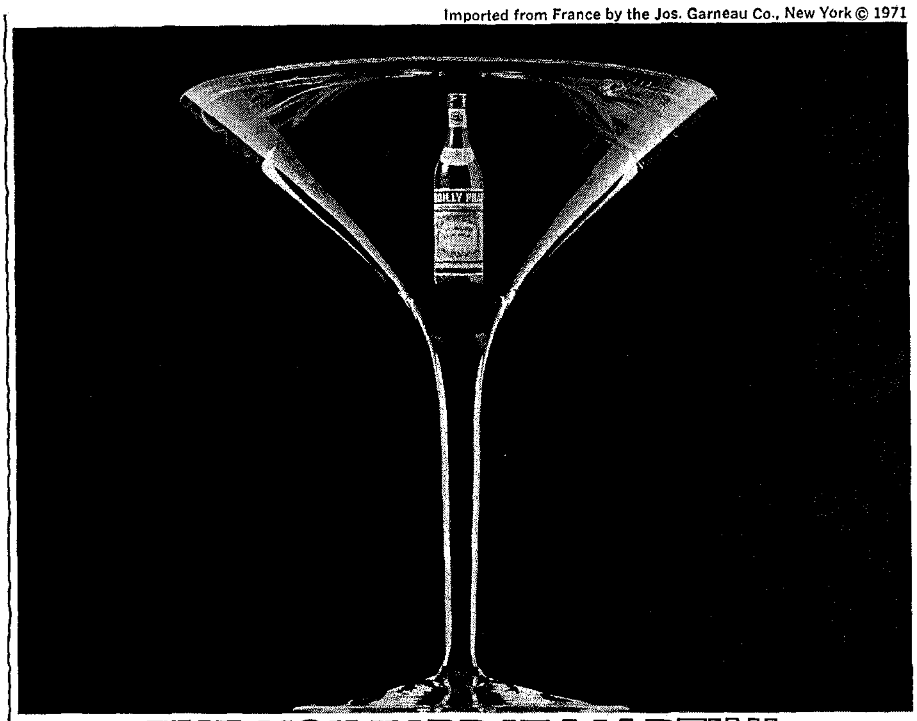

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premier phenomena of Western music. In recent years, the quartet (John Lewis, piano; Milt Jackson, vibraharp; Percy Heath, bass; and Connie Kay, drums) has appeared mostly in concert; the settings have a becoming dignity, but they tend to keep the group under glass. So a rare event is taking place this week and next, for the group—at its own request—is at the Village Vanguard, and it will remain through Sunday, March 12th. If the way it performed tonight is any indication, the two weeks will be not only a rare event but a high-water one; I had never heard the quartet exhibit such fervor and brilliance. Its galluses were loosened, its shoes untied, its hair askew. It played several fine new pieces, including "In Memoriam" (for a revered piano teacher), which turned out to be one of Lewis's most graceful melodic carvings since "Django" (also played), it played old gems like "England's Carol," "True Blues," "Home," "Bag's Groove," and "Pyramid," and it played tunes it rarely touches, among them Charlie Parker's "Confirmation," Thelonious Monk's "'Round Midnight," and "Willow Weep for Me." It tossed off about ten blues, and they were stunning. Jackson went on chorus after chorus, with Lewis attentively paving the background with glistening medallions, and then Lewis went on and on. Heath was witty and ingenious, and time after time Kay developed that singular singing four-four beat that he learned so well from his master, Sidney Catlett. (Indeed, Kay, who generally plays as if his drums were Venetian crystal, became almost thunderously active at times.) By one o'clock, the Vanguard seemed like a ship at sea—tossing and swinging and plunging—and the exultant atmosphere led its captain, Max Gordon, who is a master of the *sous mot*, to observe, "This place has a nice disarray tonight." —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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THE ART WORLD

The Philosophy of Put-Togethers

COLLAGE is a way of making art, but it is not a specific art form, nor is it a style. Cutting and pasting have been practiced in the kindergarten, by housewives making their own home decorations, by Matisse at the culmination of his powers. In itself, collage has no aesthetic or intellectual character: it has been employed for centuries to compose craft objects, such as arrangements of artificial fruits and flowers and colored papers, or to arouse surprise by sewing real buttons on a painted garment or inserting an actual clock in the tower of a landscape. In our century, however, collage has become more than a technique or genre for folk artists and amateurs. It has entered into painting and sculpture as an intrinsic part of their history. The incorporation of scraps of paper, cloth, printed matter, coins into compositions of painted forms was hailed by the Dadaist Tristan Tzara as "the most poetic, the most revolutionary moment in the evolution of painting." Considering the many different things that are now done with collage, this revolution is not easy to define. An elegant composition of colored papers by Esteban Vicente seems to have little in common with a box of forks and spoons by Arman. Both were included in the "Assemblage" exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art ten years ago, but that show was organized on the how-to-do-it concept of collage, and it was a chaos, intellectually and aesthetically. Presumably, the components added to the canvas or sculpture contribute qualities to a collage that paint or plaster cannot achieve. But the significance of these additions varies importantly in works belonging to different categories—for instance, in the paintings of Adja Yunkers at the Whitney Museum, with their rigorous strategy of superimposed bands, as compared to the torn, rugged automobile parts of John Chamberlain's sculptures, which have just left the Guggenheim. For Yunkers, strips of painted paper provide a restrained variation of the surface that could not quite be matched by built-up strands of pigment; that is to say, he uses collage to obtain a formal low-relief figure on a flat ground. In contrast, Chamberlain's chunks of crushed, rusted, enamelled metal convey a sensation of physically menacing edges and fears associated with wrecked cars; when his work gained attention, artists took to noticing junk piles. Critics who consider Chamberlain's assemblages to be merely a translation into three dimensions of the forms of de Kooning and Kline (which are especially apparent as influences in Chamberlain's *paintings*) dismiss the aura of highway, crackup, and obsolescence clinging to Chamberlain's material. So, too, do those who, defending his originality, praised his progress from his junk works to the ones executed in new metals, foam rubber, and plastics. Chamberlain's recourse to the wreckers' lot was his primary creative act; his work in other mediums has to win interest on new grounds (which, in my opinion, it has failed to do). A similar instance of diminution of quality with a change of materials occurred when the Italian Alberto Burri renounced the stained and patched burlap sacks with which, in the nineteen-fifties, he made his début in the United States; in collage, the introduction of an emotionally expressive physical component can enable a work to surmount its formal background as well as the inventive limitations of the artist.

arts and Crafts

For Tzara, the revolution of collage consisted in its incorporating "a piece of everyday reality which enters into relationship with every other reality that the spirit has created." This idea of collage as a mixture of realities belonging to different orders identifies modern assembled art with a metaphysical principle beyond mere technique. Collage opens art to the common stuff of daily life, to Rimbaud's "poetic junk" of the city streets, in order to fix in time and place the abstractions of form. The collage revolution brings to an end the age-old separation between the realm of art and the realm of things. With collage, art no longer copies nature or seeks equivalents to it; an expression of the advanced industrial age, it appropriates the external world on the basis that it is already partly changed into art. Painting and sculpture encompass tangible entities that have origins and functions of their own. The newspaper cuttings in "Man with a Hat," included in the current Picasso exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, not only supply compositional and color elements but refer to tuberculosis and dental care, and, according to a note in the catalogue by William Rubin, were snipped from the December 3, 1912, issue of *Le Journal.*

The unity of collage lies in the metaphysics of mixing formal and material realities through introducing the concreteness of the paste-in. As art, collage lacks an independent history. Herta Wescher's "Collage," published by Abrams, is actually a history of art movements since Cubism, retold in terms of pasting and assembling. A monumental accumulation of data, it is receptive to works in every mode of modern art in which a shuffling of materials or images has been employed—from a photomontage of a pair of hands with wide-open eyes in their palms to an abstract composition of rope, leaves, and rags. Wescher calls the roll of Cubists, Futurists, Dadaists, and so on, gives brief biographical accounts of their careers in collage, and quotes their views on the advantages of using non-art substances. Albers "urged the students [at the Bauhaus] to make use of rubbish for the simple reason that he found it too expensive to provide fresh materials for their class exercises," and artists working in different places, periods, and styles also stressed the economical aspect of collage in legitimizing substitutes for art supplies, especially during crises of war and depression. In contrast, for Johannes Itten, like Albers a Bauhaus master, the attraction of waste lay in its tactile variety: his students were instructed "to keep our eyes open, while out walking, for rubbish heaps, refuse dumps, garbage buckets, and scrap deposits as sources of material by means of which to make images (sculptures) which would bring out unequivocally the essential and the antagonistic properties of individual materials." Several artists cited by Wescher reiterate the thought expressed by Tzara regarding the bringing of everyday reality into painting and sculpture, but there is no discussion of what this radical adulteration means, and the problem is submerged in the encyclopedic survey.

"Collage" mentions large numbers of craftsmen, including architects, photographers, and members of art-related professions, who have made collages after the models of leading Dadaists and Constructivists. But a précis of, say, the career of Ladislav Sutnar in Prague or the contribution of H. H. Stuckenschmidt to the Berlin Dada Fair is not a satisfactory substitute for analysis of why collage became so pervasive in twentieth-century creation. The net effect of Wescher's volume is to present collage as a technique for producing avant-garde paintings and sculptures by other means, and this effect is, ironically, reinforced by the book's superb collection of almost

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four hundred illustrations, forty of them in color, many of them works by artists little known in the United States. Photographs of collages are often indistinguishable from photographs of paintings and reliefs, since the inserted elements tend to blend with the painted forms: even when newspaper clippings supply a clue, there is the possibility that the artist has reproduced them on the canvas. In any case, the visual effect of the paper-covered area is similar to that of a painted one. The dangers of relying on reproductions in presenting developments in art are serious enough in painting and sculpture, but they are immensely heightened in dealing with collage. Wescher has grouped her illustrations from Cubist through Abstract Expressionist, and this facilitates the presentation of collage as a technical variation within the history of modern styles.

COLLAGE is part of art history, but it also represents a decisive upheaval in that history; Tzara, among others, was justified in using the word "revolutionary." Collage changed the relation between painting and the world outside painting. The combining of formal qualities with crude fact in Cubist collage contained the seeds of anti-art that have flourished in the half century that followed; to arrive at found objects, ready-mades, conceptual art, information art, anti-form heaps, earth art it is necessary only to discard Picasso's compositional objectives in "Man with a Hat" and to elaborate upon his pasted-in news items and aging paper (process art). From collage it is logical to move outside the picture to the aesthetic appropriation of bottle racks and ticker tape; in "Guitar," also in the Museum of Modern Art exhibition, Picasso cancels the picture frame as an enclosure by painting it on the canvas.

Collage is the form assumed by the ambiguities that have matured in our time concerning both art and the realities it has purported to represent. Collage manifests itself in modern art modes as a kind of adversary within the mode itself. No sooner is a new manner established in painting or sculpture than it is duplicated in alien materials that seem to make painting and sculpture superfluous: one of the earliest assaults on Action painting was the "combine paintings" of Rauschenberg, begun in 1953 and described by Wescher as follows: "Into paintings with the techniques of American Action painting he inserts wildly disparate objects which he integrates by dashing

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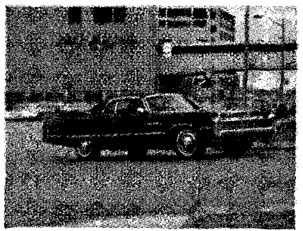

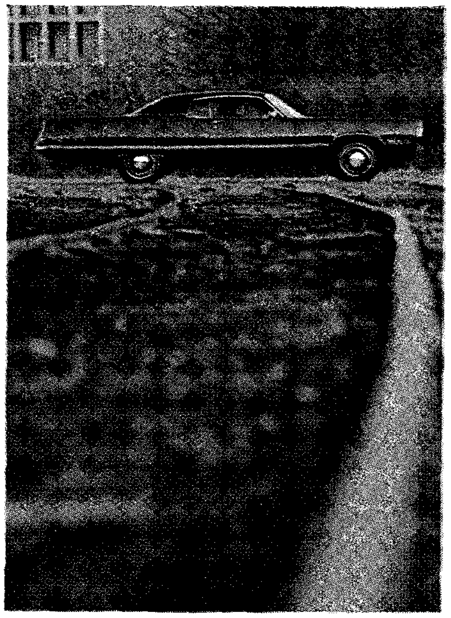

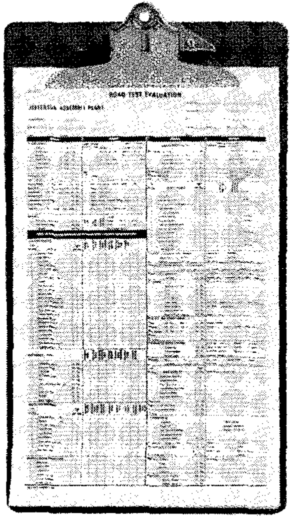

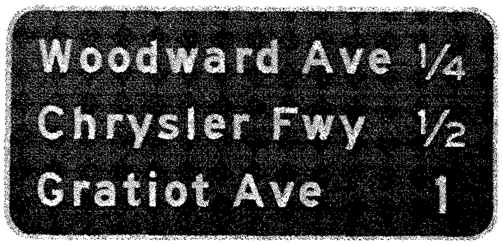

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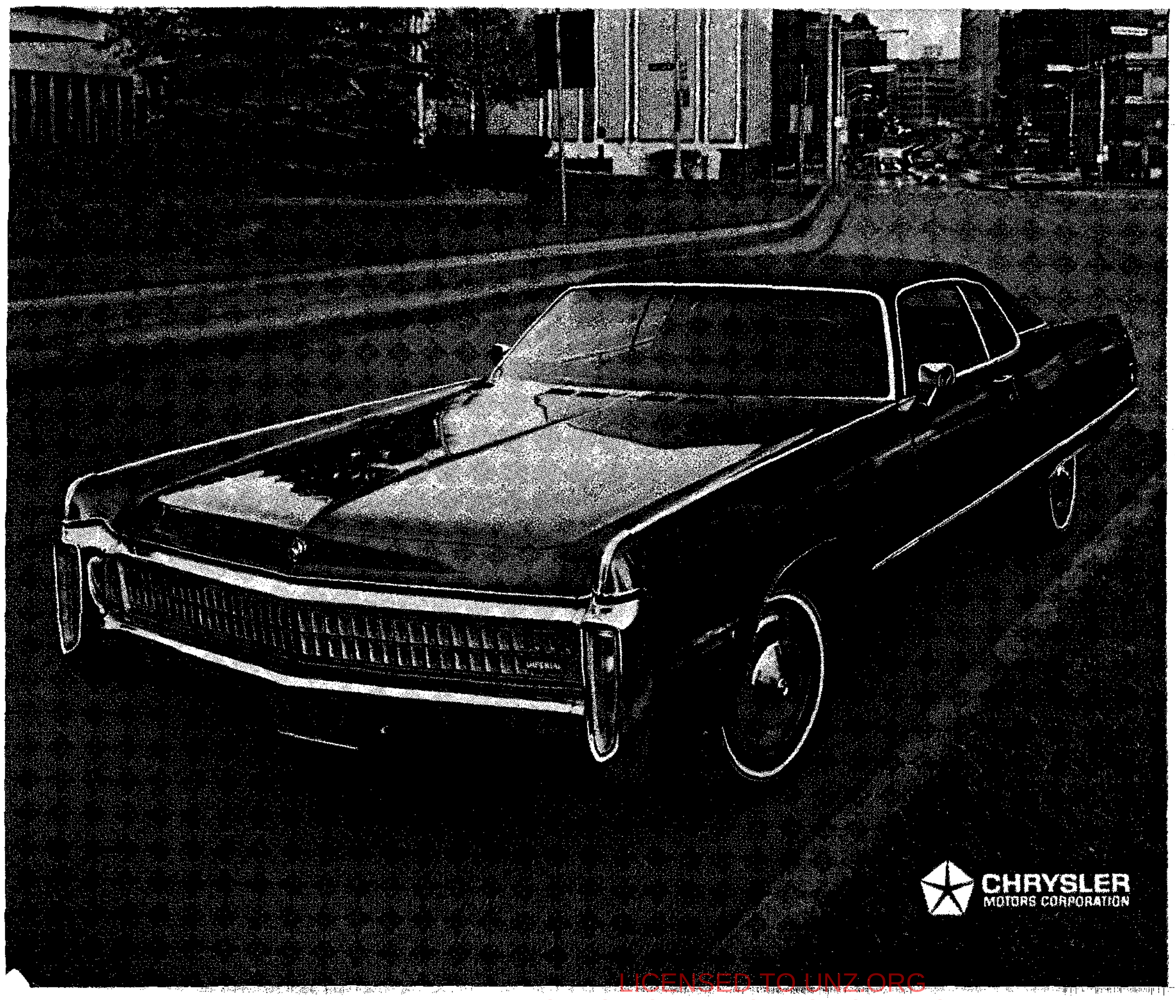

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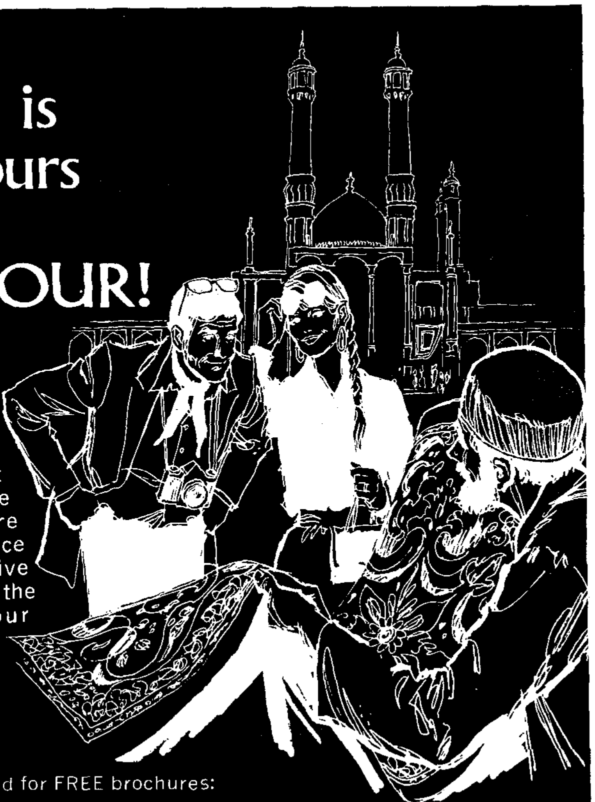
paint over them. Whatever he can lay hands on is serviceable: pieces of cloth, underclothing, frames and wood panels of earlier days, objects useful and useless. Empty fields of color are filled with letters and words. News photos of current events are slapped down side by side with irrelevant drawings." There is an inherent element of mockery in collage: the put-together is like a painting, but without the effort of painting or the need to know how to paint. Its materials, besides being inexpensive, have the air of having been picked up by chance, so the collage seems to say to the spectator, "See how easy it is to make a work of art." In Picasso's "Guitar" the sheet of paper representing the guitar is fastened to the canvas with pins, though it seems to be held down by a nail, which is actually a paper cutout with painted trompe-l'oeil shadows. Parody upon parody upon parody—but the use of pins has the effect of a method even more casual than pasting, and Picasso's easy-does-it attitude dramatizes itself unmistakably in "Baboon and Young," also at the Museum of Modern Art, with its head of toy automobiles and its tail of a length of spring. The undermining of refinement in art through masterworks of old nailed boards and chicken wire, broken bottles, and soiled wrappings is in keeping with the spirit of derision that collage brings into painting and sculpture.

The mingling of object and image in collage, of given fact and conscious artifice, corresponds to the illusion-producing processes of contemporary civilization. In advertisements, news stories, films, and political campaigns, lumps of unassailable data are implanted in preconceived formats in order to make the entire fabrication credible. Documents waved at hearings by Joseph McCarthy to substantiate his fictive accusations were a version of collage, as is the corpse of Lenin, inserted by Stalin into the Moscow mausoleum to authenticate his contrived ideology. Twentieth-century fictions are rarely made up of the whole cloth, perhaps because the public has been trained to have faith in "information." Collage is the primary formula of the aesthetics of mystification developed in our time. It is the visual vocabulary of what Walter Benjamin called "the age of mechanical reproduction;" it reflects the absurdity of representing things and images in a universe of forces and energies.

In the vision of collage, the identity of an object is suspended between its practical reality and the conceptual whole in which it is set. A banknote incorporated in a collage has surrend-



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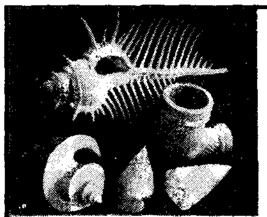

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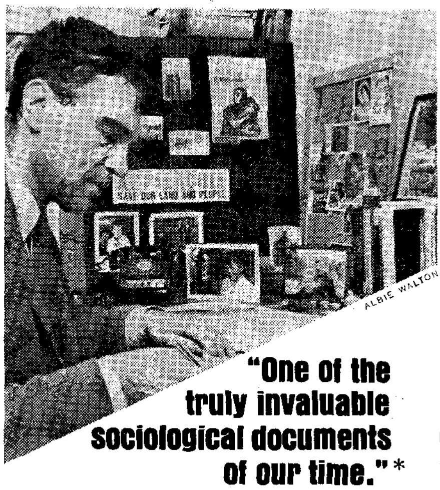
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ered its simple character as money and undergone aesthetic transformation. A friend of mine was shocked when this principle was violated by burglars who plucked a twenty-dollar bill from a collage hanging on his wall. Collage invites the spectator to respond with a multiple consciousness in which forms, objects, and images are interchangeable. The robbers rejected this invitation by identifying the banknote as exclusively money—a giveaway to the police, thought my friend, that they belonged to the lower cultural orders. Like realistic painters, the thieves recognized only the monomorphic realm of appearances solidified by common sense—a realm in which money is a category of its own and is not to be confused with other green rectangles. To cope with sensibilities of this sort, my friend reflected, the artist ought to have used a painted copy of a banknote instead of a genuine one; when the thieves tore it off the canvas, they would have discovered that the back was blank. In his view, people who break into apartments have a special need for the education in the problematic nature of visual experience supplied by collage.

As in other twentieth-century creations, there is a vein of farce in collage: its exposure of the duplicity of art is comparable to the tradition in the theatre, from Pirandello to Genet, of an actor's stepping out of character to remind the audience that "this is a play" and that actors are real people whose profession is pretending to be someone else. Through its interchanging of things and images of them, collage has provided the artist with the means of dissolving reality into endless visual absurdities. The use of these means is most obvious in the collages of Dadaists and Surrealists, such as Ernst, Picabia, and Magritte, but the instruments of farce provided by collage were already fully operative in Picasso's 1913 "Guitar," in which the navel of a female figure is represented by a tiny circle of newsprint. The current "return to nature" in painting constitutes an abandonment of the comical questioning of appearances that has been the major interest of art since Cubism.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

Those beaches were so fine that the natives of Nassau used to sail and even swim across Nassau Harbor to get to them.

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BOOKS

Raymond Chandler Thirteen Years After

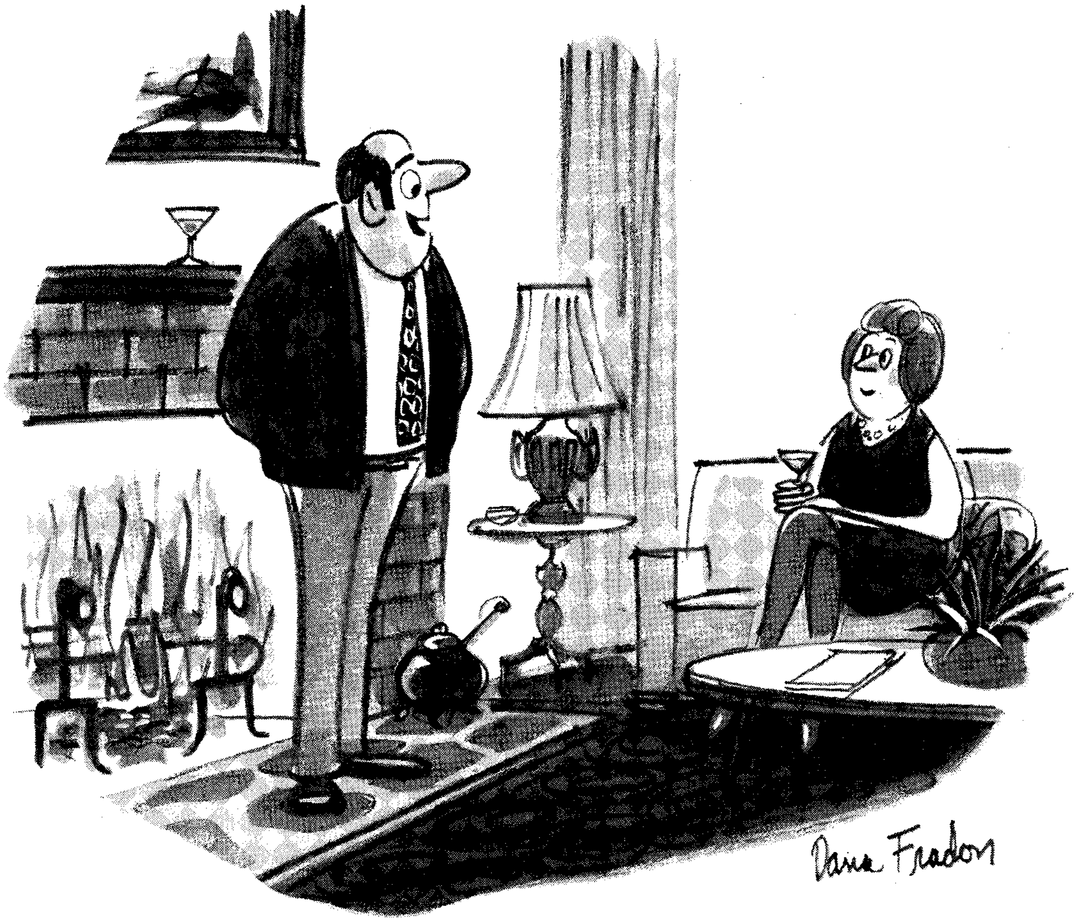
THE first hardboiled American detective story was published in 1923. It was one hundred and thirty-nine words long, and it went like this:

> At two o'clock in the morning two Hungarians got into a cigar store at Fifteenth Street and Grand Avenue. Drevitts and Boyle drove up from the Fifteenth Street police station in a Ford. The Hungarians were backing their wagon out of an alley. Boyle shot one off the seat of the wagon and one out of the wagonbox. Drevitts got frightened when he found they were both dead. "Hell, Jimmy," he said, "you oughtn't to have done it. There's liable to be a hell of a lot of trouble."
>
> "They're crooks, ain't they?" said Boyle. "They're wops, ain't they? Who the hell is going to make any trouble?"
>
> "That's all right maybe this time," said Drevitts, "but how did you know they were wops when you bumped them off?"
>
> "Wops," said Boyle. "I can tell wops a mile off."

The author, of course, was Ernest Hemingway, and the story appeared as a vignette preceding Chapter 8 of "In Our Time." The purpose of his vignettes, as Hemingway wrote in a letter to Edmund Wilson in 1924, was "to give the picture of the whole between examining it in detail;" the whole, as Wilson remarked in his review of "In Our Time" in the *Dial*, was "a harrowing record of the barbarities of the period in which we live: you have not only political executions, but hangings of criminals, bull-fights, assassinations by the police and the cruelties and horrors of the war." Recapitulating his argument in "The Sportsman's Tragedy," a 1927 evaluation of Hemingway, Wilson added that the purpose of the title "In Our Time" was "to tell us that life was barbarous even in the twentieth century." This dawning of understanding of the tenuousness of our civility echoed a slightly earlier development in British popular fiction: in 1916, John Buchan was, as Graham Greene wrote later, "the first to realize the enormous dramatic value of adventure in familiar surroundings happening to unadventurous men. . . . Who will forget that first thrill . . . as the hunted Leithen . . . ran 'like a thief in a London thoroughfare on a June afternoon,'" thinking to himself, "Now I saw how thin is the protection of civilization."

The two linked discoveries—the barbarity of life today and the presence of menace in ordinariness—gave rise to two parallel schools of suspense fiction in England and America, and these schools were worlds apart from the age of the old-fashioned, upper-class detective story. In England, Greene himself (in his entertainments), Ambler, Household, and latterly John Le Carré have carried on in the Buchan tradition. In America, the style and subject matter of the early Hemingway brought forth a school of West Coast detective-adventure writers that began with Dashiell Hammett, continued with Raymond Chandler, and survives in Ross Macdonald, one of whose novels is titled, appropriately, "The Barbarous Coast." While this school had certain ties with such earlier California writers as Jack London and Frank Norris—notably a common preoccupation with power, corruption, and social inequity—its methods and viewpoint were largely modelled on Hemingway's; in fact, the voice of the narrator in the vignette I have quoted—terse, deadpan, imperturbable, perhaps ambivalent toward brutality—is the immediate ancestor of the voices of Hammett and Chandler.

Hammett has, I think, been rather overrated as a writer; the cleanness and spareness of his style conceal a certain deadness, a certain willingness to stay within the formula he invented for pulp-fiction stories, even when he wrote, later, at book length. It is terribly hard to evaluate "The Maltese Falcon" and "The Thin Man" on their merits, because they are so entangled in our minds with the two movies that were based on them; but I think it is safe to say, after a recent rereading, that they fail to bring their artfully conceived characters—Gutman and Joel Cairo are brilliant conceptions—fully and believably to life. Nick and Nora Charles, given the ambience of Manhattan saloon life in the early thirties, should be memorable in both their persons and their bantering dialogue; somehow they are not, and the patter seems forced and irrelevant, part of a conscious literary act rather than the natural expression of a well-round-



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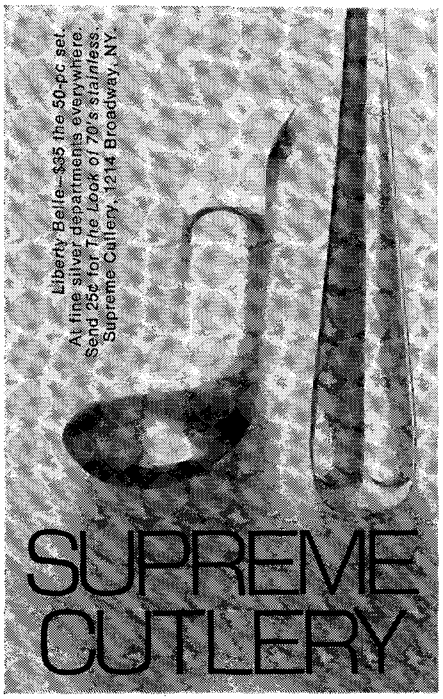
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ed character. The early John O'Hara, for one, seems far better on this place and period.

Raymond Chandler is another matter. Houghton Mifflin has recently published "The Midnight Raymond Chandler," which includes four of his stories and two of his better novels, "The Little Sister" and "The Long Goodbye"—a large enough sample to demonstrate his strengths and his weaknesses. While nobody would argue that Chandler was among the first rank of American writers, it is possible, I think, to show that he did possess the storyteller's gift to a remarkable degree, that he gave us a picture of California that prefigures life in America today, and that he could evoke, at his best, both character and place. He had, too, as Joan Kahn says in her preface to this book, a certain magic as a writer. I suspect this magic emanates from the magnetic field set up by placing an ordinary but incorruptible man in a city that is ripely and palpably corrupt—Los Angeles, where the American ethic of individualism at any cost flourishes on our last frontier—and then sending him on an apparently forlorn quest for truth. This confrontation between the good man and an evil conspiracy is, of course, an ancient literary convention brought up to date in the formula devised by the editors of *Black Mask* and other pulp detective magazines in the twenties, but in Chandler's hands it is often surprisingly effective; thirteen years after his death, his novels do not seem unduly dated except in minor matters of slang and dress. There are a couple of reasons for this. First, he shared with a great many other twentieth-century writers—Cummings, in his whore and gangster poems; Orwell, in his meticulous descriptions of the slums of Paris and London; Greene, in his ominous cityscapes; West, in his apotheosis of Los Angeles—an ambiguous appetite for urban squalor, a *nostalgie de la boue urbaine* that makes him, above and beyond the mechanism of his stories, an early and interesting reporter of the failure of our cities. Second, trained in an English public school and only later adopting the tight-lipped manner of American detective fiction, he uses words with considerable skill to achieve descriptive and dramatic effect.

But the device that made him a writer—the pulp-fiction formula—was also his worst enemy, and he knew it. In his introduction to "The Simple Art of Murder," which is reprinted at the beginning of "The Midnight Raymond Chandler," he says, "As I look back on my own stories it would be absurd if I did not wish they had been better. But if they had been much better they would not have been published. If the formula had been a little less rigid, more of the writing of that time might have survived. Some of us tried pretty hard to break out of the formula, but we usually got caught and sent back. To exceed the limits of a formula without destroying it is the dream of every magazine writer who is not a hopeless hack." Chandler's problem—like Hammett's before him—was to transport the tone and viewpoint he had developed in pulp stories to book-length works without transporting the cheap mechanics of the formula along with them. Like Hammett, he failed in the attempt—his first novel, "The Big Sleep," appeared when he was fifty-one, an advanced age for a writer to recast his method—but it was not an undistinguished failure. To read his novels for the good things in them, though—the skillful writing, the almost tactile vision of Los Angeles, the sometimes tremendous characterizations (General Guy Sternwood in "The Big Sleep," Mrs. Elizabeth Bright Murdock in "The High Window," and Orfamay Quest in "The Little Sister")—we must put up with plots of an unnecessary complexity, flip dialogue that is often *vieux jeu*, and a certain romantic sentimentality that occasionally suggests thirties movies, not to mention the forced, hard-guy similes so neatly pinked by S. J. Perelman ("down Fourth, where the secondhand bookshops elbow each other like dirty urchins") in "Farewell, My Lovely Appetizer."

Chandler defended his labyrinthine plots again, in his introduction to "The Simple Art of Murder," with the comment that "The technical basis of the *Black Mask* type of story . . . was that the scene outranked the plot, in the sense that a good plot was one which made good scenes. The ideal mystery was one you would read if the end was missing. We who tried to write it had the same point of view as the film makers." That is, the older type of detective story, whose "technical basis was the relative insignificance of everything except the final dénouement," had been superseded by a new type, in which each scene contained its own dénouement of revelation or action. Apart from the problem of overcomplexity—one that Chandler failed to overcome in his later novels—this technique had the advantage of maintaining the tension of the story by permitting the detective's unknown, multifarious opponents to manifest themselves in a series of menacing incidents.

It is in the end this feeling of menace, this sense of the balefulness of hidden conspiracies of the corrupt and powerful, this constant threat of casual, irresponsible violence that make Raymond Chandler's books germane today. His Los Angeles is our New York. His California is our America. His world, as he wrote in 1950, is "a world gone wrong, a world in which, long before the atom bomb, civilization had created the machinery for its own destruction, and was learning to use it with all the moronic delight of a gangster trying out his first machine gun. The law was something to be manipulated for profit and power. The streets were dark with something more than night."

—L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE TWENTY-FIFTH HOUR, by Mary Kelly (Walker). Miss Kelly is a well-known English writer of mystery stories, and the publishers describe this new book as a mystery. This is absentminded, or careless, of them. There is a kind of mystery here: who are the withdrawn occupants of the run-down Normandy château called Le Chevallet? But this is merely a central point around which Miss Kelly can revolve a group of young French New Left activists, a couple of middle-aged relics of the Resistance, and—most particularly—an Englishwoman of forty come to Normandy to find a young niece who is taking too leisurely a walking trip. Miss Kelly examines this bright, perceptive, impulsive aunt in a variety of situations, some of them nicely enigmatic, and emerges with an intelligent comment on the human situation.

LEAF STORM AND OTHER STORIES, by Gabriel García Márquez, translated from the Spanish by Gregory Rabassa (Harper & Row). Seven stories that bring us the decadence, the morbid smells, the strange fancies of the author's native Latin America. The long title story is a bit disappointing, being broken up by frequent changes in point of view, through which the reader is meant to piece together the mysteriously reclusive existence of a French doctor and, by reflection, the boom and decline of a banana town in which he resides. The two best stories are

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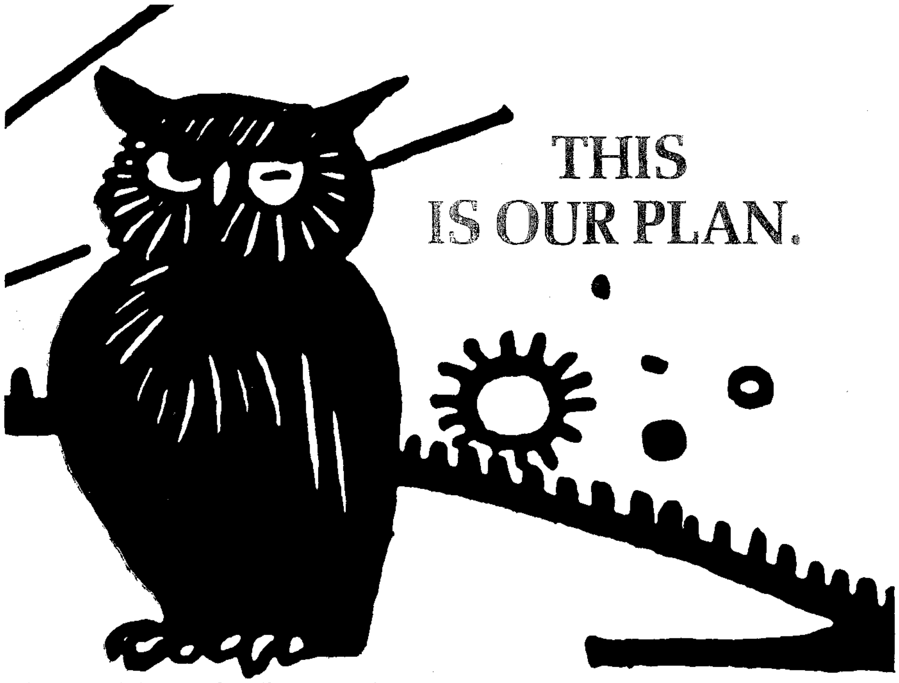

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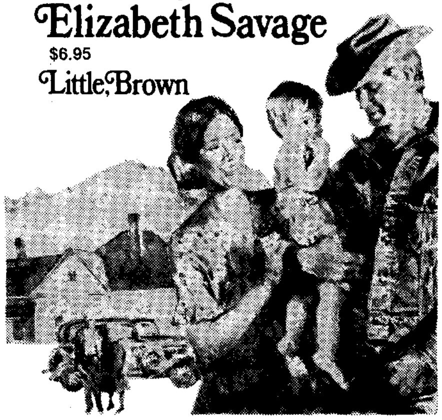

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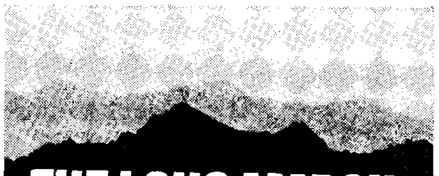
GENERAL

MEMOIRS OF HOPE: RENEWAL AND ENDEAVOR, by Charles de Gaulle, translated from the French by Terence Kilmartin (Simon & Schuster). These are the last installment of the author's memoirs, and they are rather a disappointment. De Gaulle's narrative style seems to have slowed down—at least by comparison with his earlier volumes—and exciting episodes, such as the generals' revolt in Algeria, lose dramatic suspense because he smooths uncertainty by insisting that he was unworried when everybody else was panicky. Then, too, these pages are pervaded by bitterness—toward foreigners and Frenchmen, toward those who disagreed with him, toward those who would not or could not execute, or perhaps understand, his policies. Whether these flaws reflect the essential de Gaulle or merely an active man's exasperation at unwelcome retirement it is impossible to say, but they hurt the book.

BEYOND A REASONABLE DOUBT, by Sandor Frankel (Stein & Day). The author, who has served as an Assistant United States Attorney in Washington, D.C., tells about a crime that occurred in that city (the murder of three people during the robbery of a car wash in December of 1968), about the police investigations that followed it, and about the trial of the two suspects who were eventually arrested. Mr. Frankel's purpose is to explain to the laity something of the workings of detection and criminal law in the United States. He has done this with a literary skill that makes his narrative amazingly suspenseful through all the details and the exposition of all sorts of arcana—from employment policies in the car-wash business, to the profitability of procuring, to the operation of lie detectors. A great yarn and, as Mr. Frankel intended, a very useful book, too.

EDWARD HOPPER, by Lloyd Goodrich (Abrams). Under the influence of his teacher, Robert Henri, Hopper



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(1882-1967) continued the American realistic tradition of Thomas Eakins, with its aim, as Hopper phrased it, "the most exact transcription possible of my most intimate impressions of nature." Hopper made the usual Paris pilgrimage of American artists of his generation, but his "nature" consisted of huge chunks of the United States: rural New England and Cape Cod, the West, the highways, the suburbs, New York City. He was a careful observer of his selected subjects—from sailboat races to barbershops—but his "intimate impressions" were romantic. He was attracted to sites, objects, and people enveloped in themselves and closed to the world. His oils, watercolors, drawings, and etchings record isolated dwellings, locomotives on sidings, decaying suburbs, women alone in hotel rooms and train compartments, stragglers on park benches and in streets at night. His favorite compositional format is a horizontal stretch that passes through the picture from one side to the other without beginning or end—a railroad track, a road, rows of identical windows—and that emphasizes the separateness of an occasional vertical form, such as a lamppost or bridge. Hopper was able to transmute even New York into an inner theatre of silences and suspended states. His taut, half-dressed ladies staring out of windows or standing in doorways echo the mood of his lighthouses on hills, his empty rooftops, his abandoned sidewalks. Lloyd Goodrich, former director of the Whitney and friend of Hopper and his wife, justifiably describes the paintings as a "poetry of places." It is a poetry of people, things, and places out of reach of one another—the word "Circle" blocked out by a subway entrance in "The Circle Theatre," and the space behind the rows of darkened storefronts and curtained windows of his masterpiece of absence called "Early Sunday Morning." With its two hundred and forty-six illustrations (eighty-eight in color), "Edward Hopper" supplies the opportunity for a thorough perusal of Hopper's work. Mr. Goodrich's text is informative, direct, and warmly enthusiastic. Fifty dollars.

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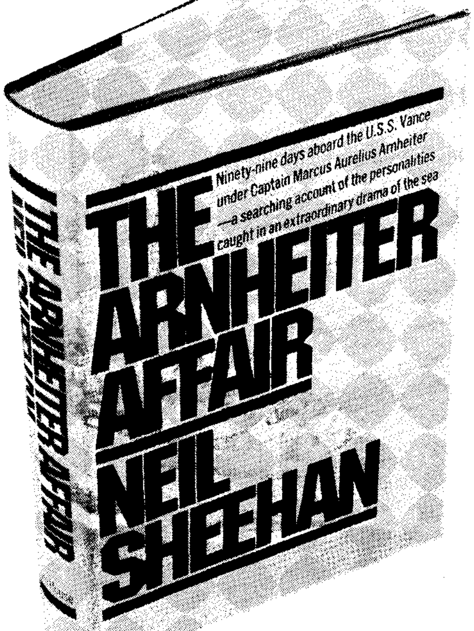
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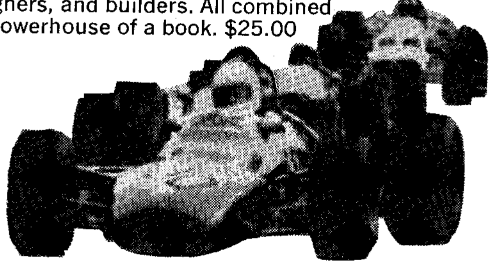

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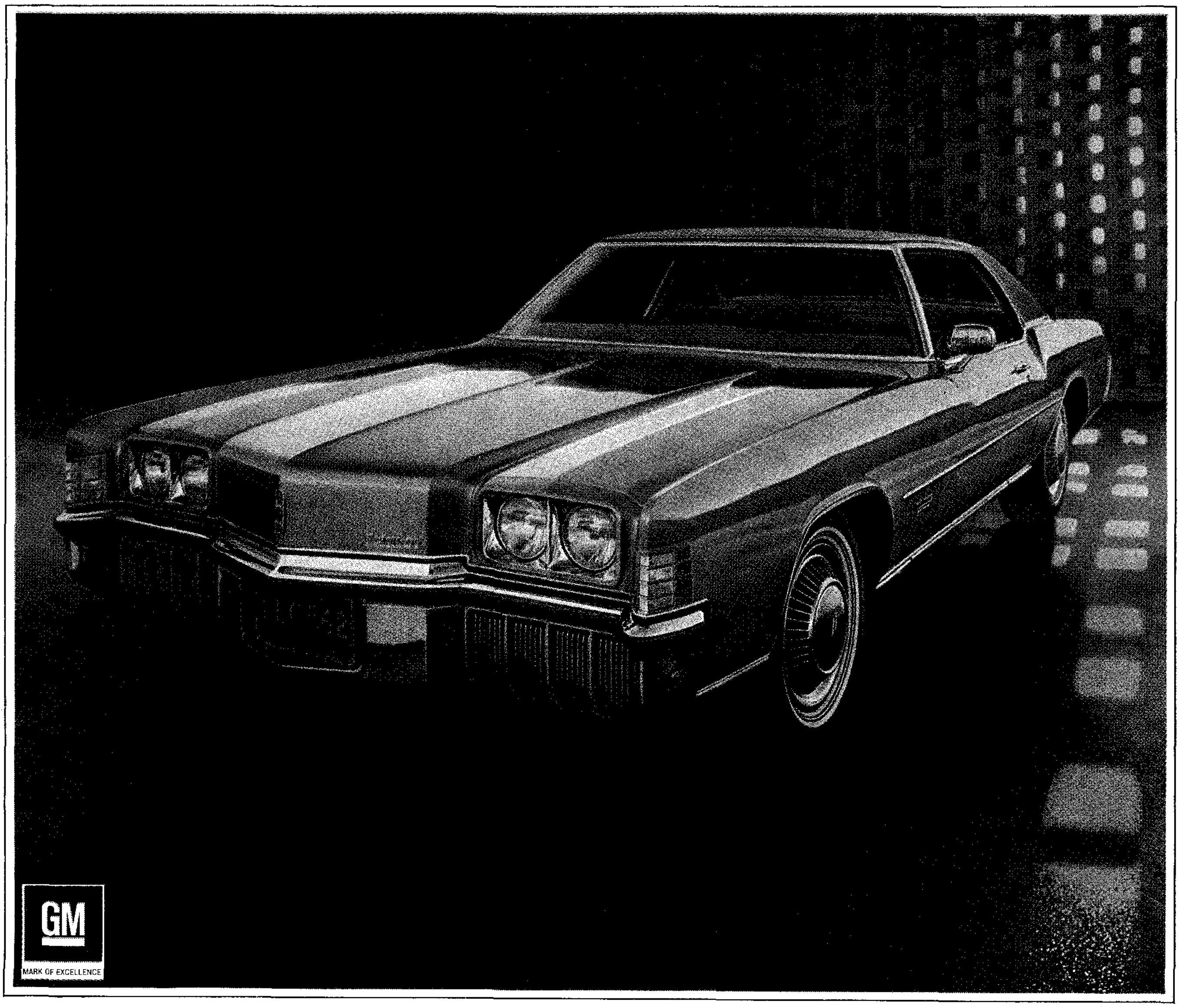

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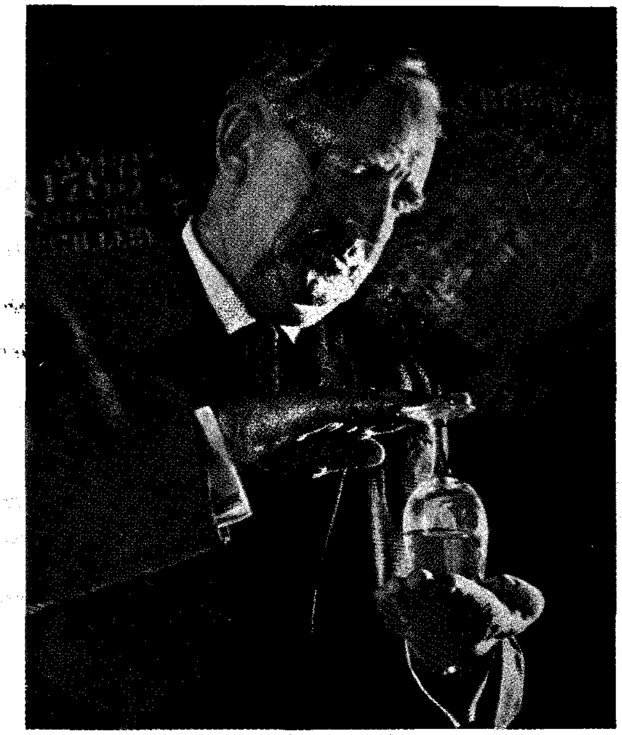

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